



BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THREE CORNERED ESSAYS"



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By Frederick Arnold.

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ARM-CHAIR ESSAYS.

*Arthur Harrison
from M.C. + E.L.H.
June '88*

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

"THREE-CORNERED ESSAYS," "ROBERTSON OF BRIGHTON," ETC.

London:

WARD AND DOWNEY,

12, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1888.

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ARM-CHAIR ESSAYS.

THE ETHICS OF DINING.

DINNER may no doubt be regarded as the central action of the day. All sorts of relations—culinary, literary, political, ethical, and even poetical and metaphysical—cluster around the dinner-table. I propose also to have my short say on the subject, and chiefly in relation to the ethics of dining. It would never do to relegate this mighty and absorbing subject from the domains of imagination or of morals. I took up a book some time ago—Sir Archibald Alison's *Autobiography*—and I observed that when that worthy historian was Sheriff of Lanarkshire there was nothing with which he was more impressed than with a dinner with the Lord Mayor. No event of the French Revolution seemed more worthy of commemoration than a dinner at the Mansion House. Thanks to the hospitality of different Lord Mayors, I have from time to time enjoyed this honour; and though my friends versed in such matters

assure me that there are certain City companies whose festive boards exceed even the Mansion House in the quality of the waiting and the peculiar excellence of certain viands, still the Lord Mayor's hall is the very fortress of dining, and, in its piled-up historic plate, its antique magnificence, its countless associations, is rivalled only by St. George's Hall at Windsor Castle.

The plan of the dining-room, which they give to each guest at the Mansion House, is a very useful one. You see your name and the names of all your neighbours, so that you can spot every one precisely. You are lucky if you sit next to some experienced diners, who can give you some useful hints and command the attentive homage of the waiters. I sat, on one occasion, next to a gentleman whose liver was evidently out of order, who told me that during the season he had to attend three or four grand dinners weekly. No wonder that he looked decidedly out of sorts. I once knew a Lord Mayor's chaplain, who at an early stage retired from the dining province of his business, and was glad to subside on a cold blade of mutton and pickles. Nearly all the guests, in a highly scientific spirit, were qualifying themselves to compare the merits of thick and clear soup, of calipash and calipee. It is one of the sights of London town to go to the places where they keep live turtles; you may see them almost in hundreds—in tanks, in cellars, and in passages; and you can only get from one place to another by walking upon their backs. Your best time for talking to your friends is while you

are waiting, to fine music, for the arrival of the grandees, or when you slip away to the drawing-rooms for a cup of tea before the end of the speechifying. I do not wish to speak disrespectfully of the talk, which is good; only one speaker in three is all that can be heard, and it must also spoil a man's dinner to be called upon for a speech. The Mansion House dinners are very accessible, and ought to be seen once in a way by a true-born Briton. There are few things more picturesque than the ceremony of sending round the loving cup.

In Lady Bloomfield's work, *Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life*—in her youth she was maid of honour to the Queen—we have accounts of Windsor festivities—'The banquet last night was quite magnificent, and so well managed that every one was served as perfectly as if there had only been the usual number at dinner. The table reached from one end of St. George's Hall to the other, and was literally covered with gold plate and thousands of wax candles. An immense gold vessel, more like a bath than anything else, containing thirty dozen of wine, was filled with mulled claret. The collection of gold plate is valued at two millions of money.'

I need hardly say that eating and drinking have got their ethical side. It was one of the forcible sayings of Dr. Chalmers that Christianity taught a man how to handle his knife and fork. We all know the story of the man who chose his wife by the way in which she

ate her cheese. She was in fault if she either ate or left the rind; but because she merely scraped it he thought she would prove a wise and prudent housewife. I knew of an old surgeon who used to form his estimate of people by the fact whether they took plain bread or bread-and-butter with their meat or bacon at breakfast. He was of opinion that bread-and-butter on the sandwich principle was highly luxurious, but that plain bread argued a good conscience and a fine natural appetite.

There was the head of a college who used to invite the undergraduates in rotation to breakfast, and formed an estimate of their characters according to the breakfasts which they made. He liked to see the young fellows make a good hearty breakfast. If they did so, he thought they were honest hearty fellows, who were going on in the right way; but if they did not make a good breakfast, he suspected them of an undue devotion to cigars and ardent spirits. This was rather a rough-and-ready way of arriving at an estimate, but perhaps he was not far wrong in the result. In this connection I may speak of another college dignitary who used to invite the men to breakfast. He only invited one at a time, and the breakfast invariably consisted of an egg and a chop. 'Now, Mr. Jones,' he would say, 'suppose you take the egg, and I'll take the chop; or do you take the chop, and I will take the egg.' The immense breakfast-feeds of the University, which required a good deal of fluid to wash them down, were very

properly rebuked by the sumptuary example of this worthy tutor.

There was a well-known picture in *Punch* of a worthy alderman who was unable to go to church, and who is represented as propped up on pillows in his bedroom while his wife reads the cookery-book to him. Without indorsing the precedent, it may be said that a great deal of good reading may be got out of the cookery-books. Brillat-Savarin is very interesting reading, so is a well-known book, *The Cook and the Doctor*, and I have especial delight in Mrs. Beeton's *Book of Household Management*. There is a great deal of literature in this last, and it is especially strong in natural history, and there is a great variety of hints and notes which give an intellectual character to gastronomy. Most cookery-books are written from an imaginative point of view, and assume an unlimited command of time, attendance, and material. We are reminded of the cook who told the master who objected to his bills, that he could reduce the essence of an ox to the contents of a small phial. Now that friend of the household, Mrs. Beeton, gives dinners which may rank as works of art, and are perfect pictures in their way; but she has strict regard to the economical conditions under which the British housewife has to act, and shows how the maximum effect may be produced from the minimum of cost, and so is peculiarly helpful towards the main design of this humble paper.

It is the privilege of civilized people to dine, and not

merely to feed. But on matters of dining there is every variety and shade of opinion. Take, for instance, what we are oracularly told by the deipnosophists of the present day. They speak of the varieties of dishes, and the wine which best suits each dish. Thus chablis should go with oysters, sherry with soup, champagne with *entrée*, and so on. But we must never lose sight of a simplicity of dishes and wines with a certain generosity of tone. I have dined very wholesomely off oysters and pheasants alone; chablis and champagne, on such occasions, should be the only wines. My views are those of a truly great man, Mr. Walker, who wrote *The Original*. He very sensibly says that in most dinners you ought to have the game before the joint. Most people prefer game, and yet at many dinners the game is sent away often almost untouched. Mr. Walker urges the great requisites of novelty, simplicity, and taste. What, in the interests of society, is to be looked for is not the occasional banquet, but the improvement of the average good dinner. Walker truly says that ‘herrings and hashed mutton, to those who like them, are capable of affording as much enjoyment, when skilfully dressed, as rare and costly dishes.’ The cooking does everything. We are told of a dinner where the guests were astonished at the immense variety of dishes, and were informed that they had eaten nothing but pork. Walker says that, instead of a formal invitation, he would send a friendly note to an intended guest as follows—‘Can you dine with me to-morrow? I shall have herrings,

hashed mutton, and cranberry tart. My fishmonger sends me word herrings are just in perfection; and I have some delicious mutton, in hashing which I shall direct my cook to exercise all her art. I intend the party not to exceed six: and, observe, we shall sit down to table at half-past seven.' Many people think that the herring is the noblest fish that swims, and most wise people prefer mutton to any 'delicacies of the season.' There is a freshness and accuracy about Walker's views which give him a very high place among culinary writers. Among ladies he will be unusually popular. He writes very decidedly in favour of champagne, which should always be iced, or at least cool as cold spring water. For festive occasions he does not approve of still champagne. Still less would he countenance the modern heresy of allowing it to be decanted and put before a fire two hours. He thinks that society might be administered like medicine. He says—'A party of pleasure, with a few agreeable female friends, might produce a turn in a long-standing disorder which nothing else could, and, being repeated at proper intervals, might effect a permanent cure.' Some of Mr. Walker's suggestions have at length met general acceptance. He complained in his day, and, unhappily, the complaint is not obsolete, that set dinners are managed more with relation to the pageant than the repast, and enjoyment is sacrificed to style. No one need be afraid of simple food. There was a great duchess who said to a neighbour, 'When there's only my lord and I, we

have always a dish of roast.' The story is well known of George IV. sending away a splendid dinner and dining off beans and bacon. The Duke of Wellington could dine very heartily on a mutton-chop, and, in fact, did not appreciate anything beyond it. There is a great nobleman who is careful to have a magnificent dinner every day, but he frequently dines off an apple, and, from his theory of health, wishes his own family to partake as slightly as possible of the good things outspread on the bounteous board. I was talking one day with a worthy Carthusian monk who dined habitually on an apple and biscuit. He explained to me that what people called hunger about seven o'clock was only a little acidity left by the noonday meal. Many experienced stagers, who study dietetic science, out of a big *menu* pick up a very little dinner, and complain, in fact, that they make a very poor dinner because there are only a few perfectly natural items. Of course a man ought to know how both to abound and to be in want; but I confess to a British prejudice in favour of heartily enjoying a good dinner.

We hear a great deal at the present day of the higher education of women; and it is a movement with which I have the greatest sympathy. Only there is moderation in all things; and I do not like to see a girl lose her good looks by over-study of 'Thucydides and metaphysics. I am afraid that the ladies' colleges at Oxford and Cambridge do not take up the subject of cooking for their charming undergraduates. For that we have

to go to South Kensington. A lady was lately telling me her experiences there; and she was one who received a medal from the authorities. They also told her that she could earn a hundred and fifty a year either by giving lessons in cooking or by going out to cook. Her only work for the first two or three days was simply to clean pots and pans. From this point she rapidly advanced to the higher stages of refined cookery. It is very commonly said that every good wife ought to manage her husband's resources frugally by her knowledge of cookery; but I am afraid, by all I hear, that this knowledge is by no means so diffused as ought to be the case. Every lady ought to be able to go into her kitchen and tell her cook where she is doing wrong or extravagantly. The mothers of England, with all their zeal for intellectual advancement, ought to teach the wives of the future to provide good and cheap dinners for their husbands.

This is one of the good things of a girl going to spend some time in France, especially in provincial France. I do not mean simply to go to a convent or a finishing school, but to attain some knowledge of the economy of a French family. She should get an insight into French cookery and into French marketing. She should understand the mystery of the kitchen-range and of the charcoal fire. She should understand fish and joints, and furred and feathered game. She should know how to go out in the early morning to the markets, to buy things in their due season, when they are cheapest and best, and also

to understand the proper way of cooking them. I think that there is no prettier sight in Paris than the Halles Centrales in the early hours, when the young mistresses and their maids are busy inspecting the heaped-up fish, the wondrous variety of vegetables, and all the heaped-up treasures of the market. As the sun grows hot perhaps they will turn in for a little shade and retirement into the noble church of St. Eustache, so often thronged by those who attend the markets.

Now, for a mere trifle, six or seven francs—wines, of course, not included—our young housekeeper will give a thoroughly French dinner for a family. Now, cannot this sort of thing be done in England? London has no such advantages as Paris, or the great towns, Lyons, Bordeaux, Nice, in the various markets distributed everywhere; but still there has been some little advance, and we may hope for more. Even as things now are, dinners of considerable variety may be furnished for no higher price than the great joints and immense puddings, which seem to make things dull and heavy for all the rest of the evening. You may have fish, soup, *entrée*, joint, salad, for no more money than you would pay for the enormous unmitigated joint. Still there are difficulties in the way which ought to be abated and met. I remember being at a country house with a literary man who had been airing some such ideas in a leading article in one of the daily papers. He showed it to the mistress of the house, who, being a thoughtful sort of person, read aloud some of it to the cook. ‘La,

mun,' said the cook, 'what old fool has been writing that?' and she proceeded to explain to the mistress that perhaps the actual cost of provisions would not be any more, but she would be obliged to trouble her for the services of a couple of kitchen-maids, which would involve the expenditure of a hundred a year. Some little extra expense ought cheerfully to be accepted for the sake of lightening the *menu*. What should be done is that the young ladies should have more of a distinctive training, and, like their great-grandmothers, understand more of common things. What a pretty idea is that of Corisande's garden, in Disraeli's *Lothair*! and if they could only be induced to care as much for salads and vegetables as the Lady Corisande did for simples, that too would be a step in advance. Naturally, too, it is to the young ladies that we should look for the pleasant arrangement of flowers and perfumes, and each should be able to pass an examination—say, on the composition of a salad, or how to cook snipe and red mullet.

Probably the most healthy way of living is that of the lower middle class. Various moderate meals, distributed with punctuality throughout the day, seem to be best. There are various families where no luxury is eaten either at breakfast or tea; but there is a hot luncheon at two, and a big dinner at seven; so all the heavy eating is limited within six hours. The mind is weighed down at the same time as the body. The proper rule appears to be that each day should have its

periods of meals, exercise, and society. There is, I think, a growing concensus among medical men that butchers' meat more than once a day is a mistake. People must be content to make up with fowl, game, and fish. A lot of young ladies at one of the ladies' colleges went in resolutely for vegetarianism, but the experiment was considered a failure. There really seems to be substantial foundation for Agassiz's idea that fish, by reason of the phosphorous, is a brain food; and I expect that magazine writers and young ladies at the Universities will be thankful for any nutriment they can get for their brains.

There is no doubt that the habit of expense in the giving of dinners is a very serious matter, and goes far to check sociability, and to discourage the giving of dinners in a moderate and enjoyable way. There are some parts of the country where you can hardly give a dinner under a ten-pound note; and you may spend a fifty-pound note if you are ambitious of display, if you wish to have the sterlet, the boar's head, and the finest brands of wine. I knew a man who gave a public dinner which cost him more than a thousand pounds, an expenditure which, I believe, he never ceased to regret. In watering-places and small communities, the giving of extravagant dinners has both a painful and ludicrous side. The true theory of a dinner, when you invite people often and pleasantly to dine with you, is that the basis of the dinner is your own usual meal, with some additions that may

be naturally and easily engrafted upon it. You may, on such an occasion, bring up some of the best wine in your cellar, or the game, fish, and fruit that may have come to hand. On such an occasion there is no objection to seeing how far you may tax the resources of your kitchen. As civilized beings, we should not only desire that our guests should enjoy their dinner, but that we ourselves should enjoy the society of our guests. In the petty watering-places everything is done in contradistinction to this. From the moment that the fatal dinner is decided upon, everything is anxiety and unrest. The kitchen is in a confusion for days together, with the making of jellies and rich dishes. The services of the local pastrycook are called into requisition. Perhaps the place is handed over bodily to strange attendants. Wine better than your own cellar affords, and fruit and flowers, must be had down from London, and your hostess is so nervous because they may not arrive in time. Vattel, the French cook at Chantilly, killed himself because the fish did not arrive in time—it was only an hour late. And the hostess is rapidly approximating to Vattel's state of mind. As for any quietude and enjoyment, this is impossible for the poor lady, and her discomfort is reflected among all the members of her family. Here are the men-servants lounging grandly. But we all know who they are. In London we cannot make quite sure, though we have our suspicions, while declining to make an affidavit to that effect, that such

a waiter comes from a neighbouring tavern, while another is only a disguised greengrocer. But in Pedlington there is no disguise about it. All the dinner-giving families have the same two or three men. We gaze impassibly upon them, and they gaze impassibly upon us, as if we had never seen each other before; but it is all a sham and an invention. It is the little greengrocer from whom we have procured the extra vegetables; and the extra' waiter, who really waits very well, is the man who can be spared just now, as the season is slack, from the Seaview Hotel. A maid-servant has been told off on the special duty of seeing that the magnificent creature does not get drunk, and it is considered a prosperous dinner if this anticipated event does not really take place. Then the dishes are handed round in glittering and needless profusion. The side dishes are hardly touched. One expensive article after another is useless. Very glad indeed are host and hostess when the banquet is over, and they have the happy conviction that they need not trouble themselves for many a long day about giving another. But that three hours' continuous feeding must certainly be a mistake. The true idea of recreation is altogether absent. This is not the kind of thing which has the best influence for ourselves, or our guests, or the young people.

The highest element in the dinner-party, after all, is not the dinner itself. The intellectual accessories of a good dinner-party, though they are somewhat

despised at the present date, are, in the judgment of the wisest, the most important of all. And let not the wisest despise the science of the deipnosophist. A bright cheerful dinner-party is one of the most exhilarating of tonics. In his correspondence, Cicero thus remonstrates with a friend: 'I am very much concerned to hear you have given up going out to dinner, for it is depriving yourself of a great source of enjoyment and gratification. Then, again, I am afraid—for it is as well to speak honourably—lest you should unlearn certain old habits of yours, and forget to give your own little dinners. But, indeed, my good Prætus, I advise you, joking apart, to associate with good fellows and pleasant fellows, and men who are fond of you. There is nothing better worth having in life—nothing that makes life more happy. See how I employ philosophy to reconcile you to dinner-parties. Take care of your health; and that you will best do by going out to dinner.' Pliny thought very highly of his own dinners. He gives us the *menu* of one, which was certainly light enough, fruit and vegetables largely preponderating. 'I give all my guests the same wine,' says Pliny, 'for when I ask them to dinner I look on my freedmen as my guests, and forget that they were once slaves. . . . You may have a more splendid and expensive dinner in many houses; there is not one in which you can dine with more cheerful accompaniments and feel yourself more at ease than in mine.'

The greatest men, even those who have been most indifferent about their own feeding, have shown themselves very conscious of the important place which feeding holds in society. A friend of Lord Macaulay's told me that he had often seen that great man sitting down to breakfast with an Æschylus in one hand and another learned book, or rather another requiring learning, in the other. In one of his letters to a pet little niece he tells her that she will find that books are 'better than all the tarts and cakes and toys and plays and sights in the world. If anybody would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners, and wine and coaches and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I would not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading.' Macaulay ought to have belonged to a day which would have realized Plato's conception, when kings should be philosophers, and philosophers be kings.

The literature of dining is, of course, of the most extensive character. Deipnosophy is a recognized science in itself, from Aulus Gellius to Dr. Kenealy. A great deal that is very good on this subject may be culled from the writings of the late Charles Lever, who often threw in little bits of wit and experience in the course of his fictions. 'I am speculative with the soup and grave with my *petit p  t  *, reserved with the first *entr  e*, playful over the asparagus and the

peas, soothing with the *rôti*, and so descend into a soft and gentle sadness as the dessert appears.' He relished the Parisian supper, with its champagne and *calembours*, its lyrics and its lobster-salads, with ortolans, epigrams, seductive smiles, and maraschino jelly. Con Cregan, in one of the raciest of his stories, discusses the combat between a man's taste and his exchequer. 'To feel that you have a soul for turkeys and truffles, and yet must descend to mashed potatoes and herrings; to know that a palate capable of appreciating a *salmi des perdreaux* must be condemned to the indignity of stock fish—what an indignity is that! You feel besides that such a meal is unrelieved by those suggestive excursions of fancy which a well-served table abounds in. With what discursive freedom does the imagination range from the little plate of oysters that preludes your soup to pearl-fishing and the coral-reefs, "with moonlight sleeping on the breaking surf"! And then your soup, be it turtle or mulligatawny, how associated is it with the West Indies or the East! bearing on its aromatic vapour thousands of speculative reflections about sugar and slavery, pepper-pots, straw-hats, piccaninnies, and the Bishop of Barbadoes; or the still grander themes of elephants, emeralds, and the Indus, with rajahs, tigers, punkahs, and the Punjaub; . . . dallying with the dessert to the orange groves of Zante or Sicily.' We need hardly remind the reader how Lord Lytton and Lord Beaconsfield have carefully developed the culinary element in their writings.

Perhaps the novel-reader has observed the strong gastronomical element that is to be found in Lord Beaconsfield's stories. How he apostrophizes soup, fish, and game—'The warm and sunny flavour of brown soup, the mild and moonlight deliciousness of white. Ye soups, o'er whose creation I have watched like mothers o'er their sleeping child.' The whiting is 'the chicken of the ocean.' So of the ortolan—'Sweet bird, all paradise opens! Let me die, eating ortolans to the sound of soft music.' 'Sherry has a pedigree as long as an Arab's; a bouquet like the breath of woman. A lobster has all the arts of a coquette.' So far my Lord Beaconsfield in the days of Lady Blessington, and when he might meet Louis Napoleon at *petits soupers*. He laid down that immortal principle which Mr. Bright quoted in the House of Commons—that the great secret of good dinners is to have hot plates. Disraeli had some curious remarks on the dinners of celebrated people. 'A dinner of wits is proverbially a palace of silence; and the envy and hatred which all literary men really feel for each other, especially when they are exchanging dedications of mutual affection, always insure in such assemblies the agreeable presence of a general feeling of painful constraint. If a good thing occurs to a guest, he will not express it, lest his neighbour, who is publishing a novel in numbers, shall appropriate it next month, or he himself, who has the same responsibility of production, be deprived of its legitimate appearance.' The personal

interest of this passage is that it is somewhat descriptive of Disraeli himself. For the most part he was a very quiet and observant diner-out, who, as a rule, talked very little, but when he did, talked a great deal. Sydney Smith always made a point of making a good meal before he brought out any of his good sayings. One of those who used to meet Disraeli says 'that his mouth was alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness,' and then he would burst forth into a 'perfectly successful cataract of expression with a curl of triumphant scorn worthy of Mephistopheles.' In his riper days the great Earl eliminated the Mephistopheles expression, which would scarcely conduce to sociability, and was known as the most delightful of diners-out. It is curious that, so far from complaining of silence, Sir Archibald Alison, in his *Autobiography*, complains of the strain caused by the incessant conflict of the wits and their efforts to cut one another out.

Macaulay always took care that the young ones should have a good tuck out. Sometimes he teased them by giving them things which they could not appreciate, such as olives and caviare. In his diary he writes—'Fanny brought George and Margaret, with Charley Cropper, to the Albany, at one yesterday. I gave them some dinner—fowl, ham, marrow-bones, tart, ice, olives, and champagne.' He says, 'I was Dando at a pastry-cook's, and then at an oyster-shop.' We find him writing, 'Ellis came to dinner at seven. I gave him a lobster-curry, woodcock, and macaroni. I think I

will note dinners as honest Pepys did.' He was very careful what he gave Mr. Ellis, probably, perhaps, for his friend's sake, and probably, perhaps, for his own. He invites his friend thus—"You will find a good bedroom, a great tub, a tolerably furnished bookcase, lovely walks, fine churches, a dozen of special sherry, half a dozen of special hock, and a tureen of turtle-soup." I read this last paragraph to Hannah, who is writing at the table beside me. She exclaimed against the turtle—"Such gluttons men are!" "For shame," I said; "when a friend comes to see us we ought to kill the fatted calf." "Yes," said she, "but from the fatted calf you will only get mock turtle." When he invites his friend to Tunbridge Wells he promises him 'half a dozen of the best sherry and a dozen of good champagne, and Plato and Lucian.' When he invited his old Cambridge friends to breakfast he used to give them some of the Trinity audit ale. There was no document with which he was better acquainted than the *Almanach des Gourmands*. Mr. Trevelyan says that he would always be contented with a couple of eggs for breakfast, or the ordinary dinner of a seaside lodging-house. But he liked to give his friends a feast, and was never better pleased than when he saw them enjoying themselves. 'He generally selected, by a half-conscious preference, dishes of an established and, if it so may be called, a historical, reputation. He was fond of testifying to his friendliness for Dissenters by treating his friends to a fillet of

veal, which he maintained to be the recognized Sunday dinner in good old Nonconformist families. He liked still better to prove his loyalty to the Church by observing her feasts. A Michaelmas Day on which he did not eat goose, or ate it in solitude, was no Michaelmas Day to him; and regularly on Christmas Eve there came to our house a codfish, a barrel of oysters, and a chine, accompanied by the heaviest turkey which diligence could discover and money could purchase. If he was entertaining a couple of schoolboys who could construe their fourth Satire of Juvenal, he would reward them for their proficiency with a dish of mullet that might have passed muster on the table of an augur or an emperor's freedman.'

Metternich in his *Memoirs* does not disdain to speak about dinners. He was an orthodox man, and did not at all approve that a Christmas dinner should have no recognition of Christmas. 'I have just come from Treillard, who has given us his first dinner. We had very good cheer. I do not know who cooked it; be this as it may, it was very well appointed. Good wine and good cheer—see to what the religion of this regenerated nation is reduced! They know no other god than their stomach, and no other enjoyment but that of their senses. Doubtless this is Christmas Day, but they only know it as the 5th Nivose. I do not think that a single member of the French Embassy, either master or servant, has dreamt of attending mass. The dinner passed off very well; they talked much

and ate much, this is the best I can say for it.' Dining again with Treilhard, he was vexed with seeing in the middle of the table a pyramid of enormous tricoloured flags. 'I declare I quite lost my appetite at the sight of those execrable colours: the dinner itself was very good.'

Bismarck always takes great interest in his food. According to Busch, he mentioned the case of a young diplomatist at Vienna who 'had carefully collected all the *menus* of his chief, and preserved them in two finely-bound volumes, in which some most interesting combinations were to be found.' It is mentioned of Bismarck that he was very fond of fish; that he preferred lamprey to trout. This is another corroboration of Agassiz's idea that fish is a great feeder of brain. He would probably also indorse the opinion of Niemayer, the great German physician, that a doctor ought to be rather a gourmand; that he should give as much attention to diet and cooking as to physic. There is a certain statesmanlike utterance 'that all our thoughts may be concentrated on our plate, and our undivided attention bestowed on what we are eating.' There is also a diplomatic caution that a wise man should never seat himself near any large joint, 'unless you choose to incur the risk of being forced to waste your most precious moments in carving for others instead of for yourself.'

We have made a few notes on the curiosities of feeding. Some of them are very remarkable. It is said of Montezuma that he would have some dairy-fed

baby, when this choice article happened to be in season. There is no more characteristically saturnine writing of Dean Swift's than the proposition that people should eat babies. He contended that such a practice would provide an excellent article of diet, and thin the population.

We are obliged to Dr. Garrod and other writers for these curious items: *Monkeys* are eaten by the Chinese and others. The flesh is said to be palatable. *Wolves* are forbidden among the African Arabs, but are not unfrequently eaten by sick persons from the belief that their flesh is medicinal. Five thousand cats are said to have been eaten in Paris during the late siege. According to the same authority, the cat is downright good eating. A young one, well cooked, is better than hare or rabbit. It tastes something like the American gray squirrel, but is even tenderer and sweeter. One thousand two hundred dogs, it is stated, were eaten in Paris during the late siege, and the flesh fetched from two to three francs per pound. According to Pliny, puppies were regarded as a great delicacy by the Roman gourmands. The *bear* supplies food to several nations of Europe, and its hams are considered excellent. The flesh of the brown or black bear, which is eaten by the common people of Norway, Russia, and Poland, is difficult of digestion, and is generally salted and dried before it is used. Two bears were eaten in Paris during the siege, and the flesh was supposed to taste like pig. The Indian tribes of the interior of Oregon

eat bears. The *hedgehog* is considered a princely dish in Barbary, and is eaten in Spain and Germany. It is frequently eaten by the sick among the African Arabs from the belief that the flesh is medicinal. *Mice* and *rats* are eaten in Asia, Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, and considered delicate morsels. The taste of rats is considered to be something like that of birds. The Chinese eat them, and to the Esquimaux epicures the mouse is a real *bonne bouche*. Rats and mice were eaten in Paris during the siege. The *porcupine* is reckoned delicious food in America and India, and resembles sucking-pig. The Dutch and the Hottentots are fond of it, and it is frequently brought to table at the Cape of Good Hope. The *squirrel* is eaten by the natives of Australia, the North American Indians, and is a favourite dish in Sweden and Norway. The flesh is tender, and said to resemble that of a barndoor fowl. It is sometimes eaten by the lower classes in England and the United States, and is said to make excellent pies. The flesh of the *beaver* is much prized by the Indians and Canadian traders, especially when it has been roasted in the skin after the hair has been singed off. It is also used in South America, and said to be excellent eating. Catlin calculates that above two hundred and fifty thousand North American Indians subsist almost exclusively on the *buffalo* through every part of the year. The beef is tough, dark-coloured, and occasionally of a musky flavour. The *reindeer* is eaten in Siberia, and is the favourite food of the

Esquimaux. It is the principal nourishment of the Laplanders. The flesh of the *horse* is eaten largely by various nations. The Indian horsemen of the Pampas live entirely on the flesh of their mares, and eat neither bread, fruit, nor vegetable. A Berlin newspaper states that there were at a certain date seven markets for horseflesh in that city, in which, during the first ten months of the year, there were one hundred and fifty horses slaughtered. A meeting was held in 1864 at the Acclimatisation Garden in Paris for the purpose of promoting the greater consumption of horseflesh as an article of food. In 1866 the first horse-butcher's shop was opened in Paris. Sixty-five thousand horses, it is asserted, were eaten in Paris during the siege, and the flesh was facetiously called 'siege venison.' On the 6th of February 1868, a memorable 'banquet hippophagique' was given at the Langham Hotel, under the auspices of Mr. Bicknell. According to Pliny, the Romans at one time ate the *ass*. The wild ass is still in much esteem among the Persians, who consider it as equal to venison. One thousand donkeys and two thousand mules are reported to have been eaten in Paris during the siege. The flesh of the latter is delicious, and far superior to beef; roast mule is, in fact, an exquisite dish. Ass's flesh forms the basis of the renowned sausages of Bologna. The *elephant* is eaten in Abyssinia and other parts of Africa, also in Sumatra. Some steaks that were cut off Chuneé, the elephant that was shot at Exeter

'Change, on being cooked, were declared to be 'pleasant meat.' The three elephants that were eaten in Paris during the siege were pronounced a great success. The liver was considered finer than that of any goose or duck. Dr. Livingstone writes—' We had the elephant's foot cooked for breakfast next morning, and found it delicious. It is a whitish mass, slightly gelatinous and sweet, like marrow. A long march, to prevent biliousness, is a wise precaution after a meal of elephant's foot. Elephant's trunk and tongue are also good, and, after long simmering, much resemble the hump of a buffalo and the tongue of an ox; but all the other meat is tough, and, from its peculiar flavour, only to be eaten by a hungry man.'

The hippopotamus that was killed and partly burnt in the fire at the Crystal Palace many years back was eaten by Dr. Crisp and some of his friends, who reported that the flavour of the flesh was excellent, and its colour whiter than any veal. The *peafowl* is occasionally eaten, and its flesh is reputed to be good; but the beauty of the peacock's plumage renders it too valuable a bird to form an ordinary article of food. In olden times the peacock occupied its place at the table as one of the dishes in the second course at every great feast. *Swans* were eaten by the ancients, and often appeared of old at great banquets in England. They are eaten by the natives of Australia; and the flesh of the cygnet, which is said to have a flavour resembling both the goose and the hare, is still considered a

delicacy in Europe. Snakes are eaten by the Chinese, the natives of Australia, and by those of many other countries; but the flesh is reckoned unwholesome, and liable to occasion leprosy. A nutritious broth for invalids is made in some places from the flesh of the poisonous viper. The *rana esculenta* is highly prized in France for its hind-legs, which form the part eaten; and these may be seen sometimes skewered together in the windows of some of the provision establishments in Paris. Attempts have been made at different times to acclimatize the *rana esculenta* in England, and apparently with some success in Cambridgeshire, where, it is said, their very remarkable and sonorous croak has procured for them the name of the 'Cambridgeshire nightingales.' *Locusts* are eaten in great quantities, both fresh and salted. They have a strong vegetable taste, the flavour varying with the plants on which they feed. Dr. Livingstone considered them palatable when roasted. Humboldt, on his return from the Rio Negro, saw a tribe of Ottomacs who lived principally during the rainy season upon a fat unctuous clay which they found in their district. A kind of earth known as *breadmeal*, which consists, for the most part, of the empty shells of minute infusoriæ animalcules, is still largely eaten in Northern Europe; and a similar substance, called *mountain meal*, has been used in Northern Germany in times of famine as a means of staying hunger.

All this may help to realize a wonderful picture drawn

by Mr. Froude in one of his latest writings—‘Suddenly one of the walls of the court became transparent, and there appeared an interminable vista of creatures—creatures of all kinds from land and water—reaching away into the extreme distance. They were those which in the course of my life I had devoured, either in part or whole, to sustain my unconscionable carcass. There they stood in lines, with solemn and reproachful faces—oxen and calves, sheep and lambs, deer, hares, rabbits, turkeys, ducks, chickens, pheasants, grouse, and partridges, down to the larks and sparrows and black-birds which I had shot when a boy and made into puddings. Every one of them had come up to bear witness against their murderer. Out of sea and river had come the trout and salmon, the soles and turbot, the ling and cod, the whiting and mackerel, the smelts and whitebait, the oysters, the crabs, the lobsters, the shrimps. They seemed literally to be in millions; and I had eaten them all! I talked of wages. These had been my wages. At this enormous cost had my existence been maintained. A stag spoke for the rest—“We all,” he said, “were sacrificed to keep this cormorant in being, and to enable him to produce the miserable bits of printed paper which are all that he has to show for himself. We know him only as the most cunning, the most destructive, and, unhappily, the longest-lived of all carnivorous beasts. His delight is in killing. Even when his hunger is satisfied he kills us for his mere amusement.” The oxen lowed

approval, the sheep bleated, the birds screamed, the fishes flapped their tails.'

We are reminded of some curious lines in a once famous book, Anstey's *Bath Guide*, which gives an epitaph for *gourmand* or *gourmet*—

'Farewell! May the turf where thy cold reliques rest
Bear herbs, odoriferous herbs; o'er thy breast
Their heads thyme and sage and pot marjoram wave,
And fat be the gander that feeds on thy grave!'

We need not discuss minutely the ethics of our subject, which indeed lie on the surface, and have accompanied us all along. Eating and drinking are things totally indifferent, and can only acquire any moral quality by the relations that belong to them. We have no quarrel with the hearty appetites of young men; but we know sad stories of ruinous bills run up at the college cook's and at the regimental mess-table. These are not the worst accounts run up. The philosophy of the matter lies still deeper. The great principles of feeding require moderation and even abstemiousness. We do not discuss the theology of a Friday's fast; but the habit of fasting one day in seven, at least to the extent of lessening and simplifying our diet, and especially in warm countries, appears to be conducive to health and longevity. No doubt we all of us eat and drink more than we need. The teetotallers have their crusade against our drinking, but surely some similar organization is required against over-eating. It may be said of many a man that he digs

his grave with his teeth. The experience of most medical men is that an overwhelming proportion of disease arises from errors in diet. The first thing which the doctor has to do is to limit, weigh, and select the patient's diet. Perhaps the patient rebels. Like the Northern Farmer, he must have his glass of yaäle. Said a countryman one day, 'I takes all the things I likes, and let them fight it out among themselves.' But this cannot be done with impunity. Nature makes the dullest comprehend her teachings. At first she speaks in a gentle whisper, and presently in a voice of thunder. At first it is very irksome and wearisome to fret and fight under a lot of arbitrary rules. But we find that, like better men, we must go into training. And by and by we may have to find it makes an intellectual amusement, so to speak, to be playing at chess with gout or dyspepsia, or Bright's disease, or *angina pectoris*. For all these perils lie invidiously in wait for those who dine 'not wisely, but too well.' A man who lives moderately, in point of fact, gets better dinners, and gets them for a longer time. He finds out that there is an æstheticism in these things. Better even to live long on mutton-chops and toast-and-water than to be ill on viands and liquors that transcend the natural strength. It is as well to live with as much refinement and good taste as possible, but even the wise heathen could tell us that we should not 'live to eat, but eat to live.' St. Paul has branded a very unpleasant word on the Cretans of his day, which

may be seen on referring to it, which would probably suit many other localities besides Crete. All these things are emphatically those that perish in the using: 'meats for the belly, and the belly for meats, but God shall destroy both them and it.'

CONCERNING PARLOURS.

THE word 'parlour' is a remnant of a bygone state of things. The days are gone past when Sir Charles Grandison made his stately bows in the cedar parlour. 'There are no parlours nowadays, my dear,' said an old lady, whom we may call Mrs. Partington, 'except, I believe, in the public-houses.' We have dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, studios, libraries, smoking-rooms; but the parlour in the ordinary British mansion has almost become a thing of the past. It remains, in a highly-fossilized condition, as a venerable institution prized by the lower middle class. 'Will you walk into my parlour?' said the spider to the fly; and I always recognize the wretched feelings of that suicidal fly when I am invited into what people call a parlour. Very probably it is only used on state occasions. The family may burrow in some subterranean apartment in the basement. We perceive by a hundred signs that such a parlour is not a living room, but a dead room. It is full of stiffness and angularities, hard chairs and still harder sofas. The region in which the

parlour retains any vitality is the agricultural region. In multitudes of farm-houses, and in some vicarages, this kind of apartment is still found. But the British farmer follows hard on the tracks of the squire, and gives up the humbler for the more ambitious nomenclature. It is the better class of labourer and the thriving artisan who are now aiming at the possession of parlours. Among them the parlour is really a happy and an educating influence. So prevalent have been peace and plenty of recent years, that in the suburbs of great towns you may pass whole rows of tenements in which you may distinguish pleasant parlours, with flowering plants filling the windows and the sound of pianos clashing all down the row.

Still, in special cases, the name of parlour yet survives, and of these I would say a few words. The parlour or parloir (Lat. *parabolare*; Fr. *paroler*, *parler*), as the name indicates, is a place wherein to converse. The waiting-room of a club is essentially a parlour; in a less formal, but more real, sense so is the smoking-room. The old lady was perfectly correct in her allusion—which, however, was hardly to be expected of her—to public-houses. It would have been more decent if she had talked about taverns. And what glorious talk there has been in tavern-parlours before now! We think of Ben Jonson at the ‘Mermaid,’ and Sam Johnson at the ‘Turk’s Head.’ There are still a few wits and scholars who haunt the sanded parlours of hostels about Fleet-street—

‘When all his warm heart, sherris-warmed,
Flashed forth in random speeches.’

Such men have felt and said that there is no throne like the easy-chair of a tavern-parlour. Perhaps there are other attractions besides wit and liquor for a tavern-parlour. I know a great firm that advertises for pretty barmaids, and always sends them home at nights in a special conveyance, to be intrusted to the charge of a most respectable matron. I know men who are members of good clubs, and who yet prefer to leave their higher luxury and comfort to enjoy the greater freedom and raciness of the parlour. I know of one occasion when a dozen men left a party given by a Cabinet Minister to ‘go off to a tavern. In all country towns a parlour of this sort is the principal, or only, club in the place. Most business and professional people find it worth their while to look in for half an hour in the evenings. It is the conclave of a tavern-parlour which is the most powerful influence of a general election.

But let me enter another parlour, respecting whose respectability there can be no manner of doubt or hesitation. Let it be the parlour of a bank. We have all heard, doubtless with appropriate awe, of the parlour of the Bank of England. But nearly every bank has its parlour, where partners and managers sit in ease and state, giving nods where assent insures solvency, or shakes of the head, compared with which Lord Burleigh’s shake was simply fatuous. That fellow is a lucky one who with careless ease can pass beyond the

counter and penetrate, in an easy familiar manner, into the very arcana. Here, in the bank-parlour, the City merchants walk in and get their seventy or eighty thousand pounds' worth of bills discounted in the course of few minutes. But although your balance may be utterly below contempt, if you are a friend of the family, or a man of aristocratic or moneyed connection, you will get a hearty shake of the hand in the bank-parlour. Thackeray, in his *Newcomes*, speaks of the talks, of the interviews, that went on in the bank-parlour of that highly respectable firm of which Sir Barnes Newcome was the head. Into the bank-parlours go the clerks, to be bewigged by the heads of the firm if they are unpunctual or have manifested an undue desire for an increase of salary. Some years ago there was a striking picture at the Royal Academy of a clerk summoned into a bank-parlour to give account of forgery or of defalcations. The pale ashen features of the miserable culprit contrast strongly with the severe austere appearance of the justly incensed bankers. The situation is melodramatic enough, but the facts are very real, very possible. I am acquainted with a striking story of such a case. A clerk had defrauded a banking firm of a thousand pounds. The case was as clear as daylight against him. The facts and figures proved it. The man confessed it. The detective was waiting in the next room to take him into custody. There were extenuating circumstances. The case was one of great want and great temptation.

Unfortunately want and temptation lie at the root of all such cases. At the very last moment, when the culprit was reduced to the lowest abyss of despair, the principal partner of the bank made up his mind not to prosecute. A process of acute reasoning led him to this resolution. In the first place, a criminal prosecution would not be the least help towards getting him back his money. It would, in fact, annihilate any small chance of getting the least return. Moreover, this enlightened banker argued—‘If I show the public that I am unable to take care of my own money, they will perhaps think that I am unable to take care of theirs. In these ticklish times it is not wise to take the slightest step that will impugn the credit of banks.’ And so the unhappy man escaped scot-free from the bank-parlour. He went away, and I trust he sinned no more. Considering the multitudes of clerks, such interviews in bank-parlours are, indeed, very rare. How different are some Paris bank-parlours compared with those in London! In Paris the inevitable dinginess of business is relieved by garden views of flowers and fountains.

There is a kind of parlour to which I have occasional access, and which I enjoy accordingly. This is a publishers’ parlour. It is a kind of reading-room of a very unique sort. There is as much conversation as reading, frequently a good deal more. The publishers are catholic-minded men. Lying about the parlour you see all the new books—not only their own publications,

but also those of the brotherhood generally. Here you may see early copies of new books, smelling so deliciously of the printing-press, which I think is the best scent of all, before they have got into the binder's hands, before they have even been sent out to the reviewers. You may perhaps see a printed proof of one of the Laureate's works, which often have been circulated for months among friendly critics before the time of publishing. You may see rare and costly books, such as never get into general circulation, and which are *caviare* to the vulgar. If there should be any literary news stirring, you may hear the news. If there is any literary lion roaring, you may perhaps hear him roar. The publisher's parlour is something like the parlour of the old coffee-houses of Wills and Button. A publisher's house has always its anecdotes, treasures, and traditions. Sometimes we outsiders, under propitious circumstances, are enabled to make the acquaintance in the flesh of author, critic, or editor, who had hitherto been to us *vox et præterea nihil*.

There is yet another kind of parlour—the parlour of the monastery or the convent. Readers who are familiar with the history of Port Royal will remember how the youthful Abbess received her parents in the parlour, when she had resolved to make the rule of her abbey a reality, and not make it a mere source of deriving income and of profuse expenditure. These convent-parlours have witnessed many sorrowful scenes, 'the everlasting farewells, the everlasting farewells' of which

De Quincey speaks. Henceforth all the sweet charities of life are well-nigh abandoned. There must be no maiden visions of the married lover and of babies on the knee. All intercourse with the outer world is henceforth limited to the *parloir*. Ever and again the parlour is filled with the living loving voices of the outer world. Does the recluse ever go back in fancy to brood over the story of life, and to wonder whether its plan has been well contrived or has been arranged amiss?

I said that the parlour was an old-fashioned institution. Let me go back to old-fashioned days, when it was a familiar institution to me. It was such a parlour as Longfellow would like to describe, which Mrs. Poyser might have inhabited. The diamond-paned casement-window is opened, and through it comes the murmur of those sounds of which Tennyson speaks—

‘Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawns,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmurs of innumerable bees.’

By the way, as a bit of Tennysonian criticism, the first of these three lovely lines is absolute nonsense. Who ever heard of ten thousand rivulets hurrying through a lawn or any number of lawns? The place would be immediately reduced to a swamp or a duck-pond with a single dozen of them. I simply wish to indicate the parlour of an old manor-house, with a garden before the front window, and an orchard by the side ones. There was the *escritoire*, the immemorial *escritoire*, in which

the old gentleman used to keep his books and his moneys, holding out thereby immense provocation to people of burglarious minds. So very old were the decorative parts of the room—old portraits, old books, old articles of *virtù*, the old piano, the old, old songs, ballads which would be despised by those who know classical music, but whose simple melodies and simple words then went to our young hearts. Then the rows of books: the old Minerva Press novels, which no one reads now; the first editions of the eighteenth-century poets, which had been brought as fine novelties into the fine parlours. There was a tall closet in the parlour, where unheard-of treasures, marvellous to the childish imagination beyond bank-notes and cheques, were stored away: guava jellies, home-made wines, figured chests of tea, that had come all the way from China, old silver flagons, tall drinking-cups. There was the dear old lady who presided, tall and prim, with a complexion clear and delicate as a girl's. I sometimes wonder where the next generation of grand old ladies is to come from. It was in the parlour that we used to have our select and polite evening parties 'to tea.' The tea came off at the primeval hour of five o'clock. It was a repast fearfully and marvellously made. Every possible home-made delicacy that could exhibit our resources, our ingenuity, and our tastes was exhibited. The pestilential doctrine of 'tea and turn out' was not then invented. At nine o'clock the old oaken table ought, to speak metaphorically, to have groaned under the good

things. The discreet elders in the interim had retired to the kitchen to smoke their churchwardens. Then there were any number of forfeits involving osculation to the π^{th} . The treat in the old parlour was the happiest reminiscence of the past, and most blissful anticipation of the future.

There is yet another parlour, the commonest of all, of which one has to speak. It is the most decided contrast which can be conceived to the parlours of which I have just spoken. This is the parlour of the London lodging-house. In the economy of such a lodging-house there are several stages and gradations to be noted. The swell of the lodging-house is the man who has the drawing-rooms. His bedroom is the second-floor front. The man who has the parlour has the second-floor back. He, too, in the estimation of the landlady, is a swell, but of subordinate character to the drawing-room swell. The more restricted lodging-house would have the parlour lodger's bedroom on the ground-floor, and only folding-doors would divide the drawing-room from its bedroom. It is rather curious to find oneself described, briefly and personally, as a parlour. The 'parlour' has forgotten to take his latchkey, or the 'parlour' has ordered a sole for breakfast. That is all you stand for in the estimation of the landlady. The parlour constitutes the final cause for which you were destined. The parlour is your *raison d'être*. You are for the parlour, and the parlour for you, as glove and hand go together. When once you give up the

parlour you drop into the wide sea of humanity, and are distinguishable no more.

I knew a man who took a parlour for a number of years. He was a man of a good deal of taste, and in the course of a few years turned everything that the landlady had out of the doors and windows. The rickety arm-chair, with the fugitive castor, went; the other chairs of infirm constitution, very weak in back and legs, were stacked like so much old timber, as, indeed, they were; the greasy old carpet, concerning which a legend prevailed that it had once been an imitation Brussels, suddenly, its constitution being utterly destroyed, gave way in twenty places at once, and was swept out of the room like so much waste-paper by the housemaid. The round table also disappeared. The mystic report prevailed in the neighbourhood that some spirit-rappers had operated on the table, which gave a convulsive dance about the room, and then disappeared in the direction of the attics. I must, however, say that my friend gives a very different version of the ultimate destiny of the table. He has now filled his parlour with good Chippendale furniture, and says that not a single rag or stick belonging to the old woman is to be found in it. But she still makes her weekly appearance, presenting a bill for which the first item is twenty-five shillings for furnished lodgings, accompanied by a long train of extras. Let me only express the hope, my friends, that if I am addressing any one of my fellow-

creatures who is a lodger, he will cultivate the conscientious habits which befit his calling: that if he is the last man he will put up the door-chain; that he will not leave any matches on the floor or staircase; that he will confine the use of the latchkey within reasonable limits; that he will avoid giving unnecessary trouble in his early and late demands; and that he will deal with the overworked servants liberally when he goes away for his holiday, or in company with some sweet creature relinquishes the comforts of bachelorism for a home of his own.

Many are the traditions and recollections that gather round various of the London parlours. It has been suggested that some memorial slab or stone should be placed in houses where celebrated people have lived, and in some cases this has actually been done. This might be done on quite a large scale in the parlours of London lodging-houses. One might speak of the actors and artists, the authors and journalists, the men of wit and fashion and business, who have been well content with the unambitious parlour, having, however, in so many cases the run of clubland and a general entry into society. One case I especially remember. It was that of a young scion of the aristocracy, who, having only slender means from home, first made himself a free-lance in literature, and afterwards a power in politics. Rigorously and wisely economical, he stuck to the parlour of a London lodging-house until his name had become bruited over the world. He is now the

favourite guest of palaces and has palaces of his own. Lastly, Asmodeus, when he took off the roofs and peeped into the houses, might have seen a great deal of the curious and comic phases of life beneath the ceilings of metropolitan parlours.

THE ETHICS OF A POSTAGE-STAMP.

I NEED hardly say that, in common with the rest of the world, I venerate the memory of Sir Rowland Hill. I must, however, confess that I think all the congratulatory talk about cheap postage requires some modification. We do not pay so much for our letters as in the last generation; but, on the other hand, we have to pay our postage a great deal oftener. Whenever in any public or private matter we come to a tabulation of expenses, we discover that the item of postage is a very considerable item. The practice of postage-cards has certainly relieved an immense amount of epistolary congestion. We are glad of the excuse to send messages instead of writing letters. Many people, who would wish courteously to acknowledge every communication, now try to give one answer that may serve a good many people at the same time. Consequently a host of candidates are frequently informed through the medium of an advertisement that a selection has been made, but that it is impossible to send this communication to each applicant. No really sensible man ever takes it as a

slight that he receives no answer to a letter. The fact that there is no answer is in itself an answer. It is a common saying that silence gives consent; but epistolary silence ordinarily means the opposite—is, in fact, a mode of negation. The first ethical reflection about a postage-stamp is not to use it at all if its use can be avoided.

Now when we come to consider still further this matter of the writing of a letter, it is more serious than is thought; and, taken in the aggregate, there are few things more serious in life than letter-writing. I do not wonder that I hear people complain that postage will certainly drive them to the workhouse. Letter-writing is an appalling item in my annual expenditure. The money expense of a letter to which you put a correspondent ought to be considered by those people without conscience. The cost of a letter is at least twopence. The postage is a penny; the paper and envelope are nearly another penny; and if you take into account the time for consideration which a letter implies, the time occupied in the manual work of writing it, and the trouble of posting it, it is generally much more. I used to think that the lawyers were very exacting in demanding six-and-eightpence for a letter. But now I am of opinion that their demand is only moderate and right. I think that on an average my letters quite cost me six-and-eightpence. Some of my letters—I am presumptuous enough to think—are really worth a great deal more. But let me put the money-out-of-pocket

item at twopence, from which sum I decline to abate the slightest fraction. We hear a great deal of the power of one penny. A great deal more might proportionately be said on the power of two pennies. Twopence would buy me both a morning and an evening paper; it would purchase for me the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *St. James's Gazette*, or the weekly edition of the *Times*; its purchasing power would give me half a pint of my country's bitter, or half-soda; it is the exact admission sum charged at the two piers at Brighton; it is a convenient tip for railway porters and little children; it is the fee for the registration of a packet or a letter: and why should society in general charge up in hosts against me, demanding these two pennies, which is nothing to the individual separately, but as a collective demand is almost enough to make me put my affairs into liquidation?

Now there are people not over reasonable or conscientious, who certainly push this matter of cheap postage to an extreme length. They want to inquire, not within, but from without, 'about everything.' They inquire about things in general, and about nothing in particular. The Plague of Letters might almost be added to the ten plagues of Egypt. On many persons letters come like a snow-storm every morning, and just as we are beginning to be comfortable in the evening the late posts bring the business letters of the day. One reason for which one likes remote parts of the country is that you only get your letters once a day, and if you are clever you may dodge

them for days together. Any man who occupies at all a conspicuous position experiences this deluge of letters. I heard of a man who devised a system of decimation in his correspondence. Having withdrawn those which seemed of a private character, he opened just one in ten of the heap, and threw the remainder into the waste-paper basket. Statesmen and editors and philanthropists and some clergymen are peculiarly liable to an irruption of letters. To a certain extent there is a delightful kind of freemasonry among persons of the same craft. Any professional or literary man thinks himself at liberty to address inquiries for information to any of his brethren. He asks for information, and there is the implied condition that in his own turn he will always be prepared to render such. There have been many interesting friendships formed and cemented through correspondence of this kind. I believe there are cases on record in which people have married through a courtship of correspondence. But there are some persons whose unhappy privilege it is that, while they do not wish to make any inquiries themselves, they receive multitudes of inquiries from other people. They are invited, for instance, to subscribe to everything going, from pagodas to pigsties. These are the people who wrote about Borrioboola Gha. They are dissatisfied, and think themselves hardly used if they do not receive replies, full replies, sympathetic replies, replies by return of post. Now to such persons it may be respectfully hinted that there is a question of ethics

—that is to say, of moral conduct—involved in the humble postage-stamp. This is a branch of moral philosophy which ought to be especially studied in our nineteenth century. The public conscience really requires to be educated in this respect. There is a *caco-ëthes scribendi* abroad in the world which ought to be sternly repelled. Many people having written their letters ought to tear those letters into a variety of little pieces. If they don't do so themselves it will very probably be done for them. What right in the world have they to ventilate their crotchets at the expense of other people? What right have they to obtrude their unmeaning concerns—unmeaning, at least, in an immense number of instances—on people who are overwhelmed with important interests, and whose time is as precious as gold, to whom loss of time means loss of money, fresh air, and digestion? This life of ours is terribly short, and yet the human vultures swoop down and carry away crumb after crumb of it, till the entire loaf is almost frittered away. I know kind-hearted men who are chained to their desks for hours to answer what are frequently futile and unnecessary correspondences. Each correspondent thinks that he is only a unit, and that his solitary letter will not count for anything, unthinking that these items form the combination and the mass.

I am putting the matter in a very mild and moderate way when I say that the penny postage-stamp is a matter of social ethics. Of course everything in human

life has an ethical use and value. We all recognize that there is a principle in details, and that details illustrate principles. To use the language of an old Greek philosopher, there is the one in the many and the many in the one. It is the ethical principle which ought to give shape and colour even to the apparently trivial matter of the use or abuse of a postage-stamp. May I be permitted to give a little practical advice? Try and have the sympathy and insight to realize that your letter may be one of a multitudinous lot of letters. Enclose a stamp for reply. Better still, enclose a stamped and directed envelope. Best of all, if you are writing to people whose time is their money, enclose a dozen stamps for their trouble, or, for the matter of that, don't be particular to half-a-dozen dozen. This is a happy innovation which would not be highly resented. At the least, adopt the middle course of the stamped envelope. I have always found it extremely difficult to pass over any communication where the writer has obviously wished to give as little trouble as possible. There are few men so lazy that they will not find time to scribble down an answer on the margin of the letter they receive, and put it up in the stamped and directed envelope. They will do so even if the inquiry is as silly as that which Boswell once addressed to Dr. Johnson—'Sir, what would you do if you were shut up all alone in a tower with a baby?' And their fingers may itch to give the same answer which the immortal lexicographer addressed to

his too inquisitive friend, the laconic response, 'Sir, you are an idiot.'

This saying of Johnson's reminds me of a saying which I may be excused for parenthetically inserting. One of our learned or would-be learned ladies was telling a gentleman that she had been reading through Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*. 'The only thing which puzzles me is the use of the word "Idča," making the penultimate short, which may be good Greek, but is bad English. Pray what is the meaning of idča?' 'Madam,' replied the gentleman, 'it is the feminine of idiot.'

Another practical matter may be mentioned in respect to postage-stamps. Do not throw away your old postage-stamps. The album of postage-stamps is now a familiar institution. Many of these are rare and curious, or exhaustive, and possess great interest and value. But never throw away any effigy of her Most Gracious Majesty, though defaced by the ruthless stamp. I always bless that gracious effigy, although in the interests of art and history I cannot help wishing that we had an authentic portrait, both on coin and letters, instead of the stereotyped superannuated impression. I once had an idea of writing a story, which I would entitle 'A Million of Postage-Stamps.' I really have solid reasons for believing that there have been cranky people who have made the acquisition of a million of postage-stamps a condition for the accomplishment of some vital matter. A legacy may depend upon it. A

marriage may depend upon it. Some old imbecile may have insisted on having the wall of his bedroom pasted with a million of postage-stamps. It is not perhaps so difficult as might be thought to bring together a million of used-up stamps. It might, under certain circumstances, even be worth while to buy a few thousand stamps to get them stamped. If you have the waste-paper of very busy offices, you will be greatly helped in the accumulation. Most people who begin such an accumulation break down after a time. A lady told me the other day that she was saving up her postage-stamps towards a million, and I calculated that it would take her two hundred and fifty years at the present rate to complete her task. If you can't complete your own collection you may make yourself helpful in the matter of helping to complete collections of luckier people. A million of postage-stamps is a possession decidedly worth the having. It would have its value in the universal market.

Finally, we may obtain another ethical use of the postage-stamp. The affixing of the stamp is in the majority of cases the last stage of the letter-writing. It is a kind of sealing, signing, and delivering. It would not be a bad moral habit for a man to pause before affixing his postage-stamp, and to consider whether judiciously and conscientiously he had not better save his penny. When once he has dropped his letter into the letter-box he has committed one of the irrevocable acts of this life. Only with the utmost

entreaties and only in rarest instances have I ever known of letters rendered back by the postmaster to the sender. As you prepare to affix your stamp, give one final thought to conscience, whether you might not alter, improve, or altogether obliterate that letter. There may be all sorts of wrong and evil connected with letter-writing; but to specialize an instance, you may have been writing an angry letter. It may be a clever caustic letter, and you feel rather inclined to regard it approvingly, considered as a literary production. But it may be a passionate and unjust letter. It may be unreasonable and untrue. You may be giving unmerited pain by sending it. You may bitterly regret the moments when your hand obeyed the immoral behest of your mind. You have heard of the physician's prescription about the cucumber: to peel it carefully, slice it tenderly, be gingerly with your vinegar and plenteous with the oil, sprinkle the pepper, brown or red, over it—and then fling the mess out of the window. So when you sit down to your letter, my dear and slightly excited friend, pile up your invectives, accumulate your adjectives, be caustic and cutting in your phrases; but just before you post it give a thought to the ethics of a postage-stamp, light your pipe with it, and save your halfpence.

THE CURIOUS HISTORY OF SOME MIS-DIRECTED LETTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE COTTAGE FLOWER-SHOW.

IT was the close of an exquisite day in the early autumn, and I was wandering in a vast park-like meadow on the outskirts of a little old-fashioned town in one of our most rural counties. It is a locality hardly mentioned by guide-books, and unvisited by tourists; and yet in the broad expanse of meadow land, through which flows a sluggish stream, with fatter trout than belong to Wales and the Highlands; in the quiet country lanes, where the interlacing boughs often form a natural cloister; in the large opulent farms and homesteads; in the noble range of downs that southwards closed the prospect,—there always seemed to me a transcript of a perfectly idyllic English life, which poet and painter and the student of manners might lovingly and lingeringly contemplate.

The little town was far secluded from railways; and the railways which have brought so many second-rate

places into notice have deepened the obscurity in which those village towns rest that are isolated from those slender rails and wires which have revolutionized the globe. Still Bullingford had its points of vantage. It had its good and cheap grammar-school, suited to the scions of genteel poverty. Then it had a kind of connection with those august institutions, the two Houses of Parliament. One of the many seats of a great earl was close at hand—a big modern edifice, but designated, from some old ruins found in the grounds, as the Castle. Moreover, one of the county members, in whose domain I was wandering, had a small shooting-lodge here, with a stud-farm attached. This had been a high day for Bullingford, to be marked by the white stone or by the red letter.

It had been a grand show-day—a show of fruits, flowers, and vegetables—for the six rural parishes, of which Bullingford formed a kind of metropolitan centre. The show was really a grand show, which would claim its columns in the local newspapers, and even its paragraphs in the London press. The Earl and the member had both subscribed largely, and had made little speeches in the luncheon-tent, both of which had been taken down by the reporters—every word. The beauty and fashion of the six parishes had gathered largely; and where will you find six parishes in merrie England which will not yield a large quota of both? I was given to understand that there had been such a display of hothouse plants, grapes, and cut flowers from the

gardens and conservatories of beauty and fashion, that Bullingford had never known the like. The Bullingford band, too, consisting of the best performers not only of Bullingford, but of its adjacent dependent parishes, had fairly surpassed itself. The prizes had been liberal, and so numerous that very few deserving competitors had been altogether disappointed. There was not a whisper at that happy date to be heard about agricultural depression, and the jovial reign of the great Pan seemed to be revived in the radiant landscape.

This much I was given to understand. I myself had arrived a day too late for the fair, so to speak. So ignorant was I of the illustrious renown of Bullingford, that, having come to the place late in the afternoon, I was taking my evening stroll quite unconscious of the high junketings and performances of the festal day. The heavy carts, loaded with competing produce, had departed; the light wheels of carriages and heavy wheels of carts had rolled away. The gentry had paid their half-crown at noon, and now the commonalty poured in at sixpence a head. I came in so late that the cheque-taker, in a very rare fit of public generosity, declined to take my sixpence. It was all over, or would be all over in less than no time. And yet I should certainly have considered that I had had my money's worth. For though much had been taken away from the show, much still remained. There were some lovely little rustic beauties of children, with their heaps of wild flowers, nosegays for competition. Heaps,

too, of piled-up vegetables and fruits, and multitudinous specimens of that window gardening which it is now so much the fashion to encourage in lowly homes. The whole gracious scenery of the landscape seemed an embodied poetry. The evening scarlet lights were splintered on bough and leaf; the evening shadows threw forward their soft shields. The serious business of the show being over, the amiable Bullingfordians surrendered themselves to the charms of the sweet autumnal evening. Allowing for the difference of latitude, it was like a vintage-gathering of the sunny South. Despite the falling dew in one part of the meadow, there was a genuine dance. In another part many of the rustics were disporting themselves at kiss-in-the-ring, whereby their tender minds had been all too early trained in the mysteries of osculation.

The meadow, as I have mentioned, was well timbered, and at one end there was a wide natural avenue. I had withdrawn from the busy groups to the avenue for seclusion, and to chew the cud of fancy; being given, like Isaac of old, to walk forth in the fields at eventide and meditate. Suddenly there passed in front of me, emerging from the trees on my right hand, a young couple, with whose appearance I was much struck. When I say a young couple, I ought more properly to have limited the term to the young lady, who would be barely twenty, while the man's age would be nearly double. Every woman is naturally a lady in my humble opinion, although it is hardly true that every

man is naturally a gentleman. In the narrow critical sense, she was not a young lady in the way in which we speak of girls in society being ladies. Still, there could be no question about the brightness of her eyes, the exquisite colour of her complexion, the elegance of her form. Her companion's arm was carelessly thrown around her, and in her confiding attitude and rapt attention it was easy to decipher the old, old story of love and trust. The man was dressed as a gentleman, but he failed to impress one as a gentleman. He was well and even gorgeously dressed in a handsome suit of velvet, which set off to advantage his fine person and sunburnt foreign face. He was speaking in a low voice, and with an earnest impassioned utterance. Only a few muttered words came within earshot, but they were words which were evidently full of power and effect for the agitated girl by his side. At the head of the avenue there was a big handsome black horse held in charge by a page-looking youth. Despite the outward show about the man, he was only a half-bred; and if ever a man had *roué* stamped on his face and manners, this fellow had. When he came to the gate at the end of the avenue, the usual adieu followed, and, vaulting not ungracefully into the saddle, he waved his adieux, followed by devouring eyes. She watched him for a time, and then turning away somewhat abruptly, we happened to come face to face. With a slight gesture of impatience, she rapidly glided off to the left, and proceeded to join one of the festive groups that were

still making holiday beneath the spreading beech-trees. I thought at first that the gesture of disdain was intended for my own special behoof, as a reward for my near-sighted stare. There came, however, within eye-shot, in the same line as myself, a young man, who took off his hat to the retreating maiden, which only elicited an acknowledgment that was more like a snub than a courtesy.

It was not very easy to tell what this young man's station in life might be, for every one looks so fine in a holiday-gala like this that it is not easy to realize what the ordinary appearance in every-day clothes may be. But this young man had a frank bright face, with a sweetness of eyes and breadth of forehead which contrasted very pleasantly with that of the horseman to whom I had taken an instinctive dislike. Nevertheless, an expression of anger and chagrin passed over his face as he noted the retreating cavalier, and angrily shook his fist after him.

I always feel conversationally disposed towards my fellow-kind, and saw instinctively that this young man, despite his angry mood, would be ready to foregather with me ; so I said,

‘You don’t seem to have very cordial feelings towards the man who is riding away so fast.’

‘I should like to have him on the grass here, and give him a jolly good hiding. What does he mean by coming here and interfering between me and my girl?’

‘O, she’s your girl, is she?’ I retorted. ‘I should hardly have thought it by what I witnessed just now. She didn’t take to you very kindly when you raised your hat to her. My own idea was that she was the other man’s girl.’

‘She might have promised to be my wife by this time, if this infernal foreigner had not come interfering with his airs and graces. Louisa and I were coming to a good understanding; but since she has taken to walking with him, we are nearly cuts. And I expect that he want her bit of money.’

‘She is an heiress as well as a beauty, then?’

‘I had a deal rather have the girl without the money than fifty times the money without the girl. I expect that it’s all the other way with him, though he does make himself such a big chap.’

‘Do you know who he is?’

‘He’s staying at the Castle, at Lord Bullingford’s; that’s all I know. He might be a lord himself, by the way in which he gallops about on that big horse of his. But I don’t think him a lord, and I am sure he’s not a gentleman.’

Now it so happened that I myself was a guest at the Castle. Certainly I myself was not a lord or lordling. I was a barrister, a briefless barrister; but some time back I had done something—let the reader suppose that it was the writing of a poem or the painting of a picture—which had furthered my social status and almost ruined my professional prospects.

It was a common thing for me now to be visiting county families when it would be much more to my interest to be staying at the houses of country attorneys, more especially as I may candidly say that I was wanting very much to get married, but had not sufficient means to carry out the idea.

I returned to the Castle, quite in the dark, about three-quarters of an hour before dinner. I had just time to exchange a few words with my kind hostess, and then dressed. The Earl was chiefly known as the husband of the Countess. We got on very pleasantly. I remember I sat next the clergyman of the parish, an old man and a widower, whose children were all grown up and scattered about the world. He told me that he almost found a second home at the Castle when the Squire and his wife were at home. I looked, but, as I had more than expected, I looked in vain, for the big foreigner. Thinking that as the Vicar was so domesticated at the place he would be sure to know everything, I asked him if he knew anything of a tall Italian-looking man, very well dressed, riding a black horse, and attached to the Castle in some sort of way. The Vicar, after a good deal of rumination, said that though he certainly ought to know every one in his parish, in this case he was at fault, and referred the matter to the Countess.

‘I cannot tell who it can be,’ said Lady Bullingford, ‘unless it should be the foreign *chef* whom I brought down for the shooting-season. He is supposed to be

a French cook—all cooks, you know, are French, just as all singers are Italian.'

'But this man can hardly be a cook, my lady. He was well dressed and well mounted.'

'My dear Mr. Marjoribanks, and why shouldn't he be? I tell Lord Bullingford that it is something awful what we pay him. You mustn't suppose that he touches anything with his own hands, unless as the greatest favour and under extraordinary circumstances. Since he left the house of an ambassador at Paris he has declined to take any permanent engagement, and indeed we could not afford to have him ourselves as a regular thing; but he will take a job for the season, or will come to a country house for a short time in the recess.'

'It is no wonder that I did not know him. I expect that he never comes to church,' said the Vicar.

'I am afraid not,' said the Countess; 'and, indeed, his last mistress warned me that his moral conduct was not good, and the housekeeper has everything in the house in strict surveillance.'

'I am afraid that they will hardly be able to keep him in order when he is out of the house,' said the Vicar.

This was a matter on which I might myself have shed some light. But just then the stream of conversation took another direction, and the subject passed off. I have often wished that the case had been otherwise. If I had uttered warning words, a remarkable and mysterious history, not without tragic elements, might never have come to pass.

CHAPTER II.

TWO LETTERS.

A YEAR after, there came a certain morning when I sat leisurely at breakfast in my chambers in the Temple. The breakfast was a good one; my breakfasts are always good. To eat a good breakfast is to lay a solid foundation of good works for the rest of the day. My letters are neatly laid on the table in front of the fire, and the *Times*, and also the book or review or magazine which I may happen to have in reading. The letters of course have the prior claim. Then I read the *Times*, and it is only in case I can dispose of the *Times* that I proceed to the book. As a copy of the *Times* is equivalent to a moderate-sized volume, it is only occasionally that I can get beyond it. Indeed, so tremendous is the demand which the *Times* makes upon my limited power of reading, that I have come to the resolution that I will lay it down as soon as I have finished my breakfast, and only take it up at odd times afterwards. One result of which moral resolution is that breakfast becomes a highly elongated meal.

I have read my letters, some seven or eight of them. There is the letter from the obliging money-lender who is willing to accommodate me on the most reasonable terms. There are two or three from wine-merchants, one or two begging-letters, a dinner-card, a card for a

conversazione, a delicious perfumed epistle from my little cousin Fanny, a letter from my dear old school-fellow Jones, out in the Punjab, overflowing with wit and wisdom and descriptive power such as might make the fortune of a special correspondent. And then come the two following epistles—they are here given in the order they were opened by me—which I read open-mouthed, with amazement and consternation.

The first came from the actuary of an insurance office—by Jove, my own insurance office!—dated the day before from Gresham Chambers—

‘Sir,—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your communication conveying the information of the death of your wife Louise, and the accompanying documents with your claim for one thousand pounds.’

I had read so far when I nearly lost my breath. ‘My wife Louise!’ I ejaculated. ‘The only wife I ever intend to have is my little cousin Fanny, and what in the world would she say if she ever heard that I had another wife called Louise?’

However, I resumed the official epistle from the insurance company—

‘As we have no knowledge of the medical men who sign the papers, we shall be obliged if you would send us a document verifying their names and position from the English consul at Milan.

‘Your obedient servant,

‘JAMES FORTESCUE, *Actuary*.’

This was really very queer. But a minute or two's cogitation was sufficient to clear up the mystery. It was evidently the case of a misdirected letter. I was a customer of this very insurance office. Fanny's papa had insisted that I should insure my life, as a preliminary step to any further matrimonial negotiations. Evidently the letter had got into a wrong envelope.

The next letter which I took up was one of the most horrifying communications which I had ever received in my life :—

‘Don't be such an infernal fool. Why you talk of coming to England? I kill you if you come. You are no wife of mine. My own wife will tear your hair and eyes out if you come. Suppose you come to England. Then I am put in prison because I marry you. I not like that. I will kill you before you put me in prison. Then you will be base bad woman yourself because you have got a baby and have not got a husband. Everybody will laugh and make scorn at bastard. Why you not stop where you are? My *madre* is vera goot to you. She will love the *fanciullo*. Everything vera goot. I wish I was there. Everything beautiful there, the sky, the water, the vines. If you are goot, I will come and see you again. I was sorry not to be there. Only there is no money there; only in England, which is very rich. I cry when I tell you you are not my wife. My wife old and ugly. When she die, I will espouse you. If she do not die, I think I will poison her. But if you bother, as you

say, myself, I will poison you. If you come to England, I will kill you, or you will die in gutter. To kill you is best. Suppose you have impudence and write me another letter. Then I send you an answer. When you open the letter you will fall dead. I will put something in the letter that will make you fall dead. You know vera well I am claver with what I make with my fingers. The Français only very claver to make dishes, but we Romans know what to put in our dishes. Now, petite Louise, be goot. Be quiet, like a little brown mouse, and stop in your hole. Good-bye. How do you do? Curse you!’

This singular and horribly grotesque epistle had neither date, signature, nor address.

I examined it closely. Perhaps somebody was trying to play off a practical joke upon me, wanted me, perhaps, to go to Scotland-yard and make a fool of myself. But there was nothing in the letter to give any clue in the world for the Scotland-yard people to work upon. They would think it a practical joke. It might be easy enough to concoct such a letter. But it was not easy to concoct that quaint delicate Italian caligraphy. That was genuinely and indisputably Italian.

Suddenly the strange identity of name in the two epistles occurred to me. In each case there was a Louise. Good heavens! Could it be possible that the *Louise* was the same person?—that he had threatened her with death, and that he had carried out this

atrocious threat! In each letter there was a Louise; in each case it appeared that the domicile of this Louise was in Italy. But then again there were any number of ladies answering to the name of Louise, probably any number in Italy. There was nothing but the vaguest surmise to connect the two Louises together.

Both letters had evidently been misdirected. But what an extraordinary thing it was that, on the self-same day, I should have received two misdirected letters! Never had such a thing happened to me before in my life. I don't believe that it had ever happened to any other person before in his life. Once I had unfortunately mixed together two letters—one to Fanny's papa, accepting an invitation to dinner, and one to Fanny herself. The latter one, and the much warmer one of the two, fell into the hands of Fanny's papa, for whom it was not at all intended. It had the effect, however, of bringing about an *éclaircissement* all round, and ended in our becoming regularly engaged. That two misdirected letters should come to me on the same day was beyond any number of odds, or any theory of permutations and combinations; but that those two letters should have reference to the same person appeared to be entirely opposed to any doctrine of chances at all. However, what happens is the unexpected; and I thought of that extraordinary calculating machine of Mr. Babbage's, which will give the same result in thousands and thousands of times, and then, on the ten thousand and first, give a totally different result.

I was in a fog, up a tree, in a balloon—whatever it may be called. Still there was a decided clue to be found. If one of the letters was to be laid aside as a practical joke or an insoluble problem, as a myth, as a fraud, there was this letter from the insurance office, and that at least could be cleared up. So, having to go Citywards in the course of the afternoon, I dropped in before four o'clock, the hour of closing.

Mr. Fortescue, the actuary, received me in his own room. Now and then, I and this gentleman commingled in the amenities of private life. I had a Russell-square connection, in which I often met men of the City, and was particularly attentive to such as were learned in the law. The Bar regulations lay down a set of rules to prevent undue familiarity between solicitors and barristers; but those all disappear when once we get our legs beneath the same mahogany. At such dinner-tables had I met the friendly actuary, who was none the less friendly because I was rather heavily insured myself, and knew a lot of people who were likely, at one time or another, to get themselves insured.

‘Look here, Mr. Actuary,’ I said, with a laugh, presenting to him the open letter, ‘you are putting me on my promotion with a vengeance. You have not only presented me with a wife, but have killed her off for me.’

He shook hands with me and examined the letter.

‘What a stupid mistake!’ he exclaimed. ‘They

have put a foreign letter into your envelope, and have no doubt put your letter into a foreign envelope. I will make inquiries. Just look at this.'

He put into my hand some publication of the Statistical Society, which was, doubtless, nice lively reading for actuaries, but less adapted for the taste of the general public.

Presently he returned, bringing in a culprit, who certainly looked excessively foolish.

'Now, Mr. Hill,' he said to a pleasant engaging young fellow of about nineteen, 'this is a pretty state of affairs! What is to become of the Company, and what is to become of yourself, if you are not to be trusted to address a common letter properly? I suppose that this is about the most disgraceful thing which has happened within living memory in the City of London. If this happens again, it will be reported to the Board; and if you get to the Board a second time, you will have to carry your pranks to some other office, Mr. Hill, if any other office is foolish enough to take you, and give you the chance of muddling, Mr. Hill. Do you hear that, Mr. Hill?'

I was quite sorry for the young man. While this process of official wiggling was going on, he blushed the most ingenuous blushes of youth and modesty. I hastened to say that it was simply a mistake that might have happened to the best of us, and I ventured to feel quite sure that it would not happen again.

'I dare say, I dare say!' exclaimed the actuary, with

all the sarcasm which the human voice is capable of throwing into those few brief syllables.

The young fellow gave me a grateful look and was about to retire, when a gesture from the actuary stopped him.

‘It’s all very well for this gentleman to put in a kind word for you, Hill, and it is kind in him to do so. But pretty well the only thing which we ask of our clerks is to be accurate; and if a clerk can’t be accurate he is no good to us, however good he may be in some other line.

‘What I say is the fact,’ continued Mr. Fortescue as Hill withdrew. ‘We are very careful with our clerks. They are generally nominated by our directors and shareholders, who give security for them, and look after them pretty well. It is not a bad thing of them to put their feet safe on the first rung of the City ladder in a place of this sort. But if a fellow’s such a baby that he can’t be trusted to direct a letter right, the sooner he gets drowned the better all round. The habit of accuracy is not too common among young men, I assure you.’

All this time I was glancing at the new circular, fresh from the ink, which the young clerk had brought me. It simply informed me that my premium, No. 5067, on a policy of £3000, was then due, and that the said policy would become void if not paid within one calendar month; that the notice was sent as a reminder, but that the non-receiving of it could not be pleaded

as an excuse for non-payment within the date. Most of my readers are in the habit of receiving some such circulars.

I should not have ventured to trouble the actuary in his actuarial capacity with the other epistle, but knowing him personally, I now produced it and asked his opinion.

He read it over carefully, in fact read it twice, and then gave a whew!

‘It is quite possible that it is a silly farcical production. Possibly it may be a real letter, and yet be written in chaff to some woman. Or it is just possible that the thing may be awfully serious.’

I pointed out to him the identity of the woman’s name in the two letters.

He was startled for a moment and went to a desk, and bringing out some documents, he was evidently occupied with the comparing of handwriting.

‘There is some slight resemblance, but not more than in the common likeness of Italian handwriting. Our client is a Signor Mirobalante, who has a country house in north Italy, between Milan and the lakes. He is half an Englishman, and married an Englishwoman. She is rather delicate, and we charged her a small extra premium in consequence. She had a little property of seventy pounds a year, which dies with her; and consequently he was able to insure her life for a thousand pounds, to guard himself against the loss which he would incur by her decease. I thought

that the climate of Italy would have done her good ; but it seems to have had a contrary effect. Things do fall out awkwardly sometimes.'

Still I pressed the similarity of name.

'I will take a note of it, certainly. Sometimes even the very slightest indication turns out to be of use. But I am not even convinced that this queer letter-writer or his wife belongs to Italy at all. It is hardly to be assumed so on the handwriting, or on those few Italian words which have become familiarized as pet phrases in every tongue. He seems to call himself a Roman, and there is an immense difference between the Roman and the Milanese. The most probable thing is that the writer is a little touched in his head.'

With these words our interview came to a conclusion in which nothing was concluded. The mysterious letters appeared to be an ultimate fact, beyond which one could not advance. My own feeling was simply that of intense mystification. But the feeling soon waxed dim, and disappeared in the crowd of daily incidents, until one day, many months after, it was recalled to my mind in a singular and impressive way.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONDITIONS OF THE PROBLEM.

IT happened in the spring of the following year that I was passing a few days of the Easter vacation in the neighbourhood of my old delightful quiet quarters at the Castle. I understood that the Earl and Countess had been spending the winter in the south of France, and had gone on, like so many others, to pass Easter at Rome. Otherwise I should very gladly have rode over to take my lunch and pay my respects to my former kind hosts. As it was, I thought I would go to Bullingford. There is a favourite Latin proverb, *bis repetita placent*. I always like a re-visit as well as a visit. On the re-visit you verify your past impressions, and consolidate your information. Every English landscape is worthy of, and indeed demands, repeated study before you can thoroughly understand and appreciate it. If Bullingford had been beautiful on my first visit with the scarlets of autumnal tints, it would be none the less so with the opening greens and sweet odours of spring. I could at least once more linger in those grounds and gardens where I used to smoke my morning cigar, chewing the cud of harmless innocent fancies, or pace the avenue of that park-like meadow, where I had made my first acquaintance with the doings of Bullingford.

My little programme was soon carried out. I put up my horse at the Royal Arms, so called from the reputation of having afforded a hiding-place to King Charles; and to the gratification of mine host, who recognized me at once, I drank off a tankard of his home-brewed. Then I took my walks abroad, and revived my old associations. Finally, I turned into the churchyard; for in every village the church is the central monumental feature, from and to which all local history radiates. In the churchyard I had the good fortune to meet with the excellent Vicar, whose acquaintance I first made at the Castle, and on whom I had some thoughts of calling.

We walked up and down the avenue, the broad avenue of yews facing the old Norman gateway of the church.

‘For fifty years, Mr. Marjoribanks, have I been vicar here. I had only been ordained a twelve-month before the last lord but one gave me the living. It is a very sweet spot; but to an ambitious man, or to one fond of change, half a century of rural life would be wearisome.’

‘And you do not find it so.’

‘Not in the least. Each fresh day comes with the novelty of a new existence, and its sweet familiar surprise of light and music. And let me tell you, my friend, that, although I dare say you young fellows are far in advance of us old fogies in the *savoir-vivre*, I do not myself think that this is the case. We old fellows know what to expect, and also what not to expect.’

‘I suppose that is a new form of the old adage, that young people *think* old people fools, but old people *know* that the young ones are.’

‘Not at all. I think nothing so ill-natured. I delight in young people. I now love the young people whose grandparents I knew as young people—once upon a time.’

‘I suppose you know all your parishioners very well?’

‘I should think I did. Whatever curates I may have—and I have had very good ones—I always make a point of taking the baptisms, marriages, and funerals myself. It keeps up my intimacy with all my dearest people.’

‘Do you remember that day when we had some conversation once in reference to Lady Bullingford’s *chef*?’

The good Vicar’s countenance fell, and an unmistakable shadow of chagrin and regret passed over it.

‘I remember him well. He married the prettiest girl in the parish during all my fifty years here.’

‘What became of her?’

‘She is married, and she is dead.’

I was greatly grieved and shocked.

‘No! Impossible! Do you really tell me so?’

‘Yes, Mr. Marjoribanks. She married that foreign professional cook or artist, whatever he chose to call himself—French or Italian or English, also whichever he chose to call himself.’

‘I believe that man was a very bad lot.’

‘I *know* it,’ said the Vicar.

‘How could such a nice girl as that fling over a worthy man like Wilson, and fancy such a disreputable old blackguard, old enough to be her father?’

‘Ah, my young friend, you ask me more than I am able to tell you. The older I live, the more utterly inscrutable does the mind of woman appear to me. Anyhow, she married him, and they stayed in the village for five or six weeks, and then they went away. By and by we had some very unpleasant rumours about them.’

‘Such as what?’

‘One rumour was that he ill-treated her. There was another rumour that he was married already; but, bless you, he was the sort of man who wanders about the world, and has got a wife in half-a-dozen different places. Then we heard that she was kept a prisoner in his home in Italy. Then came the news that she was dead.’

‘Perhaps he told a lie.’

‘He was quite capable of it, but not in this case. He would lose money by her death. She had some seventy pounds a year of her own by her father’s will.’

‘Perhaps he preferred the money without the wife.’

‘But the money went away from him if she died. It would revert to her mother, who, in such a case, would have a power of appointment over it.’

A thought suddenly flashed across my mind. Once more in memory I stood in my friend the actuary's office. Of course such a man, if he could raise a thousand pounds on his wife's little income, would greatly prefer to do so, instead of a miserable seventy pounds a year, which would not keep him in cigars, let alone horse-flesh.

'Did you ever hear that he insured her life for a thousand pounds?'

'No; I never heard of it.'

'Do you think that he might do so, and afterwards murder her for the sake of the money? You know that there have been men hung for this sort of thing.'

'I quite believe it.'

'In consequence of these rumours, Vicar?'

'Partly in consequence of these rumours,' he answered. 'Rumours are the most extraordinary things in the world. I have never been able to understand them fully.'

'Explain.'

'On the night of that Sunday on which the battle of Waterloo was fought, there was a rumour in London that a great battle had been going on all day, and that the English were victors. Sir Edmund Coke, in his speech for the prosecution in the great Gunpowder Treason Trial, says that at about the time of the plot there was a vague restlessness and agitation in men's minds, the expectation that something awful was about to happen.'

‘That is very curious; but forgive me if I say that to a legal and non-imaginative mind the reasoning is indefinite. But you spoke of another reason which made you think this foreigner capable of any villainy.’

‘I have another reason; but I am afraid that to the kind of mind you indicate the reason will appear still more indefinite and intangible.’

‘Nevertheless, let me hear it.’

‘You shall. But I must explain it my own way. In the first place, I am a Swedenborgian.’

‘You are a clergyman of the Church of England.’

‘Of course I am. But a great many clergymen of the Church of England are Swedenborgians.’

‘Go on.’

‘But do you know anything about the life of Swedenborg?’

‘Very little, and with only an indistinct remembrance.’

‘Swedenborg was a man who had a kind of second sight, and to an intense degree cultivated spiritual relationships. On one occasion he exactly described a great fire which was raging hundreds of miles away at the very moment when he described it. He could read the human countenance like an open book. He has told people the inmost secrets of their hearts which they had thought veiled from the knowledge of every human being. He could not only, from his matchless powers as a physiognomist, decipher much of the past, but he could also unveil to a very great extent the

designs and intentions of the present moment. Now in some respects I am like the great Swedenborg.'

'How?'

'Not in his power of second sight. That I could never attain to, although I believe there are many simple poor people, especially in the north of Europe, who possess it. But I have made it the business of my life to study faces. And while he and his wife stopped at Bullingford I had many opportunities of studying his face, and I did not at all like it.'

I really thought that this reasoning was uncommonly tentative and shadowy; but I waited for my reverend friend to proceed.

'I discerned in his face the legible record of many a rascality. He was not a person likely to spare man or woman in his lust and greed. But I read something more than past wickedness in his face. I saw expressed in that face, as clearly as if I had seen it in handwriting or heard it in the confessional, a present immediate intention of committing some act of villainy. Do you know his face well?'

'Very slightly. I only saw it once, and hardly for a minute. I am not certain that I should know it again. But what I saw of it filled me with intense dislike.'

'But you should have seen that wicked face in mental work just before he left England; its cruel deliberative lines; the quick, suspicious, and yet easily-abashed eyes; a certain kind of darkness which stole

over the man's whole appearance, as if his good angel had deserted him and given him over unaided to the suggestions of the evil one. I would have had the fellow watched by the police, but I knew that he was leaving England, and that our police would not be able to follow him abroad, even if I knew his destination, which is not the case.'

'And you really believe that the man was meditating crime?'

'I am as morally sure of it as I can be sure of anything. But let us walk into the village.'

We passed through the lych-gate from the churchyard, which was fully adapted for our sombre conversation, into the broad cheerful street. On one side entirely there were rows of elms, giving it a boulevard-like appearance. It had a pleasing irregularity: the little cottage islanded in its garden coming next to the highly-ornamented villa; then came a row of some half-dozen shops, with almost London frontages, and patterns fresh from town; then came the school; then the diminutive town-hall; then the King's Arms, where a coach still stopped once a day, and, remote from railways, seemed likely to retain its importance as a first-class hotel. So fresh a wind swept up the street, so cheerful a sunshine lay on all the pleasant places, so blue unclouded a heaven graciously hung over all, so honestly dull was the stare of the simple townsfolk, that I could hardly realize that we had just been discussing a story of Italian craft and villainy.

The good Vicar stopped at the door of a very pretty cottage, which, to give it its due, seemed to waver between a cottage and a villa. There was an appearance of great neatness, good taste, and substantial comfort about it.

‘Perhaps you would like to come in with me. Mrs. Grain lives here, Louisa’s mother. She has been very ill of late—insomnia, brought on by trouble about her daughter.’

He gave a slight tap, and then uplifted the latch without waiting for any response. There was a beautiful old lady, pink and white in complexion, in snowy attire, reclining in a large arm-chair near the fire, by reason of the keen spring wind.

‘How do you do, Mrs. Grain? I know you do not mind a little company now and then. It does you good. This is Mr. Marjoribanks, a friend whom I first met at the Castle. He knows all about poor Louisa.’

‘Did you know my poor dear darter?’ said the old lady, with a little of the *patois* of the country.

‘I did not know her at all, Mrs. Grain, but I have seen her for a minute; and a very charming bright girl she seemed.’

‘Ah, she was all that, my poor dear darter! They want to tell me she be dead; but somehow I cannot think that she be. You know, sir, perhaps, that I never sleep now.’

‘That must be a mistake,’ I whispered to the Vicar.

‘No human being can live without sleep beyond a very limited time.’

‘No doubt she must sleep a little in the daytime and get her forty winks. But I am afraid to say how many days she has been without closing her eyes. The doctors say that it has been an unusually severe and prolonged attack of insomnia.’

‘Now,’ broke in the old lady, ‘whenever, thanks be, I have had a wee bit of sleep, I have dreamed of my poor darter dying. But, bless you, that’s nothing. Dreams go by contraries. My dreaming that she’s dead only proves that she’s alive, if it proves anything.’

‘Exactly,’ I repeated, ‘*if* it proves anything.’

‘But it is very little dreaming that I have the chance of getting. Be it, sir? But when I be awake I constantly see my girl, and she be always alive, and never dead.’

‘But how do you mean that you see her?’ I asked.

‘Well, sir, I do see her; but of course I know, at the same time, that I do not see her. But sometimes she seems to glide into the room. When I look steadfastly at her she seems to be gone. But when I think of her, I feel that she is thinking of me. When I pray for her, I feel that she is praying for me. No, sir; that foreign rascal may have locked her up in some Popish convent, or in the dungeon of the Inquisition; but my girl’s alive for all that.’

It is astonishing how the Protestantism of the English people has furnished them with a variety of images of terror suitable for every emergency.

‘You see, sir, I do not feel lonely even when I am quite alone.’ Unconsciously the old lady was repeating the language of a great philosopher of antiquity. ‘I think over the old days, when she was the best and most loving of children to me. When I see, or think I see, her face, she seems sad and lonely; but she always cheers up, as if she was looking forward to a real meeting even here on earth. I never wear black for her, only this white, which is proper for her dear white soul, whether she is alive or dead. In either case it will not be long before I see her.’

As we left the little garden my venerable friend said, ‘And I suppose, Mr. Marjoribanks, that you think that all this is delusion and fancy on the part of my old friend?’

‘I confess that you have accurately interpreted my ideas on the subject.’

‘It is possible, my young friend, that your cold caustic view is the right one. But at the same time there is a whole world of spiritual and supernatural facts with which you seem to be unacquainted. Have you ever heard of a lady who would lie in a trance for days without food, and during that time her soul was absent from the body? And you have heard, I suppose, of one who was rapt up into the third heaven, and saw invisibles and heard unutterables?’

‘I have certainly heard of the latter instance.’

‘You will hear of the first instance in a book by Mr. J. C. Hare, a well-known writer of the present time, in an account of his mother by adoption, Mrs. Hare, *Memorials of a Quiet Life*.’

‘Yes.’

‘There are various other instances of a cognate kind which have occurred to me in the course of a long life, totally different from the ordinary phenomena of so-called spiritualism. There is not the least doubt in my own mind that this poor woman, during her sleepless days, is often in a kind of trance, during which time and distance are annihilated, and that she is able to hold some kind of intercourse with her daughter, whether she be in heaven or on earth.’

As I passed through the village, on the way to the Vicar’s house, for he had kindly asked me to ‘restitute,’ we heard the low, sweet, melancholy music of an organ proceeding through an open casement window set in abundant greeneries.

‘That is poor Louisa’s discarded suitor, James Wilson,’ said the Vicar. ‘He is out and out the most wonderful young man in our little town. He has saved up money and bought himself an organ, and he has taught himself to play it; and he only plays grand melancholy music. He is one of the best of the readers at our local institution; and has lectured here and in the other villages on a variety of subjects, and has always done so very well.’

At this moment the young man rose from the organ, and greeted us with quite a courtly air. If I liked him before I liked him better now ; and suffering had done him good. I think it is Schubert the musician who says that those are weak frivolous natures which have never known suffering, that gives refinement and fibre to a man. Suffering is the great civilizer. There was a sweet quiet gravity about his face which contrasted much with that angry expression which it wore when I last saw him that memorable evening.

That night I puzzled and puzzled over matters. The set of facts which I had become acquainted with that day certainly seemed to me to stand in relationship with the facts disclosed in the misdirected letters. And my meditations ran this way—

In all scientific discovery there is an abundant use of hypothesis. This is derived from what Tyndall calls the scientific imagination. Our philosophers obtain a large induction of facts, and then they frame a law which will account for the facts. Of course, as their knowledge increases and becomes more accurate, they may see reason to modify or abandon the theory. Perhaps the facts will only strengthen the theory. But they proceed on the assumption that the theory is true in order to discard it or to gain a verification. Now I intend to accept a theory on the matter. I take it for granted that he married this poor girl because he thought she had money, being an extravagant, vicious fellow who always wants money beyond anything else.

As she has a small annuity he sees a way of making a thousand pounds, either by her death or by the fraud of pretending that she is dead. Now accepting the theory that both these letters relate to the same person, we have the suggestion that he has forged certificates of her death, and has threatened her with real death or infamy in case she returns to this country. (I must here frankly say that the old woman's talk and the Vicar's reasoning had made me lean to the hypothesis that the girl was alive.) In any case I have a precious rascal disclosed with the alternatives of murder or fraud and forgery. I must make it my business to find this rascal out. If I could but restore this young woman to her mother! Alas, that it is impossible to restore her to her old lover! The very worst part of the business will be that old drawback, that in striking at the husband you will strike at the wife.

Before I left, an incident occurred which afforded just a ray of elucidation. The Vicar said,

‘By the way, I believe I have a letter which very probably belongs to you. It was sent me instead of one which ought to have accompanied some books returned to me from the Castle.’

The note was written in an Italian hand. It was signed Giacomo Beni. It simply said that it was written at the request of the housekeeper, who was accompanying my lord and lady abroad, who had desired him to say that the laundress had returned a variety of articles belonging to Mr. Marjoribanks,

and wished to know to what address they should be sent.

I took the note and examined it carefully. I had no hesitation in the world in identifying the handwriting of Giacomo Beni with the handwriting of the threatening letter sent to Louise.

‘I have no doubt the foolish fellow made a mess of a whole lot of letters. They related to business that was no business of his, and so he was not over careful.’

‘One letter at least related to very important business of his,’ I thought to myself, for I had not at that time determined to relate to the good clergyman my extraordinary experience of the two misdirected letters.

I wrote, however, that very night to my friendly actuary of the insurance company, stating that I had gleaned some further evidence supporting my conjecture that a fraud was being attempted upon the society. I had a very kindly letter in reply, in which he expressed his regret that he had not written to me before, as he ought perhaps to have done. He had received no answer whatever to the letter demanding official confirmation of the documents which he had transmitted. Subsequently he had desired an inspector of agencies, who had happened to be in Italy, to make some inquiries at the place from which Signor Mirobalante had dated. He found that there was no such person there. He thought that he had discovered some faint traces of him, but the man himself had entirely disappeared.

Where, then, was this Beni or Mirobalante? It was impossible to say. The way to further inquiry seemed completely blocked up. I had simply run my head against a dead wall in a blind alley. I made one or two spasmodic attempts, such as going to Scotland-yard and writing to the Countess, to unravel the mystery, but they proved abortive. I wrote myself Apraktos.

CHAPTER IV.

A PARTIAL SOLUTION.

I HAD gone down to a remote county to spend part of my vacation, one of those counties where the land is narrowed and is washed on either side by the sea. It is a county 'sweet and civil,' to use the expression which old Fuller applies to Suffolk; but though the people are inclined to a proverbial hospitality, the county is but thinly inhabited, and the squires live much apart in their separate granges and manors. I had sent my friends notice of my advent into their shires, and they had sent me a warm-hearted answer, saying that their carriage would meet me at the roadside station.

'It is just like your luck,' said the Squire. 'We have been as dull as we could be for the last two months, and now all of a sudden we are in the middle of a set of dinner-parties.'

'Some little bird of the air must have whispered to

you,' said my kindly hostess, Mrs. Dunne. 'There is a dinner-party to-night, and another to-morrow night, and another the night after.'

'I assure you, Mrs. Dunne,' I said—but this was rather my social diplomacy, for I confess to a weakness for really good dinner-parties—'I was looking forward to a quiet time with you. It has been all through a rapid summer. You give me very good dinners, and I enjoy your company beyond any others.'

'We only heard from Monsieur Bertrand a quarter of an hour ago. We do not know him very well; so we wrote to say that we should not be able to come, as we expected a friend to be staying with us. We had a most polite letter just now, begging us by all means to bring our friend; so you will of course come with us.'

'Really, Mrs. Dunne, I confess to liking dinner-parties, but night after night is a little too much even for me. I don't see where I am to burn that midnight oil which we lawyers are supposed to consume. I think I had better fling one of them over, and let it be Monsieur Bertrand.'

'There, my boy, you make a great mistake. You stand in your own light. Neither the Rector nor Lord Lister will give you so good a dinner as Monsieur Bertrand,' said Dunne.

'Of course we did not send the same sort of note to Lord Lister and the Rector,' said Mrs. Dunne. 'We simply told them that we should bring you, and they were both very glad to hear it.'

‘And who is this Monsieur Bertrand?’

‘He is a wealthy French gentleman, who has taken that pretty place, the Hollows, on the slope of Dun-neston Hill. He is very little here, for he travels a great deal; but he is very fond of England, and says that he loves to have a *piéd à terre* in it. He has greatly improved the Hollows. If you remember the place, you will be immensely pleased with the alterations. They are evidently people who have travelled a great deal and seen excellent society. We don’t really care for madame; but the house is pretty, and the dinners perfection.’

‘I really think that I must go to Monsieur Bertrand’s.’

‘That is right. And so you will to the others. It will be much more social.’

So I went to the three dinners with my kindly host. The Rector’s port was as sound as his orthodoxy. He had as good a notion of good things as my Lord Lister. At each house we had all the good things of the season. But the Rector and my lord both gave us the same good dinner, the regulation dinner—soup, fish, *entrées*, joint, game, &c.; but the Frenchman had surprises for us in his entertainment. He had taken care to avoid the regulation dinner, and to give us things which were comparatively novel and piquant. We had Chablis and oysters; then we had soup, such as one does not taste in a quarter of a century; ortolans, capercailzie instead of the traditional turkey, canvas-back

ducks instead of the *perdrix toujours*. Our host was a keen-looking man with black hair and sparkling black eyes. A magnificent diamond ring sparkled on his fore-finger. His conversation was very interesting—the conversation of a man who had visited many famous places and seen many famous people. But still there was something in the look which irritated and annoyed me, perhaps in the restlessness of the eye, and the sensuality of nose and mouth.

‘These ortolans are very delicious,’ said Lord Lister. ‘My friend, Lord Beaconsfield, makes one of his heroes say, “Let me die eating ortolans to the sound of solemn music.”’

‘A great many people have died very agreeably while engaged in eating,’ was my own remark.

‘I remember,’ said the Rector, ‘reading a dreadful story in one of the periodicals. There was a medical man who made it a special branch of his profession to give an euthanasia to people who were anxious to depart this life. It is the logical outcome of the modern doctrine of pessimism. The guests sat down to a most magnificent repast, poisons more or less strong being skilfully mixed with the viands. Occasionally one or two would get poorly and leave the room, and it was noted that they never made their appearance again.’

‘That would be against English law,’ said my friend Mr. Dunne, who was a J.P., and thought to come out particularly strong upon the magisterial bench. ‘A

man got a very heavy sentence some time ago for showing a woman how to poison herself with chloral hydrate.'

'The days of poisoning are, I trust, numbered,' said the clergyman. 'Science overtakes the poisoner in the very moment of his crime. The means of detecting poisons multiply faster than the arts of finding them and using them.'

'I know that it is the custom for medical men and journalists to say so,' said our host, in his bland way; 'but I am only too much afraid that they speak presumptuously. I believe that among our neighbours the Italians even the common people still retain some of the methods of Locusta and Lucretia. People might be killed by the slightest touch or even by the faintest odours.'

I and several others were strangely interested by this talk about poisons.

'Observe this ring,' he said, and he deliberately took the magnificent diamond ring off his finger. 'I have every reason to believe that this ring once belonged to the Medici family, who were amongst the greatest poisoners in Italy. It was purchased by a friend of mine as a great curiosity. One day he was taken suddenly and severely ill with most violent symptoms. It occurred to me that I would examine this ring, and I discovered in it a slight aperture where poison was secreted. It had been deposited there for more than two hundred years, and had lost little of its virulence.

Fortunately in this case I was acquainted with the specific for what I imagined this poison to be. I was so fortunate as to save my friend's life, and he very kindly insisted on presenting me with the ring.'

'And is the ring still poisonous to touch?' demanded the parson, with a look of horror.

'If it poisoned any one it would poison myself,' said our host; 'and of course I have taken care to have it properly secured. But I believe that it still contains highly poisonous matter.'

Whether or not, the talk about poisons had aroused the whole train of associations and put me on the true scent; for while the villain was talking about the ring, he was detected in my sight. This monster was Mirobalante, *alias* Beni, *alias* Bertrand. I recalled now the supple, sensuous frame, the villainous look of triumph, the *roué* and *débauché* whom I had once seen with that fair girl in the avenue of the Bullingford meadows. For more than an hour or two he had baffled my blunt intelligence, that had been blindly groping towards the Nemesis of discovery. I felt it an intolerable injury that for the while I was obliged to keep silent, as I thought it best to do. I knew that I had winning cards in hand; but then at the same time I must play them so as to win.

But nevertheless I felt it quite impossible that I could eat or drink at that man's table any more. I greatly regretted that I had at all tasted his salt. Delicacy after delicacy was passed untasted, and my

friend Dunne expressed to me *sotto voce* his opinion that my three big dinners in succession had proved too much for me.

When the ladies had retired—there were very few of them—we sat over our wine, and very good wine too. I would not touch, however, that remarkable port or unpurchaseable Madeira. I withdrew to the bay-window of the dining-room, under the pretence of admiring the moonlit prospect. I gave a quiet motion to mine host to follow me, which he had sufficient gumption to recognize. Then ensued one of the most remarkable dialogues in which I ever bore part in my life.

‘I think, M. Bertrand,’ I said, ‘that you are Italian.’

‘No, mon cher monsieur,’ he answered, with much urbaneness; ‘I am French. I expect I am rather Italian in my accent and complexion. Several people have made the same mistake. I expect that we natives of the South of France have much that is apparently Italian about us.’

‘I believe, Monsieur Bertrand, that I have a letter in my pocket belonging to you, but addressed to another person. Your interesting conversation about poisons recalled it to my recollection. It was addressed to a young woman who answers to the name of Louise, and threatened, I am sure quite playfully, to use poison to her in case she returned to England.’

I watched the face narrowly. He did his best to

preserve an impression of perfect impassibility. But those mobile features were incapable of preserving an entire reserve. At last he stammered out, not without shame and hesitation, letting an Italian expression escape him in his agitation.

‘I think, signor, for once you are altogether under a mistake.’

‘Pardon me, there is no mistake. I am the more sure of this as I myself have seen you with a young lady named Louisa, which is really the same as Louise, when I was a guest of Lord Bullingford at the Castle, and you were then the *chef* of his kitchen.’

From red to white, from white to red—the red becoming a fiery red, the white a livid flabby white—the usual transitions of a detected villain’s face. Before he had time to utter the renewed denial, which I was sure was coming, I went on—

‘I suppose you do not wish me to step forward before the company and denounce you as a liar and a cheat? If not, you will sit down quietly and answer my questions in a way so as to avoid observation.’

I watched my man fixedly. He couched as quietly as a lamb.

‘I could give you in charge of the police for cheating the insurance company by means of forged documents.’

‘I never got any money from the insurance company!’

I passed over that virtual admission involved in these words, and added—

‘By the law of England the attempt to do so is pretty nearly the same as if you had actually done it.’

‘It is a very stupid law.’

‘Exactly. We English are a very stupid people. But what I want to know is, whether you have added murder to your other accomplishments?’

‘I have not committed any murder.’

‘Perhaps you would like to do so, monsieur. Perhaps that wonderful ring of yours is not so secured that you could not use it in case of an emergency against a friend or an enemy?’

‘I wish I could press it against your heart.’

There was something so wolfish and murderous in the man’s expression, that I am convinced that he would have tried the chance of life to life if we had been alone upon the deserted heath outside. But I looked at the four fine gentlemen at table, who were languidly sipping their wine and lazily conversing, and knew that they would prove a trusty bodyguard, who would save me from the inconvenience of a ferocious encounter.

‘There is no use talking, Monsieur Bertrand, or Monsieur Beni, or Signor Mirobalante—whatever you are pleased to call yourself. You will be good enough to answer one or two questions, or I will give you in charge.’

‘And if I satisfy your demands, you will make no further disturbance?’

‘That depends on how I am satisfied with your answers.’

‘And you will not say anything to these gentlemen?’

‘I shall certainly tell my friend Mr. Dunne the sort of man whom he has for his neighbour. But I will not do so for the next six weeks, and you will have time to clear out of the country.’

The unhappy man made a shrug of despair.

‘That will not make any real difference to you, Monsieur Bertrand. I wonder why you want to keep up the imposture of being a country gentleman.’

‘Because, sir, I am a gentleman, and I like to be with gentlemen, and the English are the best gentlemen anywhere. I am an artist—as much an artist as the President in your Royal Academy. I have composed dinners for Lord Lister there, though he has not known it; and they have not been as good dinners as I have given you under my humble roof to-night. And when I make my money like an artist, I like to spend it like a lord. I like to have a stake and a seat in the country, where I can retire in the intervals of professional work.’

I listened with intent interest to the avowal made by this singular being. I could not help saying,

‘And I suppose that all this fine talk is what you have picked up in the houses of the people where you have been?’

‘Yes; and few of the painters of pictures and writers of books know as much about them as I know.’

‘But, Monsieur le Chef, the time is short. I have some questions to put, and some of them are looking this way. Is your lady Louise alive?’

‘You will not give any information to the insurance office?’

‘I will not. You have not received any money from them, and it is no part of my business to take any further steps.’

‘She is alive.’

‘Is she really your wife?’

A horrid scowl passed over his face.

‘As I tell you everything, I may as well tell you this. She really is my wife.’

‘And madame?’

‘Madame is clever, madame has money; but she is older than me, and she is ugly. She is not my wife.’

‘Now where is Louise at the present time? You write it down immediately.’

I took out my pocket-book and presented it to him, with a pencil. After a moment's hesitation he wrote down an address. I recognized it as the name of a small Swiss village in an obscure valley on the north side of the Alps.

‘But, monsieur, you will leave me to my repose? When I have completed my circle of professional engagements, I love the peace, the happiness of the country; the fresh air, the open spaces, the nice people of the country. I have made you every possible

reparation, and I only ask you to leave me alone. Believe me that it will be best for you.'

I took no notice of his appeal, but went on.

'Would you mind telling me, monsieur, as a matter of literary information, whether these means and methods of poisoning have really any existence in the present day?'

He smiled grimly, and said grimly, 'I could have poisoned you all when you were dining here, and not a single carcass of the lot would have showed one trace. I rather wish I had.'

And here this singular conversation terminated. I made a pretence that I was unwell, and returned on foot to my friend's house, which was less than two miles off. My excuses were the more readily received because my thorough inability to enjoy the feast had been noted. All the way back I was busily engaged in thinking how I could best turn to account the extraordinary revelations I had received.

Mr. Dunne returned much earlier than I had expected. 'It is curious that you had not gone very long before M. Bertrand was taken ill. Before you left we were obliged to support him up-stairs.'

The next day I returned to town. A few days later I received the astonishing information that M. Bertrand was dead. He never again came down from the room to which they had borne him.

The so-called Madame Bertrand disappeared very shortly afterwards. It was discovered that the Bertrands

were very much in debt, and no attempt was ever made to settle matters.

Nothing ever came out that he died from other than natural causes, after a few days' illness. But remembering how complete was my detection of the man, how depraved and desperate his character, how bitter the disappointment to his ruling passion of display, a dark suspicion has at times crossed my mind that, by some of those modes of poisoning which he seemed to know so well, he had put an end to his own existence. Of course it is a great shock to think that you may indirectly have been the cause of a fellow-creature putting an end to his existence, but I do not see how I could have acted differently. Indeed, I acted for the best; and if things were to come over again, I should do the same thing a second time.

I have only a very few words of epilogue to add to this narration. When, not long afterwards, I took my wedding tour, I made a point of seeking the Swiss valley, where Louise was to be found. I remember the place so well. It lies far from any direct road. Travelers who wished to shorten their journey found a bridle-road, which connected pass with pass. It was the usual scene. The densely built little village, the narrow darkened pathway, the church with the open door, the deep cool fountain springing up by the wayside, the forests of chestnut and oak climbing the mountain slopes; and far away, above the solemn

pinces, the glacier and the snowclad mountain peaks. In this little village I found Louise living with her late husband's mother in the deepest poverty. He had given her nothing. She lived by what she could earn ; she could earn little for herself and her babe. Her villain of a husband had managed by many threats to get her banished to this forlorn spot. Her greatest grief seemed removed when I repeated to her his statement that she was really his wife. The truth of this statement I had no means of verifying, and did not care to verify it; enough that it was satisfactory to her own mind. My wife and I had the great happiness of taking her home with us, and restoring her to her mother.

She is Mrs. Wilson now. The boy is a fine little fellow; but he is not alone in the nursery. Whenever I go to visit at the Castle I shall always go also to visit at the cottage.

THE GROWTH OF A SUBURB.

IN the rapid development of our material prosperity during the last few decades we have witnessed, in an immense number of cases, the growth of new towns, and of suburbs to old towns. Frequently the suburb has overshadowed the town, and has simply annexed the powerful neighbour to which it once clung as a parasite. In most instances there has been an exodus of the wealthy classes towards the west end of a city, which at one time would resemble a backwood settlement, and eventually becomes covered with gardens and palatial abodes. In Glasgow and Edinburgh the New Town almost dominates the Old Town, and at Liverpool every one who can afford it lives 'across the river.' The greatest examples of suburb making are of course found in the metropolis. The long arms of London are year by year overtaking the pretty villages that once nestled in its rural neighbourhood. It is to be regretted that no civic ædileship has ever controlled the development of our great cities, though sporadic attempts have been made this way, and at the present

time the subject receives much more attention than formerly. Something has been gained by picturesqueness in the attempt, though more has been lost both in convenience and magnificence. The way in which the great London suburbs have been developed is very remarkable. Not only have these suburbs been developed, but now other suburbs stretch beyond in endless development. There is no stopping the gigantic progress of London. Charles I. tried to do so. It is not the least interesting part of the latest and best history of the Stuart period that we see that Charles I. had very enlightened notions respecting the proportion of population to area of space, and had far more regard for sanitary arrangements than has been the case for ages until comparatively recent times. All the fields lying to the back of Buckingham Palace Gardens once belonged to an old farmhouse, and could have been purchased for a mere trifle. One noble lord sent his steward to buy them, but was then told by his servant that he could not in conscience pay the sum demanded; a sum for the fee simple which was not a tithe of what is now the annual rent. It fell into the hands of the Grosvenor family, who have been the great suburb-makers of western London. It has unfortunately happened that very few suburbs have been laid out with that regularity with which the Duke of Westminster and Mr. Cubitt have arranged the regions of Pimlico and Belgravia. In many parts of London and other great cities they have grown up in an

extremely haphazard way. They have not the unity and splendour of South Kensington or Belgravia, but they long retain a quaint and picturesque character of their own. Here are the old houses of a manorial character which once stood fairly at a distance from the busy town. They have their breadths of park and meadow, their shady avenues, their quaint gardens, their lodges and drives. As you go along the suburban roads, you meet with antique tumble-down cottages, which curiously contrast with the new villas springing up wherever freehold ground can be secured. The value of land rises immensely in these suburbs, and the grand old houses and the dependent cottages are liable to be speedily swept away. Even Holland Park, the greatest of our metropolitan gems, has suffered, and much of the estate has been let out in 'eligible building sites.' There are still a few London suburbs which have not suffered so much as the rest, Hampstead especially; but all over the country the phenomenon of the growth of new suburbs is to be witnessed. We know of a noble lord who frankly explained to the landlord of a new suburb that he should pay no rent for the first year or two, as he was a desirable tenant, and would help to attract people to the neighbourhood. A consideration of this kind often attracts economical people to a suburb. The rents are moderate, and very frequently the 'half-quarter' or even more than the half-quarter, is 'given.' This is sometimes by no means so economical as might be supposed. There is

a wise proverb to the effect that if you build a house you should first lend it to your enemy, next to your friend, and finally live in it yourself. Brick houses do not always prove water-tight for the first inhabitants. Then again, the expense devolves upon you of laying out the garden. Besides, you find that all kinds of things require to be done in the new house of a new suburb. If you have in addition to pay a doctor's bill you have not really made so very much by your bargain. You begin sorrowfully to meditate on the ancient saw that wise men build houses for fools to live in them.

It is a great thing when the whole plan of the suburb has been carefully elaborated; when terraces and squares, with gardens and ornamental spaces, have been harmoniously constructed. It is a remarkable fact that in laying out an estate it is often found necessary to build a church and a parsonage, and to find a popular parson. There have been instances where the builder and the land-owner have guaranteed some elegant clergyman of the Establishment £1000 a year for his income. It is understood that the services are to be musical and fashionable. A chapel soon follows the church, if, indeed, it has not anticipated it. Perhaps in architectural splendour it fully equals its ecclesiastical rival. It is found that these institutions serve as a nucleus to all the ranges of dwellings which gather around them. Soon the suburb is welded into a regular ecclesiastical district, and the ecclesiastical district becomes an independent parish. If any tithes are

appropriated from the parent church it becomes a vicarage or rectory. The first-class suburb is soon consolidated into an integral part of London, and presently begins to fling out suburbs of its own. It is curious to watch the gradual formation. A suburb is bright and spick and span when it is really made. But the place has a frightfully scrubby appearance during the course of formation. It is very like chin and lip in the process of growing beard and moustache. The place looks scrubby and scrappy. You are in the immediate vicinity of an enormous brickfield. The brickfield is not a very pleasant prospect for the eye to dwell on, and to most noses its odours are unlovely. Then you trace all around the melancholy conflict of brick and mortar with the reliquary graces of the vanishing country life. If people are wise they will at this stage of development secure large open spaces which will be useful for health and recreation when all the neighbourhood is built over. It is not at all unlikely that some great institution will snatch at a large plot of ground in the immediate vicinity of town at a reasonable rate. You may be pretty certain of a lunatic asylum or two. Other signs and circumstances follow. The omnibus now starts a stage more remote from Charing Cross. Perhaps a tramway, spider-like, extends its iron arms. The directors of the Metropolitan or District Railway devise a new station. A whole crowd of enterprising people who are always on the look-out for 'openings' rush forward. Quite a large

number of people procure the business of house-agents. A huge coal depôt is sure to be established. A flaring public-house is the point of departure for the omnibus. Then ham-and-beef shops begin to flourish with a rank luxuriance. The long jets of foliated gas project ribbon-like into the streets. An enterprising chemist, who has two or three shops already, thinks it worth while to establish a new one. A new medical man pitches his tent, and thinks that he will try his chance of building up a practice, since he cannot buy one ready-made. Then the schools are sure to come; the college for young gentlemen, who will wear mortar-boards with coloured tassels, and the seminaries for young ladies, which are sometimes not much better than 'adventure' schools.

Such is the growth of a suburb when it has been permitted to grow up of its own accord, unsystematically, and without any provision. The process may be witnessed in many parts of London, and in various great cities. If the suburb is destined to prove a fashionable one, the unsightly excrescences are cleared; and that is effected after much delay and expense, which might easily have been avoided in the first instance. It is only in a very few instances that we have anything to compete with those new boulevards and gardens which so many of our countrymen now contemplate with admiring despair in the new quarters of Paris.

THE PROGRESS OF WATERING-PLACES.

A VERY amusing chapter of our social history might be written on the subject of the development of watering-places. How great and continuous has been this progress will soon become clear on the publication of the new Census returns. We limit our remarks to the watering-places of the sea-coast, although the inland watering-places present a history hardly less interesting or extensive. The love of the seaside is really a matter of modern growth. The Royal Family of England greatly fostered it by their visits to Weymouth and Worthing. Otherwise English people cared little for sea-bathing or the immediate vicinity of the sea. They had not learned to appreciate and discuss the benefits of ozone and iodine. They generally left the beach to the fishermen, and built the towns a mile or two inland. Now there is an annual migration to the seaside, and towns spring up with mushroom rapidity. There are many places unfavoured by fashion which are probably quite as healthy—or more so—as any which have become renowned. We take the instances of a few whose

great and recent growth are among the most striking phenomena of our time.

Among our fashionable watering-places, Bournemouth, Torquay, and Brighton may be cited as striking examples. Take the case of Bournemouth. Forty years ago there were only a few mud hovels in the lovely valley which is now crowded with splendid gardens and villas. It derives its name from the little stream that threads the valley on its course to the clear hard sands of the sea-shore. The site was sheltered, the air singularly dry and mild, and pine-woods as at Archachon were supposed to have a salutary influence through their resinous perfume. Half a century ago not only was there no residence, but also there was no cultivation. A few discerning people began to build houses and cottages, and subsequently whole estates were skilfully laid out. The town has spread on every side beyond the valley of the Bourne. It has a number of palatial residences; it has a large fixed population, and draws crowds of invalids and their families from all parts of the country. Torquay, again, is another great health-resort, which has risen to its present splendid proportions in the course of recent years. Torbay has always been famous for its scenic beauty, and Brixham, on its shore, is renowned as the landing-place of William of Orange. Here the *Bellerophon* anchored, having Napoleon Bonaparte on board. For the first time that English soil was brought before him on which he had so longed to make a descent. 'What a beautiful country!' he

exclaimed. 'It reminds me of Porto Ferrajo in Italy.' I am glad to know that the family at Tor Abbey sent the fallen Emperor a present of peaches. The bay was then all alive with boats, for it was the idea of the country people that the Emperor was to be taken up to London. At this time Torquay simply consisted of a cluster of humble houses beneath the Torre cliffs. Some naval officers left their families here; for the place was cheap, accessible, and the neighbourhood lovely. Young people could enjoy themselves to their hearts' content in the retired coves and the long avenues of lime and elm. The population mainly consisted of fishermen, who were busy in the teeming waters of the bay, and who spread out their nets on the rocks to dry in the sunshine. Macaulay has alluded to it at a still earlier period—'The quiet shores were undisturbed by the bustle either of commerce or pleasure, and the huts of ploughmen and fishermen were thinly scattered over what is now the site of crowded marts and luxurious pavilions.' The tiny quay has expanded into a harbour. A magnificent pier has been added. The town that nestled in the valley has now climbed all the heights. The population is more than forty thousand, and it occupies a space even greater than in proportion to its population, for it is a happy peculiarity of Torquay, that it presents an endless succession of villas embosomed in lawns and gardens.

Brighton has had a remarkable development. As a local writer said, 'Brighton rose like a dream on the

remains of a fishing village.' Brighton had its niche in history as the place from which Charles II. made his escape after the catastrophe of Worcester. Also it had its old church of St. Nicholas, on the vane of which some have detected the delineation of a shark, which tourists declared to be emblematical of the landlady of the period. It is curious to see what the old books say of Brighton. *A Tour through Britain* says, 'Brighton Helmston, commonly call Bredhemston, is a poor fishing town, old built, and on the very edge of the sea.' The *Magna Britannia* of 1737 says that 'the poor inhabitants were diminished to one-third, and that the town would soon be depopulated.' The poor fishermen had their huts on the beach underneath the cliffs, and these were almost periodically swept away by heavy tides. In fact, nearly the whole of the old town was beneath the cliff, and the site is now covered by sands and shingle. The first stage in the history of the place was that of a mere fishing village, which seems, however, to have done a considerable business. The chance visitors who came spoke with great admiration of the fleets of mackerel and herring boats in the light of the setting sun.

An old saw said—

'This town or village of renown,
Like London Bridge, half broken down,
Few years ago was worse than Wapping,
Not fit for human soul to stop in ;
But now, like to a worn-out shoe,
By patching well the place will do.'

The real founder of the fortunes of Brighton, as in the case of so many fashionable watering-places, was a physician. One Dr. Russell became a great advocate of the benefits of sea-bathing. He especially prescribed sea-water for scrofula and for glandular complaints. It is a curious fact, that the British nation seems to have awakened quite late to the benefits of sea-bathing. The fishermen of course would gather to the beach and cliffs; but the towns and villages generally took care to establish themselves some miles from the shore. There is reason to believe that even tubbing is quite a modern invention. The new taste for sea-bathing became highly popular, and visitors began to arrive. In the early halcyon days we read that two sitting-rooms, two bedrooms, and a pantry could be obtained for five shillings a week. The house which the celebrated Dr. Russell used to inhabit became the residence after his decease of the Duke of Cumberland. Hither, in his twentieth year, came on a visit George Prince of Wales, destined to become the second founder of Brighton. The Prince, while bathing, went beyond his depth, and appeared to the bystanders to be running some danger. One old tar rushed into the water after him and warned him to come back. As the Prince took no notice, Mr. Smooker seized him by the arm and turned him back to shore. He apologized by saying, 'I'm not going to let King George hang me because I let the Prince of Wales drown hisself.' The Prince took it in good part, and was always kindly and generous to old

Smooker. Ultimately he established himself in Brighton, and built his immense toy, the Pavilion, 'with a harem at one end and a chapel at the other.' The Brightonians seem always to have a kindly recollection of King George, and gather up all the anecdotes of kindness and generosity which relieve the selfishness and sensuality of his life. When Mr. Thackeray wished to engage the Pavilion banqueting-room for his lectures on the Four Georges, it was opportunely suggested that it was hardly etiquette to abuse a man in his own house. The town-hall was therefore taken instead. Her present gracious Majesty, at the commencement of her reign, appears to have made some effort to like the Pavilion, but settled into a preference for the quiet solitude and lawns and groves of Osborne. But though not favoured now by Royalty, Brighton continues to be fashionable, and was never more highly popular than at the present time. Every year witnesses a large extension of its boundaries, and a considerable increment to its population.

Eastbourne is a place which for years past has been marvellously growing under my eyes. Every time I visit it the place is sensibly larger. They are steadily working away at the Esplanade, and in course of time it will reach Beachy Head. We may see what Eastbourne used to be by going to the original old-fashioned village. The people built it in a well-timbered fertile hollow, sheltered by the downs; but now there is a magnificent frontage of stately buildings facing the sea,

and the town is spreading out in every direction. In winter it is a somewhat drear and deserted place; but climatologists say great things on behalf of its winter climate, the place being so situated that it has two-thirds of a circle of sea. It is a great advantage of Eastbourne that a large part of the soil is included in the princely possessions of the House of Devonshire, which gives the result that the place is nobly laid out with rare costliness and elaboration. One consequence is that no place commands higher prices for houses and apartments than Eastbourne during the summer season. It is not so very long ago that her efforts to become a fashionable watering-place would excite some amount of sympathy and amusement; but these efforts have been crowned with success, and, unless her progress should be arrested by some unlooked-for circumstances, she will be a formidable rival to Brighton and Hastings.

There is a Lancashire watering-place which is justly attaining to a large extension and great celebrity. This is Southport. In 1809 there were only thirty-eight houses and a hundred inhabitants. At the back of the town there was a wide marsh, known as Maston Mere, which, for a hundred years, gave employment for various schemes to drain it. Moreover the sands created much waste and devastation; and it is said that a great deal of farmland had been overwhelmed. At the present time Southport has been united to the neighbouring village of Birkdale, and has become a favourite village

for the Lancashire folk. The Mere has been satisfactorily drained, and now produces abundant crops. The bathing and the sea-air are exceptionally good, and the place has been called the English Montpellier. It is noted for one of those admirable institutions, the Convalescent Hospital. The pier is perhaps the longest pier in the country. Even the very sand-hills show something to admire; for there are many hundred species of native flowers, and varieties of shells, rare lizards, and butterflies. Another famous Lancashire watering-place, Blackpool, arose somewhat suddenly from very slight beginnings. It was a small village, so-called from a peaty brook it possessed. The peaty brook, like some of the old streams of London, has become a sewer, and Blackpool now presents two miles of frontage to one of the freshest and roughest of seas. The population of Lancashire, at holiday season, pours itself into Southport and Blackpool.

The pursuit of health has not only raised new and splendid towns in England, but has also planted English towns, or at least semi-English towns, in various foreign regions. The French have taken Algiers, but practically the English have also annexed it as a health-resort. They have taken their flight to Madeira and the Azores; their dehabeahs on the Nile have peacefully invaded Egypt; and in many a foreign town they have taken the most commanding and healthy sites to build up towns of their own. On lately making a visit to Pau and to Nice, I was struck with that large and increasing

English element which makes up an integral portion of these towns. Each place has several English churches with large congregations, English shops, English medical men, English banks, with some fixed and a large floating English population. Some of these Riviera watering-places have a distinctly English origin. Cannes is an example. It was the accident of an accident. Lord Brougham was going into Italy, but was stopped on what was then the Italian frontier, owing to some vexatious matter of quarantine. Lord Brougham looked around him, and thought that he might be quite as well off where he was as if he went further on.

For the abundance and vegetation of the climate was really tropical. It is called 'la petite Afrique.' The country abounded with olive-woods, vineyards, and groves of oranges and citrons. The country had a glory of wild-flowers such as are only found at home in our conservatories. Date-palms, cacti, aloes, agaves, abounded in absolute wealth. The climate was bright, equable, and serene. Since Lord Brougham's time the eucalyptus has been also introduced, and the dry fertile soil brings it rapidly to a great size. Lord Brougham informed the world that there was such a place as Cannes. Since his time it has rapidly increased, and was never more prosperous than at the present season. It belongs to the English by the right both of discovery and occupation. There is no place more familiar than

the Villa Brougham in its orange-garden, with its Doric portico and a baronial coat-of-arms in front. Lord Brougham died here, and was buried in the cemetery, the spot being marked by a tall plain granite cross. Since that time one spot after another has been discovered, colonized, developed by the English, and the pulmonary sufferers of all climates have followed in their wake.

The genesis of such places and their rapid growth is easily described. Some tourist is struck by the beauties and capabilities of a spot, the open sea, the background of mountains, the gardens and terraces, the secluded position, and the cheapness and freshness of things. He settles down in his new winter home, he sings its praises, he gathers his friends around him. The place is soon colonized. Supplies can easily be drawn from Nice on the west, or Genoa on the east. There is always good fish in the sea and game on the mountains. Comes the clergyman, whose constitution has perhaps been broken down by overwork, and he gathers a tiny congregation, whose offertories enable him to prolong his absence from home. Comes the doctor, whose medical science has warned him of those admonitory symptoms which tell him that he must avoid the rigours of an English winter. The parson and the doctor are the two great elements that help to form and mould the infant society. Those individuals are found, who, with a happy combination of private

enterprise, and public spirit, start the *pension* or the hotel. Other industries and occupations speedily follow. The splendid villa multiplies. The railway company makes a station. And in this way we have almost before our eyes the sudden making of a fashionable watering-place.

TWO PEEPS INTO SPAIN.

A SHORT time ago I made an expedition that went through the entire southern line of the French coast. I started from its most westerly point on the Atlantic and went to the most easterly point on the Mediterranean. I left the railway for excursions into the valleys and far up amid the mountains. There is no such barrier between nations as a mountain range; and the range of the Pyrenees is one of the most effective of such barriers. It was impossible to be in France without a desire to climb the heights and to advance into the glorious land beyond. Truly says the poet,

‘ All experience is an arch where through
Gleams the untravelled future.’

All travelling from France into Spain must necessarily be over the mountains, unless we take the eastern or the western sea, and travel by rail along the coast. My first peep into Spain, of which I shall speak presently, was attained this way, by a run from Bordeaux to St. Sebastian, and thence beyond. The other railway line, only lately quite finished, and an extremely fine one,

runs from Narbonne to Port Bou, and from there to Cerbère, La Gerona, whence we go on to Barcelona, Madrid, and wherever you like. I climbed to the roof of Narbonne Cathedral, straining the eye to the line of sea and the Spanish frontier. But instead of going onwards, it was settled by the fates that I should proceed from the Pyrenees to revisit Switzerland, which at least gave me the opportunity of comparing two very different orders of mountain scenery. But while travelling through the Pyrenees again and again, one comes to the 'ports,' or passes, through which we may gain 'peeps into Spain.' Some of these are well-recognized thoroughfares, some are mountain paths for pedestrians and muleteers, and many others seem to be almost exclusively appropriated to the use of smugglers. There is an idea that some of these passes are not safe, and I have known men providing themselves with revolvers, under the impression that they would fall in with banditti. I believe that there is no such danger; and if we come to the use of the revolver, I expect that the bandit would be much more alert than the tourist, and that the first suspicious movement would bring an unhesitating shot. The Civil Guards of Spain have cleared the high-roads from robbers; and an excellent rule of theirs, to shoot down the offender taken red-handed, has produced very salutary results.

Let me recall some tantalizing half-peeps which I got, even if they are entitled to be called half-peeps. I stayed at Cauterets; and, indeed, I have good reason

to remember Cauterets. It is not so sweetly simple now as when the Laureate visited it, or as when he recalled his recollections three-and-thirty years afterwards. It had its nightly balls, its opera company, its daily paper devoted to sensational stories and fashionable small-talk. Here Queen Marguerite, one of the most respectable and quiet of Protestants and princesses, wrote the wild discreditable *Heptameron*. The favourite walk at Cauterets was to the Pont d'Espagne. It is a walk, or climb, of about two hours. It is only a pine-log bridge thrown over a deep chasm just above the junction of the streams. Like most visitors, after going a little way up the pass I retraced my steps and took the other path to the Lac de Gaube. Had I persevered and taken the Col or Port de Marcodaon, I should have reached the Spanish baths of Panticosa by a peculiarly desolate and rugged journey. Very few and very weary are those who effect it. There is nothing but a sawmill or two to break the monotony of the long day's journey. It is felt that if smugglers are capable of such meritorious industry in traversing such steep forbiddings ways, it would be a great shame to quarrel with them for their devotion to the doctrines of Free-trade. Those who do not actually go into Spain should ascend the Pass for the sake of the magnificent view that is there obtained of the Spanish mountains. The view of the Lac de Gaube is much more easily attained, and is very impressive. It draws off many visitors who otherwise would take an opportunity of getting a

Spanish peep. It is a wild lonely path, popularly supposed to be extremely Norwegian in character, as the track lies through a forest of black firs or pines, on one side with granite cliffs shooting up in spires and pinnacles, and on the other hand are the descending waters of the lake, which gather into mighty cascades. I remember well that on the day when I made this expedition a heavy mist overhung the path, and nothing was visible save the margin of this mountain sheet of water. I went into the little inn to console myself with some of the magnificent trout caught in the lake. Suddenly the mist lifted; the sun shone down and illuminated the whole expanse of the mountain lake or tarn. It lighted on the white marble monument of the young Englishman and his wife who were drowned here during their wedding-tour. It lighted up the snowy Vignemale mount whose glaciers feed the lake that feeds the Gave. I said that I had reason to remember Caunterets. I drove back with some friends from Caunterets to Argelez. It was very, very late at night, and very dark. Many of my readers will remember how precipitous is the road—granite rocks on one side and a sheer descent into the river on the other. Presently the carriage smashed into the rock; it might just as readily have been precipitated into the stream. The truth was soon found out. The driver was hopelessly drunk. One of our party, well-skilled in horse-flesh, walked by the side of the horses for the whole of the descent to Pierrefitte. From there to Argelez it is

all level ground. But our driver kept persistently smashing into every vehicle he encountered. At last all the party got out except myself, and thought it best to go on foot to their destination for fear of accidents. I was so tired that I preferred to take the risk of a collision, and I was very thankful to get on without the risk being realized. My *compagnon de voyage* generously paid the man, only righteously withholding his *pourboire*. I am not certain that, in the interests of travellers generally, we ought not to have had the rascal prosecuted. We hear a great deal of the comparative sobriety of the Continent, but a drunkenness of this kind, which endangered four human lives, struck me as being a good deal worse than a great deal of aimless and miscellaneous intoxication in an English town. These new-found friends were of that kindly sort whom we sometimes meet in our travels. They helped me while wandering over the mountains by a lift in their carriage, and perhaps still more by the brightness and pleasantness of their talk.

Once more I had one of those tantalizing half-peeps. It was at gay, bright, festive Luchon, never brighter than on the days I was staying there, with the splendid new casino freshly opened. Riding-parties are all the rage at Luchon, and all riders come in, Jehu-like, cracking their whips furiously. It must be said for Luchon that it is better off in the matter of excursions than all other places besides. No doubt that to the Port de Venasque is the finest of all. The fashionable

visitors to Luchon go as far as the Hospice. This is a seven miles' journey of gradual ascent. It is a lovely road, for a great part cut through a forest that clothes the mountain's side; you pass through a continued trellis of lights and shadows thrown by the trees. Carriages stop at the Hospice, but you can continue your journey on mules. The old Hospice is now fitted up as an inn. It has quite divested itself of any former character it may have had for hospitality. Having liberally recruited myself, I proposed to rest for a time on a couch. The people at the Hospice were quite willing, but I was given to understand that I should have to pay an unheard-of number of francs for the accommodation. I did not care to submit to imposition, and crossing the little stream I wrapped myself in my light overcoat, and had one of the softest of slumbers.

If you persevere up this pass you come to the lake region, if a series of tarns may be so called. There are few real lakes in the Pyrenees; they are not often larger than the tarns or the smallest lakes in Westmoreland. This Puerto must be a kind of paradise for smugglers. There is so little traffic that neither the French nor Spanish Government thinks it worth while to keep up any kind of *douane*. In the Spanish towns any young man who has done some smuggling in the Pyrenees is regarded as a sort of hero. Here you hear the doleful story of the nine tinkers who perished in the snowdrift while traversing the pass in the winter. While staying at the jolly little inn at Gavarnie

unquestionably the most central head-quarters for travellers in the Pyrenees, we have at least two routes over into Spain. This is the more remarkable, because as you gaze at the enormous wall of the Cirque no path at all is visible to the naked eye. *Murray* says that there is not the slightest danger in making the ascent, but he adds the information, that if you make a false step you will be dashed to the bottom. A few hours' climbing will bring you to the narrow ridge whence you look into Spain. If you choose to climb this ridge you may stand with your heel over France and your toe over Spain. Descending to the Spanish side at Veulo, you come to an old mansion belonging to a contessa, who is willing to harbour travellers, but otherwise you must be content with such accommodation as you can find in the fondas, ventas, and posadas.

My two peeps into Spain were quite exhaustive of the ways of getting by land into Spain from France. You can pass the frontier at the extreme east or west by rail. Here Spain is open to the incursions of her ruthless enemy, the French; who, whether by force or guile, by treaty or the sword, by the legions of a Napoleon or the craft of a Guizot, have always been covetously eager to annex Spanish territory. To a considerable extent they have been successful on the eastern side. There is a great deal of territory which is politically French, is geographically Spanish. But on the western side the Spanish have maintained their lines, aided by the English, as set forth both by Froissart

and by Napier. And if ever the Spaniards have lost heavily by land and sea—their navies destroyed, and their treasures captured—it is when they have sided with the French, their natural enemies, against the English, their natural allies. A few general notes, mainly drawn from personal experience, may assist tourists who for the first time are going to try one or both of these routes, the rail or the mountain passes. Of course the *opus operandi* is altogether different. In the railway you may travel a little slowly, a little expensively; but you will find civility, good fare, companionship, and may carry with you as much luggage as you please. But in crossing the mountains you must bring your luggage to the very smallest dimensions, unless you intend to employ one, two, or three mules. You may retrace your steps to the point of departure for your *impedimenta*, or send them round by rail to the Spanish city whither you are travelling. We are crossing the Pyrenees, and we will now suppose that we have got on the Spanish side. There may be some sort of landmark—a stream, a conical range, a wall of stone. You are not quite certain that you have come to the highest part until you have passed the watershed, and you observe that the streams are running down-hill in the contrary direction. You are in the heart of the tumbled hills. You feel that this is indeed solitude. The air is pure and bracing; but there is something weird and mysterious in its whispers. On that enormous crag opposite, you observe two immense eagles,

rock-like, on the rock, and hardly separable from it in their quiescence. You never saw eagles like those in the Zoological Gardens of London and Paris. If you had an accident where you are—broke a leg, for instance—you might lie on the ground till those eagles picked out your eyes for you. There are very few Spaniards who attain to the vast altitude where you are standing. You need not wander very far away to be in regions which human foot has never traversed. By multitudes of indications you feel that you have arrived in a different country. The sierras are wilder and more jagged than on the other side. Instead of the abundant fountains springing forth, cold as ice, there are only the thin warm tricklings from the rock. The catholic sun shines down with terrific force. The sky is of a perfectly unclouded azure. You descend rapidly; and if at times you mount, you rise to descend again. If you are a naturalist, you discover many rare plants and flowers which you may identify in Mr. Packe's valuable monograph, next valuable to M. Johanne's big book on the Pyrenees. Perhaps the cattle have been driven up to the mountain pastures, and you pass through the great herds of horses and cattle. Then the ground becomes wet and porous, and you notice that faint springs are welling up; and then there is a defined watercourse, and the watercourse becomes a river. As you go farther towards the south you will encounter rivers without bridges; and not only that, but also bridges without rivers.

My own expedition over the mountains led me to

the renowned baths of Panticosa. I once took in preference the steep mule-path that led to the Lac de Gaube. I had heard, however, so much of the extraordinary character of this Spanish bathing-place that I planned to visit it. The highest mountains and the most splendid views of the Pyrenees are on the Spanish side; but unfortunately they have the worst roads and the poorest accommodation. My starting-point was from Eaux Chaudes; and there is a fine road through magnificent scenery up the rocky defile of the Gave. It was a sharp ascent all the way to Gabon by the Gave, and afterwards by the Brousset, to the foot of the Col d'Ancou. Then the road ceased, and the sheer ascent commenced. We left the regular mule-path to take the proverbial short-cut, which generally demands more in endurance than is saved in time. It was very interesting to look back upon the point of departure, where the carriage-road came to an end. The carriages had come to a stop, the passenger had descended, and the luggage was taken down. Presently a long train of muleteers might be seen slowly winding along the pass, the mules in some instances sustaining the weight of immense boxes. Then my friend and myself were left alone in the vast loneliness of the central Pyrenees. I had been warned of the danger of the frontier region between France and Spain. I had especially been warned to be on my guard against bears and banditti. Indeed, a friend who had been doing the same journey a week previous came into my room, displayed a loaded

six-chambered revolver, with which he was determined to defend his life and property against all marauders. I am bound, however, to say that the only robbers I met were the keepers of a few scattered posadas, who, only occasionally meeting with a tourist, naturally think it their duty to bleed him to the uttermost. A veritable bandit could hardly be worse.

The passage of the Col separating France from Spain calls for no special remark. There is a vast stretch of lovely country, without any of those villages and châteaux that would be numerous met with in an Alpine country. When we had descended to the banks of Gallego, we had to continue our journey first to the town, and then to the baths of Panticosa, nearly 8000 feet above the sea. In France there would have been good roads; but in Spain there was nothing but a narrow mule-path for seven or eight miles, a pathway so steep and narrow that it was a wonder how any mule could contrive to get along; and at another point it was simply a rocky staircase. The poor beast would at times have to stand with its forefeet on one rock and its hind legs on another, with a rocky wall on one side and a sheer precipice on the other. From Panticosa, however, to the baths of Panticosa, there is a wonderful road of many zig-zags—an example of what Spanish engineering can effect when properly aroused! which, however, is very rarely the case. At Panticosa we found a diligence, that did the journey to the baths in the midst of a tremendous thunderstorm. The lurid lightnings

revealed immense mountains with huge patches of snow, impending rocks of granite, and a raving torrent. We reached the baths in darkness and a thick rain.

Of the numerous watering-places that one knows, Panticosa is in various points of view the most remarkable. There are some six hundred visitors, but we were the only English. Indeed, I soon had a practical proof of the comparative insignificance of my native country. I wanted change for a five-pound note, and all the officials of the establishment sat in solemn judgment upon it. They examined it with much curiosity as a work of art, and without disrespect; then politely informed me that if it had been a note of the Bank of France, they would have been happy to oblige me, but this was a document which they had never seen or heard of before. The place was crowded with Spaniards, who have a most intense belief in the virtue of the waters; and when we consider that the place is very many miles away from the nearest point of the Spanish railway system, and that it lies, so to speak, up in cloud-land, a rocky basin, with a little lake in front, just beneath the very crests of the hills, and thousands of the poorest manage to get there annually, there must be boundless faith in their efficacy. Even the waters that stream from the rocks seem strongly impregnated with mineral matter; that of the lake only seemed drinkable. The springs have very significant names—*Del Estomago*, *Del Purganti*, *Del Hgado* (the liver). The most painfully interesting feature of all is the

number of persons in the extreme stage of consumption who come to these waters. I had never before seen the inhaling system tried on such a complete scale, although I had been very much struck with what I had heard of the curative effect of the waters of Eaux Bonnes. I could not distinguish the *pulverizacion* from the *inhalacion*, but suppose that one is treatment by inhalation and the other by spray. In each case a number of persons were seated almost in a circle, vigorously inhaling the mineralized stream through a somewhat complicated apparatus. The process occupied a long time, and the patients read their letters and newspapers meanwhile. I had never seen such a group of death-stricken men as in the *pulverizacion* chamber. The change of scene, the mountain air, the pleasant society, the hope of better days, might do much; but it was very difficult to see how the mineral waters could give any one a pair of new lungs, or indeed have any specific virtue in such cases. The place looked like an assemblage of half a dozen monasteries, being in reality hotels, and huge boarding-houses, all the property of a single individual, although I believe he has turned it into a company. The more cheerful element is represented by a building which might serve for a ladies' club—a beautiful salon, and adjoining it billiard and card-rooms. The cloaks of the men and the mantillas of the ladies are very picturesque, and every Spaniard considers himself a born gentleman, reminding us of the whole army that was knighted by Maria Theresa. The

tariff for meals and lodgings was clearly indicated, and was very fair and reasonable. The entire place was in striking contrast with the little Spanish villages, in which dirt and loveliness seem almost convertible terms. I really very much wish that English doctors would take up the whole subject of the curative effect of the Pyrenean waters. I know there are London doctors who send patients to Eaux Bonnes; but it appeared to me that the baths of Panticosa were still more remarkable. I did not find it necessary to take either guide or horse, though strongly urged to do both; I found the expenses moderate, the food excellent, and the little mountain-tour most pleasant and healthy. So rich in mineral waters are so many parts of the Pyrenees, that you have in many regions only to dig deep enough, and you come to a warm spring of great power. It is popularly stated that there are two hundred such fountains in the Pyrenees, but the number might be indefinitely extended.

I now turn to the much easier way of visiting Spain, by the railway to St. Sebastian. The travelling here ought always to be safe; but this is not invariably the case. Mr. J. C. Hare relates that when about to cross the Bidassoa, and all heads were out of window watching for the famous Isle of Pheasants, the train went off the line, and everybody was knocked back on to the seats. You are soon made sensible that you are in a new country. You ask his worship the porter to have the graciousness to assist you in lifting your portmanteau

(‘Moro, hagame el favor de llevar mi maleta’); and you implore his worship the beggar, your brother, for the love of God, to excuse you from giving him any thing (‘Perdonome usted, por Dios, hermano’). If you should omit such a courteous salutation to a beggar, he or she would follow you with volleys of imprecations and abuse. Once an English merchant expressed a kindly pity for a muleteer, a ‘poor fellow,’ who was taking charge of his luggage through a drenching rain. The muleteer got into a great passion; he told the merchant that he was a pitiful fellow, while he, the muleteer, was a born nobleman. Mr. Campion declares that at the St. Sebastian market the old women who bring in charcoal look like so many duchesses disguised as sweeps. In going to St. Sebastian you pass through Irun, and perhaps are delayed at Hendaye about your luggage, which, however, will give you the opportunity, if you are so minded, of tasting the famous liqueur. All the country about here, so to speak, teems with history. It would be as well to see, if you have time, the old town of Fuentarabia, and the pretty watering-place of St. Jean de Luz. To those whose notions of St. Sebastian are mainly derived from history, from the pages of Mr. Gleig, Colonel Napier, and the *Wellington Despatches*, the place will present rather a surprise, from its extremely modern character. It has been almost entirely rebuilt, and has broad spacious streets. Some of the graves of Englishmen who fell here are still carefully preserved. The rudiments of an English

colony are there already. The winter climate is delicious, and there is an English doctor, should one be wanted, to whose kindness and medical skill I myself have been under the deepest obligations—Dr. W. J. Smith.

But it was rather for the sea and the mountains that I come; and to walk along the ridges of those noble hills, with the immense Atlantic in full view, was at times rather laborious, but an enjoyment that fully compensated for any labour. On the land side a noble river glided tranquilly to the sea. Mr. Campion, in his *Walk across Spain*, tells us of the immense amount of fishing that goes on at the bridge of the Uremeo, and the huge waves that break against it, like the Pacific on coral islands. I am afraid that the Spaniards are too lazy to climb their own mountains and appreciate the scenery of their sierras. At least, we had them all to themselves. Our little party never encountered any tourist. The plan was to walk or take a diligence to some interesting locality, and to return over the hills. The expeditions to Orio and Passajes should be mentioned, especially the latter. We walked, but there is a railway. Passajes possesses a magnificent land-locked harbour, reminding one of Dartmouth and Falmouth, and the inner harbour of Marseilles. Leaving the curious old haven, we mount the hills. Looking down upon St. Sebastian, we perceive that it is a peninsula, inexorably confined within its geographical limits, and its further progress must be made on the

mountain terraces. All the county round bears terrible traces of the last Carlist war. Many houses are completely gutted, and some villages are half depopulated. The cannon was at one time pointed against St. Sebastian, but happily the place escaped a further terrible chapter in its warlike annals. The neighbourhood now shows a great deal of improvement. There is a general spread of education, schools of all sorts on all sides, and little or nothing of the sordid poverty which one so often witnesses at home. There are many lovely villas in the neighbourhood, belonging to some distinguished Spanish politicians. For a moderate walk, none pleased me better than one that led through vineyards and gardens by the side of the bay and the river-shore. Coming back, we rested at the Fountain of Health, whose ice-cold spring is canopied by broad foliage, where a few worthy citizens were trying the waters, to which some healing virtue is attached, or perhaps the beverages of the neighbouring little *café*. The charm of these expeditions into the neighbouring country was very great, and was preferable to lounging away all one's time in the alameda, although the band—it had been brought down from Madrid—was very fine, and the ices were peculiarly delicious.

If we want to study history, both in its largest political aspects, and also in the military details, it cannot be studied better than on the spot in St. Sebastian itself. The whole place is bristling with history. Not only Spanish history, but all European history, has

more than once been brought to a focus at St. Sebastian. In 1813 Wellington saw that England might probably be deserted by her continental allies, who would form a separate treaty; that Portugal would no longer serve as a place of arms; but that he might find in the Western Pyrenees and the ocean seaboard a new basis for his operations, a defensive position even stronger than that which he had occupied behind the Ebro. This was the great object which determined him to attempt the reduction of St. Sebastian. The siege became one of the greatest sieges of modern history. The military genius of Wellington shone greatly in it; but in consequence of disobedience to Wellington's instructions the greatest disasters were experienced by our army. 'Take the place in the quickest manner, yet do not from overspeed fail to take it.' Such was Wellington's characteristic direction, and he added to the specific instruction that 'fair daylight must be taken for the assault.' The general left in command deviated from his instructions, and the result was the murderous repulse of the British assault. The Duke of Wellington was at once upon the spot, with all his energies intent on the reduction of the great fort and harbour; but he was obliged to wait for reinforcements and supplies. The way in which he was treated by the Home Government was shameful. Some of the Ministers ought to have been shot or hanged. The First Lord of the Admiralty acted as if he were the deadliest enemy of our Peninsular army. He utterly

neglected to watch the coast of Spain, allowing our stores and supplies to be kept in our harbours, and permitting the enemy's supplies to be poured into St. Sebastian. Many of our storeships were captured by the French for want of protection, and thousands of soldiers were kept idle at Lisbon or Gibraltar for want of transports. For the same reason the soldiers were left without boots and overcoats when the snow was falling on the Pyrenees. When a battering-train arrived from England, it was found that it was only furnished with shot and shell sufficient for a day's consumption. It is calculated that the English Ministry did as much injury to their countrymen as a hostile army of sixty thousand men with a first-rate generalissimo. It was only the genius of Wellington that could have counteracted such disadvantages. The horrors of that memorable sack were atrocious. We may condense the account from the narrative of the subaltern. 'The houses were everywhere ransacked, the furniture wantonly broken; the churches profaned, the images dashed to pieces; wine and spirit cellars were broken open; and the troops, heated already with angry passions, became absolutely mad by intoxication. All order and discipline were abandoned. The officers had no longer the slightest control over their men, who, on the contrary, controlled the officers; nor is it by any means certain that several of the latter did not fall by the hands of the former, when they vainly endeavoured to bring them back to a sense of subordination. Night

had now set in; but the darkness was effectually dispelled by the glare from burning houses, which one after another took fire. The morning of the 31st had risen upon St. Sebastian, as neat and regularly built a town as any in Spain; long before midnight it was one sheet of flame; and by noon on the following day little remained of it except its smoking ashes. Carpets, rich tapestry, beds, curtains, wearing apparel, and everything valuable to persons in common life, were carelessly scattered about upon the bloody pavement. Then the ceaseless hum of conversation, the occasional laugh and wild shout of intoxication, the pitiable cries or deep moans of the wounded, and the unintermitted roar of the flames, produced altogether such a concert as no man who listened to it can ever forget.'

Unfortunately this was by no means the last military association that England had with St. Sebastian. In 1835 Sir De Lacy Evans and his British Legion appear to take a part in the chronic civil war between the Carlists and Christinos. This of course could only be done by the suspension of the Foreign Enlistment Act. The moral support of our Government was given to Christina. We interfered in the quarrel very much as Russia interfered in the war between Servia and the Porte. In the year above mentioned Sir De Lacy went out to Santander and St. Sebastian. He got his raw forces into a state of drill. The Carlists were then closing in upon St. Sebastian, which was partly garrisoned by British troops. The lovely harbour of Passajes,

within a distance of a few miles of St. Sebastian, was also occupied by the British. Sir De Lacy Evans, with the co-operation of a fleet, attacked the Carlists, and was supposed to have obtained some kind of victory. But the Duke of Wellington openly stated in the House of Lords that the only effect of his success was to remove the investing lines of blockade a mile or two further off. Similarly the English commander made an attack upon Fuentarabia, and was obliged to withdraw with his whole force. We ought, however, to say that this disaster was not unretrieved, and eventually Fuentarabia fell into the hands of the British Legion. Evans went away as soon as the allotted time of his services was expired ; but he went away unpaid, and with his troops in a pitiable condition. It was not without a feeling of melancholy that I climbed the fortified hill overlooking the Bay of Biscay, and there noted the monuments to some of the officers who had perished.

A very pleasant place indeed is St. Sebastian. The hotels, being on the high lines of civilization, are excellent, and in strong contrast with those which one meets in the mountain districts. I will say, however, for these country hotels, that the bedrooms, though very plain and whitewashed, are scrupulously clean. Living in Spain ought to be cheap ; but it will be necessary to make your bargains if you are to have the full benefit of that state of things. The Hôtel du Commerce at St. Sebastian was found to be good and moderate. Many people go to the boarding-houses, Casas de Huespedes,

especially in the crowded summer season. I myself was staying with excellent friends, resident in the place, and I need hardly say that they made me at once *au courant* with everything that was going on. The bathing is the great amusement. You cannot find better bathing anywhere, and in this respect I prefer St. Sebastian to Biarritz. The bathing-place, La Concha, has a beautiful beach, and here hundreds of both sexes, gaily dressed, though in this respect hardly up to the Biarritz point, will bathe for hours. St. Sebastian, the Gibraltar of northern Spain, is now highly fashionable, and attracts increasing thousands from its Afric districts to this temperate European zone. The bay is half-closed by the island of Santa Clara, and though this has generally the effect of producing a smooth rippling sea, yet in certain states of the wind the Biscayan rollers come in with tremendous power, and those who have joined hands firmest are sundered and overwhelmed. Ropes, floated by buoys, go out to a considerable distance. And the bathing-rooms, Perla del Oceano, are very good.

Just outside the town is the old Plaza de Toros, where the bull-baiting occasionally goes on, and to which the Empress Eugénie used to come from her villa at Biarritz. The bulls of this province of Guipuzcoa are considered very fine; but I am told that the horses are of the most wretched sort, only fit for the knacker. I know that there is a rink, and in all probability you may get lawn-tennis as well. The Spanish tertulia is

of course an institution, and the small English colony keep up the national tradition of dinner-giving. If the English people were wise that colony would be very greatly enlarged. At the cost of a little further travelling they would have as great or greater advantages, and these at a cheaper rate than at Biarritz and Arcachon. I expect that one day they will come at a rush, and then all the prices will go up like a rocket. It will be a great thing for the Britisher if he can lash himself into a state of enthusiasm for the 'pelota,' which is a Spanish equivalent for cricket, or, more properly, for fives and racquets. Then my friend, Mr. Champion, talks of the theatre, and says that his stall only costs him about eighteenpence. There is constant amusement on the alameda, and in the long promenade between the fountains. But where you see the life of the country in its freshest and most genuine form is no doubt in the churches and in the markets. The freshest hours of morning, directly after sunrise, are the best. You should visit them directly before or after your morning dip in the sea. The fresh-gathered fruit in the market is then very agreeable. You find a rich profusion of fruit and vegetables, and sometimes of game; but the most interesting part of it is seeing the peasantry, bold and bright, from the province of Guipuzcoa. The chief church is the Iglesia de Santa-Maria, where there is good music, and evermore a haven of silence and repose.

But, as I said before, the neighbourhood of St. Sebas-

tian is even more fascinating than St. Sebastian itself. I hardly know any pleasure comparable to walking along those lonely heights overlooking the broad Atlantic in choice companionship. The one drawback is that you must take some water with you; the water generally fails on the Spanish hills. When you descend to the villages they give you a sort of *méringue*, that is made of sugar-plum and white of egg, which is dissolved in the water. The Spaniards are all very fond of water. They like their wine; but they like their water still better. They are excellent judges of the quality of water, which they take cold and colourless; even the sherry-makers will not drink sherry, but take the natural unbranded wines. The fountains of a town—‘the places of drawing water’—serve not only for rest and refreshment, but are also centres of common talk. In the neighbourhood of St. Sebastian there are many things which tell what civil war is. You pass by many a house which is altogether riddled and shattered by the Carlists. The owner would be invited to join them, and if he did so he would be treated like a volunteer; but if otherwise his property would be destroyed. The humours of a *posada* in these country places have been often described: the ground-floor is almost a part of the farm-yard, and is sometimes given up to cattle, and even to peasants, who sleep with their cattle. In the morning they shake themselves like the cattle—dispense with the modern superstition of washing—and are ready dressed for the day. I

am bound to say that, though quite prepared to find fault with the food, I really liked it. Even garlic and oil are good in their way. While in Spain, eat with the Spaniards. But at St. Sebastian you are on the rail, and therefore in the middle of everything, and you will naturally desire to go to some distance and see as much of things as you can. I will just give one small word of practical counsel. Whether on the mountain or in a *fonda*, you had better take a little mental sustenance, for there is not much, at least of a suitable kind, that will be at hand. Even on the mountains I take the Spanish testament and grammar, and your own memory ought to serve as a dictionary. If you want good Spanish stories, always, in addition to *Don Quixote*, take some stories by Donna Cæcilia Böhl de Fáber, who chooses to call herself Fernan Caballero. These stories are very good, and have an increasing reputation. It is worth while to try and pick up some knowledge of the magnificent Spanish tongue, which, after the preliminary difficulties in pronunciation, is easily attained by those who know Latin or Italian. And so, if you are going my way, good reader, I would say with the courteous Spaniard, 'Go with God,' which he seems to give with a greater sincerity than the *adio* or *adieu*: 'Vaya usted con Dios y buen provech, le haga á usted.' 'Go you with God, and much may it profit your grace.'

A DAY AT MONTE CARLO.

STAYING a few days at Nice one summer lately, it was of course necessary to go over to Monte Carlo. The Riviera is lonely and deserted in the summer, so far as the influx of foreigners is concerned; but at the same time this lovely region shows at its loveliest in its own proper summer season, and for many Frenchmen and Italians this is the favourite time. All through the year there is never any time when the gorgeous saloons of M. le Blanc are untenanted. For many people there is a kind of confusion between Monaco and Monte Carlo. In one of the London papers a correspondent was writing as if they were two entirely different places. He was, I think, contrasting the gambling that goes on at Monaco with that of Monte Carlo. Now Monte Carlo is the gambling district of Monaco. There is no gambling at all in what is now distinctively called Monaco. All the gambling is done on the opposite height of Monte Carlo, which is part of the slender Monaco territory. It may be said only recently to have come into existence. The old historic

castle of Monaco crowns the height. It commands the expanse of the lovely sea; its ramparts look down on the tiny town, and the groves and terraces overhanging the shore. There the tiniest of European sovereignties has for centuries maintained its semi-independence. The once grim castle, now decorated and furbished up after the nineteenth-century pattern, is mixed up with much of French and Italian, and even of English, history. Here Addison came on a tour, and here died H.R.H. the Duke of York, brother of George III. On the opposite side of the valley rise the heights called Monte Carlo. It is under the kingship of M. Blanc, and is rapidly outgrowing the mediæval Monaco in splendour and population. It is a busy town, and long lines of villas climb the slopes which are dominated by the Grand Casino and the groups of buildings that are massed around it. There is no wonder that there is a large and increasing town at the base of Monte Carlo, known familiarly as Condamine. For, only provided that you are of age, and have obtained the ticket, which is never really refused, you have the entire run of those gorgeous saloons; the gardens, reading-rooms, and the fine music are all at your service, and everything is maintained for your comfort and amusement without the smallest expenditure of your own.

There are several ways of getting over from Nice to Monaco. You may go direct by rail to the railway-station of Monte Carlo. The station opens almost at once on the grounds of the casino. You must be

careful to note the difference between Paris and Rome time, such difference being some forty-five minutes. As you wait, you may be cheered by the music of a lordly band not many feet above your head. Or you may go by the Cornice road, past Turbia, which here rises to the greatest altitude, and commands the most striking points of view. Or there is generally a steamer going once or twice a day, and, when the weather is fine, a cruise on the ultramarine of the Mediterranean is most enjoyable. I devised my own way of travelling, which was partly by water, partly on foot, and partly by the railway. The distance is short enough in any case, but in each case it is a journey over which you may linger for delighted hours. I go by rail to Villafranca, one of the quaintest, cleanest, and most interesting of towns. If I should go out to spend a winter on the Riviera, I think I should give up the Anglicised Nice and Mentone, and go to Villafranca, Ventimiglia, or Alassio. The climate of Villefranche is certainly much better than that of Nice. You look at the old castle and the fleet of fishing-boats by the pier. You hire a boat, and intend to cross the bay to the village of St. Jean. The boatman will ask, and possibly obtain, any number of francs; but one is quite sufficient, and he will probably despise you if you give more. And to be in a boat on that lovely bay is most enjoyable both in fact and retrospect. You land on the primitive little pier, and through olive-woods and gardens you reach the other side of the promontory. On the right is the

charming village of St. Jean. Here whole days might be whiled away in delicious ease. You get capital fish-dinners; you have silence, rest, repose. As for fruits, in the summer you may get figs or peaches a penny a dozen in these Riviera villages. It would certainly be much better to spend one's available time in quiet spots like this than in fevered fashionable Monaco, which, indeed, has a disturbing influence on all the localities. Then there is a very lovely footpath skirting the sea, with the fig-trees overhanging, and taxing all one's honesty to refrain from picking and stealing. You time your walk so as to rejoin the rail at Beaulieu or Eza; but however bent on Monte Carlo, you should make a point of getting out at Monaco Station, within a very easy walk of the castle.

You must be careful, if you wish to see the castle, to be there within the specified hours. The officials seem delighted to show their contempt of strangers by refusing to make the slightest concession to civility or kindly consideration. At least that is the experience of some of us. Perhaps the heavy banner of the Grimaldis may be seen floating over the castle (two monks supporting a shield), a token that the Prince is at home. There is something very striking in the old castle, with portcullis, bastions, drawbridges. On the *place d'armes* in front of the castle, people wander about, overlooking the rocks and the sea, and at times resting on benches, admiring the trees and the gardens. The batteries, guns, and fortifications belong to the period of

Louis XIV. But the well-read student knows that the rocky spot has one of the most authentic and extraordinary histories. Beyond Louis XIV. it goes back to the time of Frederick Barbarossa ; beyond that, to the days of the Roman Empire, and days of dimmer tradition still. France bought up the whole territory, except Monaco and a strip of territory three miles long, for four millions of francs. Besides the private garden of the palace, there is a noble public garden with terraces overhanging the bay, and at times there are a number of yachts in the little port. In the old mediæval time a fine buccaneering reputation belonged to Monaco. We only change names, and not essential things. There are such people as land-pirates, and a fine modern buccaneering reputation belongs to that part of Monaco known as Monte Carlo.

The absolute luxury and completeness of all the appointments at Monte Carlo is indeed wonderful. I have seen something of gilded saloons in my time, but none have been so gorgeous as Monte Carlo. The Tuileries, in the palmiest days of the Empire, were not more splendid. There was a distinct advance even on the lavish management of Hombourg and Wiesbaden. Here is the Concert-room, where, in the season, Patti will pour forth her golden strains. No club in London, not even the Athenæum, has so goodly a collection of all the best periodicals in the world. Then there are music and the theatricals at times, and always the vivid dramatic interest of the gambling-tables. The

gambling was very quiet and modified, compared with what it is generally in the height of the season. Urbanity and politeness are the order of the day. I watched the gambling, which was conducted with good taste and good temper. I put down my own modest venture, which was ruthlessly swept away. But in the case of at least two other players, though they lost large sums, they gained still larger, and the balance was decidedly in their favour. Then of course there were the people trying their system, the 'system' which is supposed must always prove victorious in the long-run. In these saloons the interest always goes with the large players. But perhaps there is a more painful and intense interest with the moderate players. I noticed a young fellow playing very warily, and generally for the smallest stakes allowed. He only put five-franc pieces on different colours. His young wife watched him anxiously, and retired to a distant settee. He was good enough to enter into a conversation with me, and explain his strategy. He said that on an average he was able to win a napoleon a day. He was never rash. It was evident to me that on his limited scale he must have shown a rare amount of tact, coolness, and self-restraint. It was just possible that he might pay his modest way. But the same qualities in any business career might have given him name and fortune. And I could never forget the young wife's pallid anxious face, and the ever-present possibility that he might be tempted to lose his available stock of napoleons.

I move about the place. If I want shops, café, or hotel, they are all within a minute's walk. Opposite the place there is a square, and a fine boulevard close by. The Hôtel de Paris will give you a good dinner. The ices and coffee are irreproachable. The tropic beauty of the garden is something wonderful, even on this wonderful coast. You will be especially struck with the palm-trees and aloes, and, if you go in the summer, with the blaze of colours. But the subtle attraction of the tables is the most attractive of all. The great games are of course *rouge et noir* and *roulette*. You find that, though you do not play yourself, you become intensely interested by the fortunes of the game, and the study of those who win or those who lose. But of course those who come to these tables are hardly satisfied with philosophic observation. All along the shores of the Riviera there is a rich idle population, from Nice on the west and from Genoa on the east, that is within easy reach of Monte Carlo. In addition to this it is the lode-star for gamblers all over the world. The place is the *sentina gentium*. The people who come during the winter as invalids have their friends and relations, who are willing enough to beguile the tedium of attending rich friends by repeated visits to this splendid palace, and sometimes the invalids themselves will be willing to come over, not without hazard to their health, pockets, and reputations.

There are probably many cases of misery and suicide connected with this smiling hell of which the public

have very little idea. If anybody has made up his mind to blow his brains out, the Administration will obligingly furnish him with sufficient funds to enable him to do so leisurely at a distance. But the number of suicides in the immediate neighbourhood is very great; and a regular list is carefully compiled and published by those who have no good will to the 'peculiar institution.' Constant efforts are made, to which it is impossible not to wish success, to abolish it altogether. No doubt the French Government could put sufficient pressure on the Prince to compel him to do so. Already the little Republic of Andorra in the Pyrenees is beset by two factions, the one wishing to abolish public gaming-tables, and the other to retain things on the present basis. At the very time when I was visiting Monte Carlo a terrible tragedy happened, which I will mention, as it came within the range of my own personal observation. It is only an example, of which many similar instances might be cited. The case was that of a gentleman, of good family and position, a married man with a young family. He lived in the neighbourhood of Monte Carlo, and attended the tables with much regularity. He lived in one place after another, shifting his quarters from Nice to Mentone, and thence to some other locality. He ran up long bills; but as his name and family were well known he was treated leniently, and received plenty of credit. But it became perfectly obvious that all his money went in gambling. At last the patience of the

landlord of the hotel was exhausted. The police called on him to 'invite him' to explain the circumstances of those large unpaid bills at hotels. Then the poor man was brought to book. He begged the officers to retire, and call again in an hour, as he had some matters of business to arrange. For nearly an hour he occupied himself in writing letters to his wife and family, explaining the errors into which he had fallen. When the officers returned they found him quite dead: he had hung himself behind his bedroom door. The story was told me by the landlord of my hotel at Mentone on the evening of my return, and I also saw a confirmation of the fact in the local papers.

It is a mistake to suppose, as is so commonly done by tourists, that the Prince of Monaco draws his revenues from M. Le Blanc and the gaming-tables. He has always been a Duke of France, and with considerable revenues drawn from France. I believe, however, that it is a fact that M. Le Blanc has entirely relieved him from all expenditure relating to public improvements and the maintenance of public order. Formerly the army of Monaco resembled that of a petty German court, of which it was reported that the infantry was in very good condition, but that extensive disease prevailed among the cavalry. However, there was only a single soldier for the cavalry, and one only for the infantry. This reminds me of one of Charles Lever's stories of an official report made concerning an Irish church. The report made was that the congregation was small, but

exceedingly orderly and attentive. It appeared, however, upon inquiry that the congregation consisted exclusively of the sexton's mother. I remember seeing a number of years ago a list of the Prince's Administration. It was considerably longer than a list of the English Ministry; but then such a humble individual as the postman figured as an important member of the Government. From two or three soldiers M. Le Blanc has raised the full effective strength to no fewer than sixty. For all intents and purposes Le Blanc is the real prince and the great historic name. It is impossible not to perceive that the vast material prosperity attained is the result of system and order and of profuse liberality. You wonder at many things. You wonder what are the beverages of which the croupiers partake so heavily, and which never disturb the clear eye and steady hand. You wonder where the chests of gold and silver are stowed away. You wonder how far *salvâ conscientia*, respectable conscientious people, who perhaps utterly refuse to play, can enjoy the concert-rooms and saloons with the full knowledge how this prodigal splendour is kept up. I take the last train to Mentone, and before I go to bed I have a gossip with the landlord. We talk of the colossal fortunes M. Blanc gave his daughters, and how through the marriage of one of them he became connected with the Napoleons, though the worst member of that family. We talk of the 'system' players and of the 'company' that have challenged the bank, and of the private fortunes that have been lost

and won and lost again. Then we have the horrible stories of poison, rope, pistol, shattered brains, and broken hearts. As I fall asleep the music is crashing in my ears; I recall the heavy perfumes of foliage and flowers; and then a sudden miasma comes over all the scene, and dolorous voices as from the abysmal pit.

THE INNER LIFE OF A LONDON HOSPITAL.

A LONDON hospital is a town of itself, a little world of its own. It is a town with a collegiate element pervading the town. It is the very opposite of that City of Health which Dr. Richardson loves to portray, inasmuch as it is a Town of Suffering and Disease. But happily it is also much more than this. In one sense it is a Palace of Art, of all that Art can do in the alleviation of suffering and the progress of beneficial healing science. For many people it has also proved a temple fraught with sacred associations—not only for gifts of healing exercised on the worn distempered body, but perhaps of better gifts still, wrought through the ministry of sorrow. Those who look into the matter will easily see that our hospitals are among the very bases of national health and prosperity. The aids which society distributes to the hospitals are amply restored by the hospitals to society. Hospital practice is, in fact, a mirror of practice throughout the country. Mainly in these great institutions the experience and insight, the methods of observation and treatment, the

scientific research, are evolved, which become employed for the general health of the country. If we could imagine the hospitals abolished, the general death-rate in all private practice would be increased. It is not too much to say that the hospitals act as a kind of insurance system for the labouring classes. They take the risks incidental to their position the more cheerfully, because they know that if they are wounded in the battle of life they are assured of a special provision for all they need in our hospitals. The working of these great institutions is, therefore, a matter both of general interest and national importance.

There is a certain amount both of likeness and unlikeness in the London hospitals. Instead of endeavouring to reproduce the life of any one of them specially, I propose to weave together various details. The great endowed hospitals, in their vast extent and magnificent sites, are contrasted with the more modern ones slightly endowed, or not at all; one of these, namely, the London Hospital, being the most crowded of all. In Guy's there are pleasant grounds; and at St. Bartholomew's, rich in new buildings, there is the wide-fountained court; and St. Thomas's has its colonnades and terraces, and St. George's is placed amid the great spaces of the parks, and has its endowed Convalescent Home at Highgate; and the Middlesex Hospital, once built out of town amid country fields, still retains its pleasant garden, a reliquary of a perished state of things. The new hospitals which have sprung up in modern times

to meet the wants of densely-crowded neighbourhoods have hardly such distinctive features, except in some ecclesiastical gems, in children's and consumptive hospitals. At the same time there is a common likeness in all the details. In each there is a vigorous effort made, though with varying degrees of success, to meet all the requirements of patients, and expand with the progress of science and of the times. In each one is all the apparatus of teaching—class-room, lecture theatres, operating theatres, museum, library, laboratories. In each all the details of diet, ventilation, surgical and medical treatment, appliances, books, refreshments (as ice and mineral waters), nursing, and supervision are carried out in very similar modes. Each hospital expands its portals night and day for the reception of urgent cases. But while each does its best according to the measure of its power and means, that measure very much varies according to circumstances. In the matter of prestige there is a great deal of difference in various hospitals. Some are of greater and some of less importance as medical schools. Some hospitals have a high standing in this respect; others rather the reverse. The condition of things in teaching power very much affects the number and character of the students. Again, the hospitals show great differences in the matter of nursing, which is often all the great business of hospitals. In some hospitals the nursing is exceedingly good, and leaves little to be desired; but in a few cases it has got into bad condition and is decidedly

below par. We may have mere officialism, decayed officialism, and then the result is bad. In some instances there are hardly enough nurses to carry on the work. This sometimes arises from a want of sufficient funds to maintain an adequate staff; and even when the funds are forthcoming the full number of nurses might not be obtained. The deficiency in this respect might be fatal, save for the noble-hearted Christian women who step forward and volunteer their services.

For my own part, I am always extremely pleased to visit a London hospital. I do not much care for the chance of witnessing an operation, or of attending a post-mortem. I had much rather find myself in the bright cheerful room of the lady matron, with plenty of books, pictures, and music, and the bright intelligence that is not absorbed in the details of office, but can see its relationship to many other questions in the broad field of humanity. It is a privilege to meet the great physician—I will not say in his consulting-room, but later, when the consulting-room is turned into a dining-room. It is pleasant that a sister should take you through her ward, show you with simple pride its modest ornamentation, and tell you of the more interesting cases. Pleasant it is to meet the medical student, who is certainly more lively and amusing now than he will be in twenty years' time. He will show you all the intricacies of the building, and explain the details of its affairs; will enable you to join the train of students, accompanying some member of the staff in

his rounds; will show you the local publications of his hospital, which have always both promise and performance; will introduce you to some good fellows like himself, who are well worth the knowing. You will hear the latest bit of hospital gossip: how there has been such a jolly row at such a hospital, through the efforts of new brooms to brush over-clean; how some great man has been proved to be altogether mistaken in his diagnosis of a case; how science is baffled by the irrational objections of the nation to the humane practice of vivisection; how the Berlin fellows have got hold of the famous Urari poison, which Waterton found in South America, which does not poison at all, but only quietly stops the mechanical action of respiration. One surgeon tells a story of how he was startled from his chair by the thunder of an explosion. It was the wall of Clerkenwell gaol blown up by the Fenians. Presently the poor sufferers were hurried into the hospital suffering from every variety of wounds and contusions. It was more like a field of battle after action than anything else in the world. He mentions it as a curious circumstance, that a large proportion of the accidents among the countless poor in the neighbourhood was caused by lamps with benzoline and other oils being overturned and exploded.

There is always a pleasant social element in a hospital. In some hospitals there are treasurers, themselves people of income and position. At one hospital they furnished a house for the treasurer at an expense of £4000. At

another hospital the treasurer has, or used to have, a large annual income. Other hospitals do not possess the luxury of a treasurer; but, marvellous to relate, they not only thus save a great quantity of money, but appear to get on just as well. The treasurer's house, as the needs of the metropolis increase, may be advantageously converted into additional wards. Of course in these rich treasurers' houses there is any amount of general society. When there is only a secretary or a manager, his abode is frequently a focus for much pleasant genial society in the hospital itself. Members of the staff may stray in there: the sisters, and perhaps friends of the sisters, may come; the house-surgeon or one of the dressers may drop in. The resident officers have their private rooms, and there are rooms for those who, like the Early Christians, take all things in common. That a hospital is a great educational school is a fact of which we never lose sight for long together while rambling about the wards. There is nothing like clinical teaching, after all. The students exactly rehearse the kind of business which they will have to go through by and by. Above each bed is a paper, generally drawn up by a student, on a board, detailing the name, age, disease, treatment, diet of the patients, to which additions are made so often as need be. I suppose that most of the cases are of such a commonplace nature that no scientific interest attaches to them. But in a large number of other cases the interest is considerable. The physician or surgeon, accompanied by a procession,

more or less long, of students, approaches the bedside of the sufferer. It must be well-nigh impossible at times for those who are in the tail of the procession either to see or hear. Sometimes the patient lies as quiet as possible while the lecturer prods, sounds, thumps, listens, analyses, and discourses about him. He knows that it is all for the general good of the world, and that if he receives public hospitality he must make this return for it. Occasionally, the patient, particularly if it be a female patient, vehemently objects to contributing to the public stock of information, and testifies the same by sighs, groans, contortions of countenance, and general convolutions. Sometimes a patient, if it is an interesting surgical case, is had down to a theatre and a demonstration made of him. In addition, the staff may have a solemn consultation about him, and decide whether a limb is to be taken off, or if modern conservative surgery insists on its being retained. If the former, our patient makes a further public appearance on the table of the operating theatre. It can hardly be pleasant for a sufferer to have a hundred pair of scrutinizing eyes fixed upon him; but this, too, is one of the things that must be endured. I heard, however, of one brave old Scotchman who took matters in the proper light. 'Eh, mon,' he exclaimed, 'it was a real grand sight, to see dochter so quick, and all the laddies staring at him.' I have heard that there is a plan by which the public spectacle may be avoided; but I hardly see how this can be achieved without some

sacrifice of public instruction. If it is written in the Fates that our supposed patient should continue to be a public character, he will probably figure in the post-mortem room, and finally as an object of dissection.

Respecting the dissection-room, indeed, the sympathetic British public will hardly bear more than has been revealed to them by Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen. As intimated by one of these gentlemen, students have to buy subjects, an ordinary limb costing half-a-sovereign, to which half-a-crown is added for a *caput mortuum*. At the present time the supply is drawn from unclaimed patients in the hospitals and unclaimed paupers in the workhouses. There is something very painful, and even horrible, in this last idea. I have known in my time one or two young men, of good hopes, good prospects, who have, nevertheless, gone to the bad and to the dogs, destined to complete an unhonoured career as patients or paupers, and whose ultimate issue it is to come to the dissection-rooms as surely as the cruel youth in Hogarth's revolting picture.

The expenses of a medical education are necessarily very heavy, although they may be greatly lightened in the case of studious and deserving men. The hospital fees alone are some forty pounds a year for three or four years, or they may be commuted for the payment of a hundred pounds down. The best surgeons and physicians are glad to be on the staff of the great hospitals. When they have so been for many years, the *emeritus* professor has the honorary rank of consulting

physician or consulting surgeon. The fees derived from students would not be an adequate return for the amount of labour and anxiety bestowed on the lectures and demonstrations. The reward is found not so much in the direct as in the indirect returns. It is a great thing to be selected from the profession, and be labelled as the recipient of the highest trusts and honours which can be conferred upon its members. Again, all these young men are future practitioners, and they will send up to their old tutors and masters an indefinitely large number of consultation cases. In this way hospital work reacts very favourably on general practice, and most medical men of eminence look forward to a hospital appointment as a legitimate object of professional ambition.

All the hospitals have chaplains attached to them. Even those who care the least for the ministrations of a chaplain admit that they are a necessary adjunct to the work of a hospital. They meet the patient on the side of his intellectual and spiritual wants; they soothe and cheer, they brace and elevate, him. It is not to be forgotten that St. Luke was a physician, as he was also probably a painter. Caius College, Cambridge, is a great medical college, and on the painted glass of its chapel are displayed divers miracles of healing. All the hospital chapels in London are interesting, some of them are of remarkable interest and beauty. The chapel of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, founded by the good minstrel Rahere, is also the church of the tiniest

parish in London, numbering, I believe, only some twenty souls. On a small scale there is almost a cathedral-like beauty and completeness in the chapels of the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond-street and the Consumption Hospital at Brompton. It is to be regretted that chaplains of hospitals, who have peculiarly arduous and earnest work, hardly obtain at the hands of the Church or of the public that amount of reward and recognition to which they are justly entitled. It would be an honour to such an important body if a canonry or even a bishopric was given in this direction, or even if they had their turn in preaching at Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's. But in this topsy-turvy world of ours honours are too frequently bestowed in inverse proportions to deserts. Of the chaplains those seem to be most heavily taxed who are resident in the hospital itself, frequently married men with families. Of course it is a great advantage to be close to your work; but it is also a great thing to get away from your work. The physicians and surgeons are very glad to get away from the place to the home and club at the West-end. However unpropitious for himself, it is best for the interests of the hospital when the chaplain resides on the spot or near to it. Very few parish-priests are so heavily taxed from morning to night as the hospital chaplains. And very few parishioners receive such constant ministrations from their clergymen as do prisoners and hospital patients. There is literally no end to his work. There is all kinds

of extra-parochial work to do. He assorts, distributes, and very often has to collect books and periodicals. In a few hospitals he helps to organize entertainments for the patients. If he is an earnest man he endeavours to keep an eye on the medical students, who do not always receive his attentions in a 'reciprocal spirit.' He receives all kinds of confidences, and is overladen with all sorts of commissions. 'He has something to do with the preparing of reports and the reception of visitors. There is hardly an hour of the day or night in which a sudden incursion may not be made upon his time. There is a great tendency to ignore his services.

The hospital with which I have been most impressed is St. Thomas's. I have no doubt that a magnificent future belongs to this grand foundation. It is rather on its past and on its future than on its present state that its friends will care to dwell. At the present moment the hospital is under financial observation. It has, indeed, been singularly unfortunate. When its former site was wanted by the railway, the question of the value of the site was referred to arbitration. The hospital hoped to obtain £800,000, but it did not obtain much more than half. The new buildings were to cost half a million; they have cost £600,000, and £100,000 has been raised by mortgage. When the hospital was temporarily located in the Surrey Gardens, the rates and taxes amounted to £500 a year, which was not unreasonable; but the present buildings are mulcted in three, four, or five thousand a year. The result is

that several wards are empty, about one-third of the hospital being lost to the public. I cannot but think also that the system of reticence maintained by the authorities is prejudicial to the interests of the institution. The wildest legends are afloat respecting the wealth of the hospital and the privileges of the treasurer. Alderman Stone has certainly got a very good house, as good in its way as that of the Speaker of the House of Commons on the other side of Westminster Bridge; but, whatever may have been the state of things in times past, he has no stipend, and the hospital, so far from being wealthy, is lamentably poor. Yet it prints no accounts, publishes no annual report, and the greatest difficulties are put in the way of any one wishing to go over it. I repeatedly applied for permission to view it, and was refused or ignored. I accordingly adopted the simple plan of walking into the building, and impressing into my service the first individual who would show me over it. The hospital has no share in the grants of Hospital Sunday and Hospital Saturday, has no subscription, and a comparatively scanty share of public knowledge and public sympathy. Yet here are the beds waiting for patients, and the patients waiting for beds, and valuable space is lying empty and idle because there are no funds to defray the working expenses. I am sure that if the public understood the urgent needs and remarkable merits of this hospital, the old endowments would be adequately complemented by that great national agency, the Voluntary Subscription.

For the merits of this hospital are indeed remarkable. The site is of unrivalled magnificence. It fronts the imperial river, quayed and embanked, directly opposite the magnificent palace of the Imperial Legislature. Two handsome colonnades run north and south. To the south one portion of the buildings fronts the gardens of Lambeth Palace. A river-path runs along the embankment, and in addition each ward has a balcony opening upon the river. The hospital has a character for airiness, space, and lightness most unusual in such sombre edifices. It is built in separate blocks, communicating with covered galleries. Great facilities are effected by this arrangement: infectious cases, for instance, are easily isolated, and the evils of what Sir James Y. Simpson called 'hospitalism' are diminished or removed. The medical school stands separate and apart, the last and unconnected portion of the immense range. There is, however, a passage underground which connects this separate edifice with the general range of buildings. Through this passage the remains of deceased patients are conveyed from the wards to the mortuary. From the upper wards they are lowered by a lift into this tunnel, and so conveyed into the mortuary or the post-mortem room or the dissecting-room.

In this interesting hospital the arrangements for the comfort and improvement of the young men are, in the highest degree, satisfactory and complete. It is easy to see that every modern improvement has been adopted. The young gentlemen have all the necessary tools in

their hands, if they only know how to use them and turn their knowledge to account. Library, laboratory, lecture-rooms, are very fully provided. The museum and the reading-room are splendid chambers, magnificently fitted up. The reading-room, which, of course, is entirely devoted to scientific publications, is a noble apartment, with a splendid outlook upon the river. Every department of knowledge bearing upon the profession is assiduously cultivated, and all the necessary appliances are abundantly provided. We are bound to say that this applies to the other hospitals as well as to St. Thomas's; but at St. Thomas's there is more space, and, as it seems to us, a greater degree of completeness. The operating theatre is, of course, in the hospital itself. Generally speaking, there are a few bedrooms close to the operating theatre for the comfort and convenience of the patients. There is the lecture-room in medicine, ditto in surgery, ditto in physiology, ditto in chemistry. With the exhaustive preparations in the laboratories for chemistry and physiology, I was especially struck. With the exception of the sleeping out, the students might altogether live on the premises; a considerable number of them, as dressers and house-surgeons, actually do so. In a kind of subterranean chamber, which is, nevertheless, very snug and pleasant, there is an excellent refreshment-room fitted up, with a regular bar. I looked at the bill of fare; a very good bill of fare, with remarkably low prices; but then, of course, the management have got no rent or taxes to pay, which accounts

for the moderate charges of the viands. In matters of commissariat the hospital is provident and liberal. There is a counter fitted up where the house-patients may obtain cheap and wholesome refreshment; a cup of hot coffee for a penny, and for another penny something to eat with it. On visiting days, or at times when hundreds of out-patients are received, the services of the maiden at the counter are in great requisition.

The interest of a hospital is indefinitely heightened when we come to take cognizance of the separate cases; when, instead of regarding them as mere letters or numerals, we are enabled to take an interest in each pathetic individual instancee. So numerous are the cases, so rapid their transit through the hospital, where there is a constant process of coming in and going out, that it is hard for doctors and nurses to individualize them or retain their leading features. These cases are often full of interest, full of absorbing interest. In fact, I often wonder how doctors and nurses can go through such heartrending work. It is, however, a blessed law—some of my readers may remember how Bishop Butler works it out—that while people are engaged in action, both the skilfulness of the hand and the sympathy of the heart improve, while the sensitivity to pain works off. Constantly in the hospitals we meet with persons of what is called a superior position in life. It is well understood on the one hand that patients do well in a larger proportion in private cases than in a hospital. On the other hand there is a combination of skill and

method in a hospital that can seldom be attained at home. Some hospitals pride themselves on exercising that 'hospitalism' which Sir James Simpson so eagerly denounced; and, of course, if this could be eliminated it would make the hospital system best of all. An attempt has lately been made to establish a private hospital for gentlefolk, and a house was actually taken in the neighbourhood of Berkeley-square; but the attempt was defeated by those who dreaded the proximity of a hospital, on the ground that such an intention was entirely outside the conditions of the lease. The movement, however, is making way, and will yet bear good fruit. Where the advantages of the hospital system are fully recognized, people often express a wish that they may receive hospital treatment; and in the case of accident or sudden illness, patients are carried at once into the wards.

Thus, to speak simply of incidents that have come under one's own personal cognizance, and most readers can supply something of the sort from their own experiences, I knew a barrister of some repute who was knocked down in the streets. He immediately requested to be taken to a certain hospital, where he lay for many weeks, was carefully attended, and completely recovered. I am very glad, indeed, to see that an association has been formed for the purpose of endeavouring to arrest the number of street accidents. To the best of my observation the drivers of carts and omnibuses seem to consider the public streets as

peculiarly their own property, and they appear to advance year by year in recklessness. No one can go much about the London hospitals without perceiving that an immense proportion of the cases are those which have arisen from avoidable street accidents. I have known of such accidents happening just in front of the hospital, and, of course, the sufferers have been directly helped into the wards. Cabmen do not like being fined, but their fines would go a very small way towards the expenditure they cause. So much, then, for a considerable proportion of sufferers, who, of course, belong to every class of society. I have known the young lady thrown from her horse carried into the hospital, and staying there for months. I have known the poor clergyman from the country, well aware that he could not long avoid an operation, come up to the friendly hospitals, where he might find a refuge in his hour of trouble. I have known the man of letters seeking here a period of holiday and repose, and afterwards sending to the hospital authorities a book which he had composed in part during his illness. In the same way many persons in a highly solvent condition get admitted, and it is one of the arguments towards paying wards that their conscience does not always call upon them to defray their own expenses, although quite able to do so.

The nursing power of a hospital is distributed between 'sisters' and 'nurses.' These sisters are to me always most interesting. They are not the less interesting if they do not belong to some religious sisterhood. They

are frequently real ladies, ladies of great abilities and attainments. They are sometimes extremely well off, and take to the profession through intense devotedness to the work. They are obliged to receive a salary; but I know at least of one sister who takes up the money with one hand and lays it down with the other. I know of another nurse who receives, indeed, her salary, but lays it out—every farthing, and more besides—in promoting the comfort of her patients. The ‘nurses’ are the lower grade, and they are occasionally promoted to the rank of ‘sisters.’ There have been great improvements of recent years in the conduct and training of nurses. There is still room for improvement. They should always be punctual, sober, good-tempered, and never receive money from patients. They are well treated, fairly paid, have much consideration shown them, though their holidays might be lengthened. Several hospitals have now their own training schools for nurses. St. Thomas’s Hospital trains a great number in connection with the Nightingale Fund.

‘Yes,’ said one of the sisters to whom I spoke, ‘I have gone pretty well through the whole thing.’ She was a nice ladylike woman, with bright quick eyes, a pleasant composed manner, and a great mixture of shrewdness and benevolence. In fact, this is almost the normal type of ‘the sister.’ ‘I began at the very bottom, and had to go down on my knees to wash and scrub the floor.’

‘But what was the object of that, sister?’

‘I am sure I don’t know, except that it was the rule, and we all had to do it; and I did it. I was a probationer at first. Now I am a sister. I have two nurses under me during the day, and there is always one night nurse. If I wanted any more assistance, I should be able to get it. Until lately we had to find ourselves in everything. Now we have our dinner given, which is so far an improvement in our condition, with some fairish table-beer or porter. Everything else we get for ourselves.’

I may here observe that St. Katherine’s clasp, awarded by the Queen, cannot fail to have a good effect upon the status of nurses.

In the management and internal life of a hospital the question of the nurses and sisters must always come uppermost. Most of our readers have read the biography of Dorothy Pattison, the sister of the Rector of Lincoln College, well known in university and literary circles. It is not to be supposed that hospital sisters can rise to the heroic height of ‘Sister Dora.’ She was a woman of extraordinary genius and character, the like of whom is rarely to be found in a generation. But they can hardly err if they follow on the lines which her bright example has held out to them. She belonged originally to a religious sisterhood; and as the present tendency is to hand over hospital nursing to such sisters, her experience is instructive. She was hardly dealt with by the Mother Superior. She was ordered to scour floors and grates, to act as a common cook; and when

her father was dying, she was refused permission to see him. It is not to be wondered at that, although she retained the name and garb of 'sister,' she practically renounced the connection. 'I am a woman,' she said, 'and not a piece of furniture.' It is no secret that recent events in Guy's Hospital, in which the staff and the ecclesiastical sisterhood have been brought into sharp antagonism, sufficiently indicate that a position of great jealousy should always be maintained in relation to religious sisterhoods. In the case of strong-minded females Nature generally takes her revenge by exhibiting some very vulnerable part. In the case of this princess among nurses, Miss Lonsdale faithfully permits us to observe her friend's weak points. She was a magnificent woman, with superb strength and energies, which she abused by carrying abstinence from food and sleep to the extent of absurd bravado. Then she would habitually sit in her wet things until they dried upon her. She threw aside wedded love, and her heart told her that she had made a mistake. She was a thoroughly self-willed woman, and, acting against the wishes of her father, her conscience told her she had erred. 'I was very wilful,' she said on her death-bed; 'I did very wrong. Let no one take me for an example.' We have said this much, following the biographer, of her defects, because faithful biography is the best kind of biography, and because her defects may be useful to her sisters. We glance at her biography as far as it illustrates the general subject.

The great secret of her power in a ward was her intense sympathy, combined with cheerfulness and courage. All sisters and nurses might follow her example in these essentials of good nursing. Her work lay in the Black Country; and she worked hard for the physical, moral, and spiritual good of the most debased portion of the population. Her influence over 'the roughs' was immense. She was able to do a great deal in stemming the torrent of drunkenness. No detail was too humble or too minute for her attention. She washed her patients, made their beds, dressed their wounds, wrote their letters for them, gave them their dinners, talked to them, prayed with them. And she was never satisfied with herself, though all that local world resounded with her praises. 'She told us once that she often cried when she went to bed at night to think how many good words she might have spoken in season to her men.' 'This is not an ordinary house or even hospital,' she would say. 'All who serve here, in whatever capacity, ought to have one rule, *love for God*, and then I need not say love for their work. I wish we could use and really mean the word, *Maison Dieu*.' She had a keen eye for the weaknesses of lady-pupils who came to be taught the craft of a hospital. Perhaps they had had a matrimonial disappointment, or they could not get on at home, and thought that the air of a hospital might agree better with their temper. Some took to it merely from want of something to do, and others in order to earn an honest and independent

livelihood. When she saw any instance of fine-ladyism, she used to say, 'What on earth does the woman mean by coming here, then?'

One advantage of this well-known biography, and it is also the humble aim of this paper, is to bring the general public more *en rapport* with these palaces of human suffering. It is sad to think that many of them have to maintain a chronic fight for subsistence, while thousands of people have thousands of pounds lying idle, which might promote the great objects of science and beneficence. It is not difficult for any one to obtain some acquaintance with the interior of a London hospital. If you have sent a servant or some poor person to a hospital, do not let your charity stop at that point, but visit the sufferer in the great retreat of the afflicted. It is better to go to such a house of mourning than to many a house of feasting. It is a well-known circumstance that when the Princess of Wales suffered from the rheumatic attack which threatened such serious consequences, the Prince was constant in his visits to St. Bartholomew's Hospital—with which Sir James Paget and Sir William Gull have been so intimately connected—that he might observe similar cases. There are some persons who take an especial interest and delight in hospital visitation. The beautiful words, 'I was sick, and ye visited Me,' will never lose their hold upon the human heart. Few nurseries, even of the wealthy, are better supplied with pictures and toys than the children's hospitals throughout the country.

Here let me quote from Mr. Tennyson's little poem on a Children's Hospital in his last volume—

' Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die,
But for the voice of love, and the smile and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seemed out of its place,
Caught in a mill and crushed, it was all but a hopeless case ;
And he handled him gently enough ; but his voice and his face
were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his
mind,
And he said to me roughly, "The lad will need little more of
your care."
"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in
prayer ;
They are all His children here, and I pray for them all as my
own."
But he turned to me, "Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken
bone ?"
Then he muttered half to himself, but I know that I heard him
say,
"All very well, but the good Lord Jesus has had His day."
Had ? Has it come ? It has only dawned. It will come by
and by.
O, how could I serve in the wards if the Hope of the world were
a lie ?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of
disease,
But that He said, "Ye do it to Me, when ye do it to these" ?'

After the harvest festivals, which are now so common, the fruit and flowers are generally sent to some hospital, and it is frequently the knowledge of this fact which determines the largeness of the gift. In some districts arrangements are made by charitable-hearted ladies to send regular supplies, within the limit of hospital rules,

of what may be grateful and refreshing to the patients. On certain days ladies, who may be allowed the privilege—and such they assuredly reckon it themselves—glide quietly through the wards, and form many happy intimacies and friendships with the sufferers. There is at times a certain amount of enthusiasm about young ladies on the subject of nursing which requires to be regulated or even repressed, according to the dictates of maternal wisdom. A perfectly model visitor was the late Mr. Huth, a man of great wealth, great scientific attainments, and unbounded benevolence. He attached himself to a special hospital, which, almost beyond any other, levies a demand upon human sympathy, a Hospital for Incurables. Mr. Huth made himself the personal friend of his afflicted brethren and sisters. He believed that the true theory of a hospital, towards which they all strive without exactly realizing it, was, that it should be a home. He sent the patients pictures, musical instruments, invalid chairs—any comforts and appliances which he knew would be useful. Every week he used to come up from his place in Sussex to see them. They looked forward to his visits, and he looked forward to them himself. In the summer months he used to give them drives in the country, and would help them to get to the seaside for a season, and would devise recreation for all. It was his intense personal sympathy with the wants of each individual which gave his conversation such a charm and influence. There is certainly a great opening for more visitors of this stamp. They will find

a rich reward in the knowledge both of the blessings which they bring and the blessings which they receive ; in witnessing the tragedy, the pathos, the patience, the heroism of the suffering ; in affording sympathy and appreciation to those who are labouring to reduce the huge mass of human misery ; and in the conviction that what real help they give serves to promote and distribute the services of love and science which ameliorate the lot and advance the interests of human society.

ODD EXPERIENCES OF CHRISTMASTIDE.

AT all times I am fond of haunting the London streets. At certain seasons I am especially fond of London pedestrianism. I need hardly say that the special brightness and cheerfulness of the streets at Christmastide are exceedingly attractive to me. After that midday rest and lethargy which pervade even the London streets to an appreciable extent, there is a fresh stirring into life, as the whole line of illumination suddenly stretches from shop to shop all through the streets; the crowd, in fresh life, fresh numbers, pass to and fro along the pavement. What a crowd of boys and girls are on the pavement! They are pouring out of places of entertainment—fresh from the concert, the lecture-room, the Polytechnic, the afternoon theatre performance—they are accompanying their mothers, who are giving mighty orders at shops and stores; they are laden with presents from right-minded uncles and fond fathers. It is easy to see that these tall lustrous-eyed school-girls are home for their holidays, and are contemplating the Arabian wonders behind the thick

plate-glass. There is something cheering even in the thick British fog as it is penetrated by the lights, as the flushed handsome faces come into relief before the windows, and then fade away suddenly into the obscurity. Men, women, and children all take their holiday; the only business which they know just now is the business of pleasure. There is a pause of relief as the old year wears itself away. Even the busiest people have broken the neck of their business. If they have not sent out their accounts and made up their balances, that will stand over very well to the beginning of the new year. The hard sordid lines of life that mark the ordinary aspect of the streets are partially effaced, and there is a more homely, a more pleasant, a more vivacious life in the streets. London is looking forward to its Christmas-day and Boxing-night. I feel cheerful and elated, and breathe a Christmas benison on the whole human race.

I perceive that there is something special and abnormal in London at this time. I believe in Dickens's jovial Christmas giant, who scatters an invisible influence from his abundant horn. As I walk along the streets I am sure to meet sundry of my friends. All know each other's haunts, and are not indisposed to fall into each other's way. We all seem to be doing something at the shops in the way of game and fish and oysters. The shops are like groves, with fur and feather more abundant than was ever seen on stubble or in woodland. In ordinary life we are very busy, and do

little more than exchange nods. But now we mutually proffer glasses of dry sherry at the club ; and men who had uniformly preserved a dead silence, now plant themselves in front of the fire, and give utterance to observations. I sometimes leave these cheerful well-known haunts to dive into back streets and hidden corners. I like to realize the vast humanity of London. I love to trace the pervading influences of Christmas. It is curious too how many country friends you meet in the streets about Christmas. I suppose that the Christmas-box, the best kind of *étrennes*, is thought to be purchased best in London. They say if a man does not wish to be known he had better plunge into London. I have heard the story of a man who quarrelled with his wife, and he took a house next door or next street, where he lived many years without her ever suspecting his existence. As I walk along the Strand this afternoon, I meet an old friend from Wales whom I have not seen for a dozen years. I get into an omnibus, and there I meet two friends from my own neighbourhood. As I get out of the omnibus, I nearly fall into the arms of a dear old lady who watched over my earliest youth. It seems to me that London is the great place for finding, and not for losing. I get invitations for Christmas parties in the country and for evening parties at home. If I go one of these Christmas nights, I am sure to meet people whom I never thought of meeting ; and more than that, I venture to say, so small is the surface of life, that I cannot have ten minutes' talk with any

party without discovering that he and I have friends in common. After all, the world is only a little world, and the surface of society much smaller than we think.

I notice some curious oddities in the streets. I don't think very much of the gentleman who offers me a tract, although I am sure his motives were kindly and well-intentioned. One day I saw a tract-distributor on the top of an omnibus scattering his tracts on the right hand and on the left. He was certainly sowing his seed in a very broadcast fashion. I take a great fancy to that benevolent old gentleman, who, seeing two bright-eyed eager boys staring in at a window on the Christmas serials, invites them to walk in and choose a book apiece for themselves. That is a kind of Christmas-box which a kind-hearted stranger might offer and any lad accept. There is a similar old gentleman who, in the plenitude of his Christmas feelings, is regaling some lads *ad libitum* with veal-pies and gingerbeer.

'Now, my boy,' said the old gentleman, 'what would you do with a new shilling if I gave it you?'

'I should save it, sir,' said the lad.

'Save it, you young miser,' exclaimed the old fellow; 'I am not going to give my money to be hoarded up.'

The boy was equal to the emergency, and at once expressed an entire readiness to convert it into mince-pies. The shilling was given, but I am afraid that boy's moral nature underwent a *bouleversement*.

Once I saw a gentleman offer a child a shilling.

‘No, thank you, sir; but I am very much obliged,’ was the answer.

‘It’s not enough,’ said the old gentleman. ‘I’ll make it a sovereign.’”

‘No, thank you,’ was again the answer. ‘My parents do not allow me to accept presents.’

Once I was at a restaurant where a bright intelligent waitress was giving change for a five-pound note. The customer, whose appearance was not prepossessing, pushed more than one sovereign towards her, and said,

‘You had better keep the change.’

The girl coloured up.

‘Indeed, sir, I should feel that I had quite lost my independence if I took so much money.’

‘Perhaps you will not object to my change?’ I said, proffering the magnificent amount of threepence-halfpenny.

‘Thank you very much,’ she answered. ‘I do not object to coppers, though I do to gold.’

Once I went into a little shop to get a shave. Those were the days of the old shaving heresy, from which I am now happily liberated. I used to pay a shilling to be frightfully mangled, but a friend put me up to a plan whereby I got a clever, clean, comfortable shave for the ridiculously low sum of one penny. My barber was a merry little fellow, reminding me of him celebrated by Beaumarchais and Rossini. With him there was a tall man, with hungry eyes and juicy lips, having a decided smack of the transpontine actor. As the

little barber, after a few seasonable remarks, commenced operations, the big fellow said,

‘It will be something like a Christmas goose.’

‘It is a goose, sir,’ said the barber, ‘that I’ve had my eye on for the last seventeen weeks, and have paid up for every Saturday,’ said the barber.

‘Our friend here had better come in and have a cut,’ said the tall man.

‘By all means, cut and come again,’ said the cheerful little barber.

‘What’s the damage?’ I inquired, not that I had the least idea of coming in, but I thought that the remark called for an answer.

‘Damage! There’s no damage at all,’ said the cheerful barber. ‘Anybody that likes comes into my shop on Christmas-day and has a cut of goose.’

‘You see, sir,’ said the tall man, ‘he does it to extend his connection. It is quite worth his while to spend a pound or so to give a free dinner to his friends once in a way. They remember it all the rest of the year. It keeps the business together.’

Now it so happened that on the Christmas afternoon I was in the neighbourhood of my little barber. I had kept up to the intention of the Church of England, and had gone to Lincoln’s Inn Chapel to listen to the glorious Christmas music, what time the shadows were deeply falling, and the majority of my fellow-creatures were in a state of roast beef and plum-pudding. I thought that I might as well look up the little barber.

His notion was of such universal Christmas hospitality that it took my fancy hugely. So I dropped in at my club and saw the steward, a most obliging fellow, who accommodated me with a bottle of champagne and one of port; and not being due at my own dinner-party till seven in the evening, I dropped in at the little shop and proposed to study the condition of the people under a new point of view.

My barber looked a little aghast when he found himself taken at his word. But he was a man and a brother, and did not in the least rescind his hospitality. It is true that, for the purpose of facilitating operations on the goose, he had tucked up his shirt-sleeves; and some of his friends, which included the big fellow, put their knives into their mouths and made noises like beasts at feeding time. But they were sharp-witted keen Londoners, and their vigorous talk soon interested me. Moreover, there was a beautiful old lady, the barber's grandmother; and a very beautiful well-mannered girl, the barber's daughter. Her father told me that she was lady's-maid; and, as far as kind manners and grace and good sense went, she had herself a good deal of the countess about her. In fact she had been some six or seven years with 'my lady,' who seemed to have treated her more as a friend and companion than as a servant. Then there was a gentleman, by whom I was greatly impressed, who promulgated a large number of opinions on a great variety of subjects with a clear finality of tone, who, I felt, ought really to

have a seat in Parliament. It seemed that he was a waiter in some large tavern, where he frequently stood behind the chair of great men; and being an imitative kind of animal, he caught their opinions, and their way of expressing those opinions. The dinner was as good a dinner—in fact I defy you to beat that plum-pudding for lusciousness—as you would find on multitudes of tables in society, though deficient in plate and linen, and with another kind of conversation and ideas. My barber was as cheery as if the great barber interest had not received the deadly blow of the beard-and-moustache movement, while the waiter and the lady's-maid were my admiration. I produced my champagne and port, which proved an agreeable addition to the beer and strong waters. They opened up their minds to me in the most agreeable way, even the actor confidentially owning that he had an eye on the lady's-maid; and the real respect and deference which they threw into this freedom was really fine manners. It was noticed that evening, at the party to which I went, that I did not make a very good Christmas dinner. It must be put down to the goose.

Now and then I have had some odd experiences at Christmastide. It is the time of the most frightful contrasts between those who have and those who have not. Reader, always make a point of supporting Christmas treats for refuges, hospitals, and workhouses. One of those wintry afternoons a gentlemanly Frenchman stopped me in the street. He was in urgent, but happily only in temporary, distress. Could I accom-

modate him with a small loan? I said something civil about the courtesy which I had in my time received from Frenchmen, and did 'my possible.' He took my address, and promised to communicate with me. No communciation has hitherto come to hand. I should have been glad to have had a line from him, if only to say that he had nothing to say. One wintry afternoon a poor woman begged from me. She told a gruesome tale. Not having the fear of the Charity Organization Society before me, I believed it, and I relieved her. I believe that there is such a thing as the lore of the human heart, the lore of the human countenance, which tell a man, who tries to cultivate this kind of instinct, of the reality or non-reality of such cases. I took down the address; and though I really had no doubt of the matter, I thought I would verify her statement. The address was accurate, and every sad detail was strictly true. Burrowing about in those courts and alleys I came upon the traces of a gentleman who was doing the same thing in a much more efficient way—with pockets crammed with groceries, which he distributed to the old women. I found he was a man of high birth, and a member of Parliament. He certainly set a very good example of one way in which a man may go about the streets at Christmastide.

One hears very curious stories about stumbling against people in the streets. In the waning afternoon light a near-sighted gentleman stumbled against that well-known individual, Mr. John Smith of London.

‘Ah, my dear Jones, how are you?’ exclaimed the near-sighted man, stretching out both his hands.

‘I beg your pardon, sir,’ was Smith’s answer. ‘You have the advantage of me. My name is not Jones.’

Then came the raising of the hat and the hurried apology. Now it so oddly happened that the same men encountered each other an hour or two later in a totally different part of London.

‘Ah, my dear Jones,’ exclaimed the near-sighted man, ‘I am so truly glad to see you. I met an old bear this morning whom I mistook for you.’

‘I beg your pardon, sir,’ said Mr. John Smith, with much dignity. ‘I am not Jones, I am only the old bear.’

Let me here give a curious incident which happened to myself. On one of these Christmastide evenings, a day or two before the New Year, I accidentally stumbled upon a man who was under the impression that he knew me. Several times has this sort of occurrence happened to me. If I may digress for a moment, the same event happened to me once when abroad under very agreeable circumstances. I was about to take a ticket from Forbach to Paris. On looking at my purse, to my dismay I found that my coin had unaccountably thinned down. There was not enough to take me on to Paris. Then at this moment a hand was thrust forward belonging to a gentleman who was my *vis-à-vis* in the omnibus, and a manly voice exclaimed,

‘Don’t you know me?’

‘No, I don’t.’

‘Don’t you really?’ in an astonished voice. ‘I am Jones of Wadham.’

‘Jones of Wadham!’ I exclaimed, grasping his hand. ‘How d’ye do, old man? Can you lend me some money?’

‘With pleasure!’ exclaimed Jones of Wadham, producing his purse; and I forthwith extracted what I wanted, which was honestly returned.

Another gentleman whom I met in London greeted me with effusion.

‘Mr. Bobus,’ he was good enough to say, ‘I am so delighted to meet you once more.’

‘You are very kind; but upon my honour I do not remember ever to have set eyes upon you before.’

‘O yes, you do. I was a fellow commoner at Trinity; and you dined one day at our high table at audit-time, and we got on very well together.’

It suddenly flashed across my mind that possibly that audit ale might have had something to do with it. Anyhow it is impossible to resist the kindness of a man who volunteers his acquaintance in a cheery manner and from the kindest motives.

‘Now, look here, my friend,’ he continued, ‘I am off to the Continent to-morrow. Going to spend the winter in India, for the sake of the climate and of shooting some large game. Come and dine with me at my aunt’s. She has the Austrian ambassador dining there,

and two or three people whom you would like to meet.'

It so happened that I had no engagement that evening, at least none that I could not throw over. I keep a locker at the club, and while my friend was imbibing a glass of sherry, I arrayed myself in evening costume.

We drove rapidly; and the hansom stopped at the door of a big house in a big square. My friend hurried me up to his room, the picture of magnificent comfort, with a bright fire burning in the grate. He showed me his guns and revolvers, his ammunition and gear, and some of his letters of introduction. He sketched out his intended route, and had something to say about other men who had done the same sort of thing. When the second dinner-bell rang and we went down-stairs, he had omitted to tell me the name of his aunt. He mentioned, however, that she only had the house for a season, and taken it from Lord —, somebody whose name I lost.

The dinner was simply magnificent. Like the rest of the world, I sometimes sit at great tables; but I have always put down this dinner as the most sumptuous that ever came within my experience. Nothing was too good for the Austrian ambassador, and nothing too good for the nephew, who was going to start for India the first thing the next morning. There were one or two stars and ribbons. My new friend, or my old friend—which ever it is best to call him—naturally engrossed a

very large part of the conversation, and so did a brilliant little flirt on my left, who condescended to waste on me a good deal of small artillery. There was not much talk. In about five minutes we went into the drawing-room; and remembering the travelling preparations, and the family talk impending, I took an early leave. I have since recognized the man with the order as a great political earl now no more. From that day to this I have never seen my friend. I went a day or two afterwards to leave my card, but found that I had no distinct recollection of the place or the people. I could not 'spot' the exact house; I could not even recollect whether it was Grosvenor-square or Belgrave-square. I am morally certain that it was one of the two. This has always struck me as the most curious of my experiences in the streets at Christmastide. The only person who could shed any light on this little social mystery would of course be the Austrian ambassador; but his excellency has long left the Court of St. James's, and his high post is held by another very distinguished personage.

SUSSEX DOWNS AND VILLAGES.

I PROPOSE, right trusty and entirely beloved reader, to say certain things concerning the downs and villages of Sussex. I may at least claim to write with some fulness of love and experience in the matter. For many a mile, on various occasions, have I traversed those downs; on many a summer day I have threaded the shady lanes, and passed over the broad meadows, and visited the quiet little villages that nestle in their combes, or fringe these coasts, or lie amid the woodlands. I would advise the jaded Londoner, as he rushes off to Brighton, to stop on his road, and refresh both mind and body amid these noble hills and quiet resting-places. Often in my wanderings I have met the Brightonian, whether resident or visitor, on horseback or afoot, wandering in this unconventional rustic region, joyfully exchanging the monotonous beach and league-long line of terraces for the sweet simplicity of as true an Arcadia as may be found in rural England. I think of the wits and worthies who have delighted in these landscapes and seascapes. Honest old Cobbett jogs by on his horse, making his shrewd observations on man

and beast. Bright-eyed Shelley amuses himself on the biggest Sussex hills, or wanders forth a very Alastor, breathing the 'spirit of solitude.' The grave, patient, tender White, from his own Selborne, comes forth year after year, and thinks that in the subalpine conformation of the downs we have the true lines of the highest Swiss beauty. Learned Southey walks the heights till the gloom of evening wraps him round, and descends to the village where his son-in-law was rector. The Baroness Bunsen writes—'I had a very home feeling in seeing the little Sussex hills, the whole country little waves, as you remember, with deep narrow dells; and the hedgerows promised me the sight of primroses in the spring.' Dr. Mantell made his great geological discoveries in these regions, once full of tropic forests and the vastest fauna and flora of primeval ages. The reader is of course acquainted with the rough general configuration of the county—the line of seacoast, the fringe of fields and uplands, the range of downs, and the broad expanse of weald stretching onwards to the distant hills. The downs extend some seventy miles from Beachy Head into Hampshire, with their green sheep-walks, chalky cliffs, the thin, elastic, but withal rich thymy herbage, the circular ponds, the isolated clumps of trees, the hundreds of shepherds and the hundred thousands of sheep. 'In their sweet undulations,' says the late Mark Anthony Lower, the enthusiastic antiquary whose labours have shed a flood of illustration over Sussex

archæology, 'there are continually changing curves and indents, which, vary as they may—from the precipitous valley, down which a confident horseman would scarcely urge his coursers, to the gentle declivity where the most delicate lady (in imitation of the fairies which of old haunted it) might dance—are always lines of beauty, such as we confidently believe have nowhere else an existence, except perhaps in some graceful island group in the Pacific.'

Sussex forcibly recalls the description which Thucydides gives of Attica—the men of the plain, the men of the hills, and the men of the seaboard. The downs run as a natural barrier from east to west. People on either side good-humouredly talk of their Cisalpine or Ultramontane brethren. The downs as you approach from the north have a finer appearance than from the seaboard, with their vast shadowy combs and steep escarpments. In this paper, as it will be convenient to assign some lines of limitation, I shall almost entirely deal with West Sussex, exhorting my readers, however, when staying at such convenient places as Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, and Eastbourne, carefully to work up all the localities within their reach. In speaking of the downs, Beachy Head is a very convenient *terminus ad quem* or *terminus à quo*. It has a wonderful combination of natural and historical associations. This imposing headland, the beloved of artists, the shrine of tourists, though by no means the highest point, is the most famous and most striking.

Beachy Head, the extreme end of the downs, is the favourite resort from Eastbourne, which, on the whole, is the favourite summer watering-place of the Sussex coast, Brighton always excepted. Why it should be called Beachy Head is an open question, as there is no more beach here than anywhere else along the coast, if so much. A great deal might be said about Beachy Head, at the beginning or the end of a discussion on the downs. Close under the headland there is a curious cavern, where two chambers were once excavated by a worthy parson, partly for a philanthropic purpose, and partly that he might escape the stormy rhetoric of his *cara sposa*. In stormy weather he used to go here with his lantern, and hang out a warning light to vessels, and have a place of refuge in case they were shipwrecked. This was a great contrast to his unworthy parishioners, the wreckers of the coast. On one occasion the parson saved a dozen lives from a Dutch vessel; but on another occasion a vessel was wrecked by thrusting its prow into one of his excavated chambers, called the Parson's Nose. The headland has a dreadful name for shipwrecks and for battles. The samphire grows abundantly, and most welcome it has been to many a shipwrecked mariner, telling him that at last he has climbed above high-water mark. The seaboard of Sussex of late years has become famous for what is called shore-shooting. All the wildfowl of the coast seem to congregate on Beachy Head. It is curious that an immense number of the birds of the

downs and of the sea dash themselves against the Brighton lamps. As the downs retire inland, the wild-fowl desert them, and are succeeded by gentler broods, such as the wheatear—the English ortolan—which, at the proper season, may be largely purchased in the Brighton shops.

It is a wonderful relief when you are staying at Brighton to get away from the crowds and the glare to the downs and the cliffs. How prettily Fanny Kemble describes it in one of her letters! ‘I walked and ran along the edge of the cliffs, gazing and pondering and enjoying the solemn sound and the brilliant sight, and the nervous excitement of a slight sense of fear as I peeped over at the depths below me. . . . The tide had not yet come in, but its usual height when up was indicated, first by a delicate waving fringe of seaweed like very bright green moss, and then, nearer in shore, by an incrustation of chalk washed from the cliffs, which formed a deep embossed silver embroidery along the coast as far as eye could see. The sunshine was dazzling, and its light on the detached masses of milky chalk which lay far beneath us made them appear semi-transparent, like fragments of alabaster or cornelian. . . . I think a fight with smugglers up that steep staircase at night, with a heavy sea rolling and roaring close under it, would be glorious! When I reached the top my father said it was time to go home; so we returned. The Parade was crowded like Hyde Park in the midst of the season; and when once I was out of the crowd,

and could look down upon it from our windows as it promenaded up and down, I never saw anything gayer : carriages of every description—most of them open—cavalcades of ladies and gentlemen riding to and fro, throngs of smart bonnets and fine dresses ; and beyond all this the high tide, with one broad crimson path across it thrown by the sun, looking as if it led into some enchanted world beyond the waters.'

There is one portion of the Sussex downs and villages with which the Brighton people are particularly well acquainted. I mean of course the Devil's Dyke and the villages lying beneath, especially Poynings, with its square embattled tower rising amid thick foliage. There is no road near Brighton more frequented than that which goes from the town to the Dyke. In the hunting season it is a great place for the meets. In the summer months there is often a regular stream of carriages and horsemen to the Dyke. Water is very scarce here, having to be brought from a great distance. The view is magnificent, extending for good eyes on a clear day to Windsor Castle and the Isle of Wight, over some dozen counties. The Brighton doctors are very fond of prescribing a ride on the downs to their patients. The pure exhilarating mountain air is the very best of tonics. Now in this village of Poynings there lives a clergyman of poetic mind, a grandson of Lord Chancellor Erskine, who has celebrated the Dyke and his own romantic village. I was highly interested by reading a MS. letter of Sir Walter

Scott greatly praising Mr. Holland's youthful Muse. He commemorates both church and Dyke in descriptive sonnets, one of which may be here quoted :

‘Mount of the verdant brow and sunlit smile,
O'erlooking, on one hand, the distant weald,
And, on the other, Ocean's burnished shield
By numerous banks embossed ; with pile to pile
Of kindred downs long-linked in wavy file,
Engirding hamlet, wood, demesne, and field !
Such varied charms thy diverse prospects yield,
The toil-worn traveller's languor to beguile.
Nor less the joy of those who from below
Gaze towards thy summit, swept by venturous cars,
And trace the cloud-rack mirrored in the glow,
Or scan at eve thy coronal of stars.
Thus, height magnetic, long as Time endure,
The champaign's boast, the haven's cynosure !’

Much of the beauty of Poynings is to be found in the gardens of the rectory, a romantic dell, a mimic waterfall, and dense masses of foliage. It is pleasant after a hot day's work to rest within the shadow, and listen to ‘myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawns, and murmuring of innumerable bees,’ albeit Mr. Tennyson's ‘myriads of rivulets’ always struck me as involving a poetie lieense. The church may be regarded as a kind of eathedral of the downs. It is a cool spacious church, cruciform, and the square central tower is one of the landmarks of the weald. It has been in some measure restored, but requires still more ; and the Crown, which, in default of heirs, now possesses the ancient manor of the Barons de Poynings, has promised

to do its part. The Poynings title is one of the many borne by the Dukes of Northumberland. The castellated mansion was burnt down a century and a half ago; and still two ancient yews,

‘ Robed in sombre green,
Stern vigil hold o’er Poynings’ prostrate towers
And quaint dim courts immersed in orchard bowers.’

At Poynings you are far away from the railways—‘Thanks be,’ as the Wesleyan Cornish say. You can nowhere see a train or hear a whistle. Now, instead of going over that well-worn road to Brighton, let me indicate the road I took to rejoin the line, and so be in the middle of everything. It takes us by fine old parks and ‘places.’ Notice in the lanes, what you now see very seldom in England, the patient oxen drawing their heavy burdens. The miry lanes of the weald of Sussex were once the very worst in the whole of England, and in the winter season they have not lost their claim to that high distinction. You return through Newtimber, through well-timbered lanes which form a natural leafy cluster. The sound of a stream, hid away in dense foliage, is heard. The old Place is encircled by a moat, which in one part spreads out into lake-like dimensions. A ‘private road’ conducts the wanderer into Danny Park. It is called ‘private,’ but one of the oldest inhabitants assured me that the right of way has been always contested. As, however, the road is rather of that kind which runs from a place nobody comes from to a place to which nobody ever

goes, it is obvious that the question is hardly worth litigation. There is a right of way through Danny Park, which is a delightful ramble, leaving the fine old mansion on the left. It is worth your while to go half a mile out of your way to see the very interesting old village of Hurstpierpoint, and its fine church, mainly due to the munificence of the Borrer family, which almost alone of the Sussex county churches is open to all comers all day long. Hassock's Gate is the nearest station here; or you might skirt Clayton Priory, with some picturesque peeps at St. John's Common, and come out at Burgess Hill, which has a 'spick-span new station' for a locality which might almost be called a spick-span¹ new town—a strong contrast to the quiet old-world down villages, and which has the solitary tall chimney, connected with pottery works, which is to be found in all Sussex.

But we have further wanderings in the combe villages. One of these is appropriately called Comber. The population is about seventy. It lies in a deep hollow, in the heart of the mighty hills, and all around it is a thick environment of trees. The little villages in the combes and hollows of the downs are all quaint, picturesque, and interesting. Just let me note a few which I have explored more or less. There is Pyecombe—the combe as usual denotes the valley—which includes Wolstonbury, the highest or highest but one of the downs. A very primitive place is Pyecombe. I met a worthy individual, who had lived all her life

there, and had never been to the Devil's Dyke, two miles off. There was an English settler who lived three miles from the Falls of Niagara, and came home from America without once seeing them. Wolstonbury Down will show you what a down can be. You have to descend the escarped side by ladderlike steps cut out of the chalk. Let me here gratefully commemorate a certain little grove which I found near Wolstonbury in this parish of Pyecombe. Here I conducted a happy picnic-party one hot day. As a rule the downs are perfectly treeless, and you cannot have a picnic unsheltered from the burning sun. If you can only combine shelter with the fresh air and immense views, then you have things in perfection. This is what I had near Wolstonbury Beacon—for beacon-fires have often been lighted on the summit of this down—and in Pyecombe parish. For a similar combination you must go some dozen miles off to Chanctonbury Ring, which is still more famous; and the great resort of the Worthing people. Now it is a curious fact that this Pyecombe, though it stands so high and has a chalky soil, used to suffer dreadfully from the plague, and has also suffered from cholera. There was a certain Mr. Hollingdale, who once had a farm, and now has a monument in the parish, who had an undisguised aversion to the plague. He excavated a cave for himself a mile off, where he took up his abode; but returning home too soon he caught the infection, and died. There is a fearful mysterious story connected

with the slopes of the southern downs, which is centred at Pyecombe. Some gentlemen returning home about one o'clock in the morning from a shooting-party at Newtimber—it must have been from a dinner after the shooting-party—came upon the dead body of a man whom they knew. It was a spot on the road running up into the downs, a spot where the road has a strong rise in it. The body was that of a Brighton brewer, who some weeks before had received an anonymous letter warning him that there was an intention to rob him the next time that he took his business journey to Horsham. His return journey to Brighton was traced from one toll-bar to another, and the gate-keepers, knowing his hours, were expecting him. He had passed Terry's Crossgate about three miles from Henfield, and would be due at the lonely Dale's Gate, three miles beyond, shortly afterwards. He was found killed and robbed on a road skirting a field ominously called 'Deadways Field.' An inquest was held at the Plough Inn, Pyecombe; but the murderer was never discovered. Curiously enough, seven years after, the dead man's watch was found in a neighbouring pond. There are cruel tragedies associated with some of the loveliest localities. It would be possible to draw up a formidable list of Sussex murderers, although it should be said in fairness that most other counties make a still larger show.

Sussex was famous for its smugglers. In fact smuggling was a recognized branch of industry. I have

heard of the best people in the county who had made a reputable fortune through smuggling. About twenty years ago a Sussex author, speaking of Sussex smuggling, says, 'It would be improper to enter into any details which might involve the character of those still alive.' Their old caves and retreats are still pointed out. Under the arch that is supposed to separate Hastings from St. Leonards there was once something very like a regular battle between the king's men and the smugglers. A great deal of false glamour has been shed by painters and novelists on the subject of smuggling. The Sussex smugglers were often a terrible crew, shrinking from nothing in their lawless pursuits. They sometimes became pirates and murderers. The Hawkhurst gang was especially infamous. Hawkhurst is in Kent; but the chief members of the gang were Sussex men. They seized on a Custom-house officer who had borne witness against them, flogged him to death, and buried him in a hole on the downs. Mr. Sargent, the uncle of two young ladies who became the wives of Bishop Wilberforce and Cardinal Manning, was shot by a pond-side near Midhurst. The other day, taking a walk near Chichester, I came to what is called 'The Murderer's Stile.' A soldier, intending to shoot an officer, slew a stranger who was carelessly lounging at a stile in the lonely lane.

Thus the trail of the serpent is over the softest, most pastoral, and sweetest scenery in old England. Only I exempt the stalwart simple-minded Sussex shepherds

from complicity in this evil. They correspond simply and admirably to the downs and the weald, as truly Arcadian in their way as the Westmoreland statesmen or the shepherds of the Yorkshire wolds and glens. Such a book as Mr. Fleet's *Glimpses of our Ancestors* brings clearly before us the Sussex countryfolk, and especially the shepherd race. Very little variety was there in their monotonous life. A sheep-shearing would be a great occasion, although there are not many shepherds who can shear. The shearers would form regular companies, and have matches against one another. Forty or fifty thousand sheep have been known to be 'washed' at a time. The birds form the greatest excitement in a shepherd's life. He could earn almost as much as his regular wages by catching wheatears, only he often found that the hawks had been before him and done great harm. The shepherd was cunning in the matter of plovers' eggs. He could sometimes snare a hare, and much oftener a rabbit. The bustard lingers longest on these Sussex downs.

Let us look at one or two more of the villages inhabited by this race of simple folk. Chanctonbury Ring, with its coronal of trees, belongs to the down parish of Washington. The scenery in this parish is extremely fine. In 1866 one of the rustics had the good fortune to turn up a vessel containing three thousand pennies, which must have lain in the ground ever since the battle of Hastings. They got among the villagers, and half a pint of coins would be sold for

a quart of beer. Ditchling is the highest of the downs. In fine weather you may see the Isle of Wight and the Surrey hills. In this down village there was a Jew pedlar murdered, and his murderer was gibbeted here. On this down, as on various others, there are found the remains of a Roman camp. The parish extends five miles into the weald. A Jew pedlar was gibbeted in this parish, who went into a public-house and murdered the innkeeper, his wife, and his servant. It will be observed that the parishes on the north of the downs have narrow bases, and expand like the ribs of a fan. The object was that the church, parsonage, and squire's mansion should have the shelter of the downs, and should be near one another for mutual aid and comfort. Findon is a very lovely 'down parish.' It has an unusual amount of underwood, furze, and juniper. Very near is Cissbury, with its famous earthworks. In fact the Romans seized all the heights for their earthworks, but probably enough the Britons had used them in the same way before. All this scenery reminds me of Aaron Hill's quaint phrase, 'wildly noble and irregularly amiable.' Firle is another of these Sussex down villages. It is called West Firle, but it is a matter of pleasing conjecture where any East Firle may happen to be. Pretty nearly the whole parish belongs to Lord Gage, and it is a peculiarly neat-looking village. Among some good pictures is one of a certain Dame Penelope Darcy, who had three lovers at once, who used to quarrel a great deal over her. She is reported

to have pacified them by declaring that if they would only be patient she *would marry them all in their turns*, which she accordingly did. But I must guard myself against the pleasing subjects of the manor-houses and palaces of Sussex, which might well furnish room for a separate article.

Let me now say something of some secluded Sussex villages which I have lately visited, partly to revive old impressions or gain fresh ones, and partly having the friendly readers of this article in my mind's eye. It will only be an act of courtesy if we make the capital of the county our starting-point, the cathedral city of Chichester. I do not discuss the local lions, such as they are, nor yet the lovely villages in the north, east, and west, nor yet the park and racecourse of Goodwood, familiar enough to the thousands of Londoners who once a year make an immigration into Chichester, and turn the quiet little place topsy-turvy, almost frightening the Dean and Chapter out of their propriety. Let us go to Bosham, if only for the reason that no one ever goes there, except one or two sensible artists. *Murray*, who is particularly strong on the subject of Bosham, deters visitors by saying that the ride cannot be recommended on the score of beauty or interest. To my mind every high-road is dull, but one is not obliged to go by the high-road. I went along a lovely meadow path, and then through Mr. Baring's oak wood, and so through broad leafy lanes upon Bosham.

To archæologists the church is one of the most im-

portant in Sussex; but the place itself was to me as interesting as the church. The sea runs inland, forming a natural harbour of broad lake-like appearance. On the shore is a simple unsophisticated little fishing village. It is sometimes said that every available site for a watering-place in Sussex has been seized by the builders, and the whole coast is fringed by villas for lodgings. But here there are a simple fisher-folk, treading their even path from year to year, on weekday occupying their business in the great waters, and on Sunday going to their ancient famous church, beneath the dense masses of foliage, or proceeding up the avenue, which is so often a pleasing feature in the churches of this county. So lake-like is the harbour that one of the chief landed proprietors wanted to build a mole across it to reclaim part as land; but the attempt failed, which is hardly to be regretted. There is some shipbuilding in the harbour, but not of much size, as the bar only draws some thirteen feet of water. The fishermen do not go so far as their Brighton brethren, who will be off to the Cornwall coast for pilchards, and on the eastern coast for herring fisheries. By the way, let it be said for the Brighton fishermen that they form the most genuine remains of ancient Brighthelmstone: a little liable, perhaps, to be spoilt by visitors, but still daring, industrious, and courageous, and affording a remarkable contrast to fashionable modern growths of every kind. These Bosham fishermen generally ply their fishing in

mid-Channel or on the opposite coast of France. Sometimes they go ashore and fraternize with their Gallic neighbours, or may bring home ribbons and wines that may be innocent of paying tribute to her Majesty. Near the harbour are two freshwater meres, which give good fishing in summer and good skating in winter. The shadowed path runs between the mere and the mill-stream, and brings you right in front of the famous venerable church, which is situated close to the shore of the creek or inlet known as Bosham Harbour. The erudite reader will hardly need to be reminded of the historical importance of this sheet of water. It was from Bosham Harbour that King Harold sailed on that ill-omened visit to William Duke of Normandy, which is immortalized in the pages of the late Lord Lytton and Mr. Freeman. He is represented with hawk on wrist entering the church, before sailing, to perform his devotions. The church is represented on the famous Bayeaux tapestry, and the very first picture of that tapestry represents 'Harold and his Knights riding towards Bosham.'

It is said that Bishop Wilfred of York, in the time of the Venerable Bede, came down to the Sussex shore, and found at Bosham, encircled by woods and by the sea, a small religious house, which seemed a religious fortress in the midst of Saxon heathenness. This probably formed part of a college with some prebendal churches attached. Much of the present church is undoubtedly Saxon, and perhaps some of it

is Roman. The chancel-arch and the tower are the joy and pride of Sussex archæologists. There was always a tradition that King Canute's daughter died here when visiting Earl Godwin, who had a castle in this place. This tradition had the usual lot of being discredited. But in 1865 the present vicar, Mr. Mitchell, discovered a stone coffin in a vault, containing the remains of a child about eight years old. Careful drawings of it have been made. We ought especially to remember the bells of Bosham, as famous in their way as the bells of Bottreaux. It is said that the Danes carried off the bells; but a storm arose ere the vessels were half-way down the creek, and the weight of the bells sank them in the water. There have been visionary people even at Bosham, who have imagined that in the evening breeze they have heard the tollings of the bells beneath the waters. I will only here mention that if the tourist will keep westward along the coast, he will come to the last village of Sussex, Westbourn, where there are also an arm of the sea, a fine church, and a fine avenue of yew-trees.

Midhurst will be a place full of special interest to many, owing to its associations with Mr. Cobden. In the recent *Life of Sir Joshua Walmesley* there are several of Cobden's letters from Midhurst. 'I am leading the life of a hermit here, entirely out of the world, without any companions or acquaintances beyond my own family circle. We are in a thriving way; the children are as wild as young lambs in April. . . . The

two little pigs have duly reached us, and promise to be a good addition to our Sussex stock. Many thanks for them. . . . We are rusticating in this quiet nook, to which I confess I become more and more attached—a proof, I suppose, of one's declining energies.' But he is still capable of bursting out into a little invective, as when he writes, 'That old desperado, Palmerston, is cheered on in his mad career by his turtle-fed audiences.' Many tourists go to Lavington to see the last home of honest Cobden.

Cowdray, near Midhurst, is eminently worth visiting. It is in the leafiest and most secluded part of Sussex. 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, when he visited Cowdray from Brighton, 'I should like to stay here twenty-four hours. We see how our ancestors lived.' Queen Elizabeth came here in one of her progresses. The Sunday breakfast on that occasion included, *inter alia*, three oxen and one hundred and forty geese. The tourist will not fail to notice the wonderful contrast between the downs and the weald—the bare simplicity of the downs, where, as Johnson said, you could not find a tree to hang yourself on, and the wealth of woods in the weald. The combination of the two is admirable, and the summer tourist is able to realize the legend beneath Poussin's famous picture, 'Et ego in Arcadia.'

Here let me trace out another very pleasant expedition. We go to Haywards Heath, almost the centre of the county, and a very convenient railway centre. Properly speaking, we are in the parish of St. Wilfred,

St. Wilfred being the great Sussex saint. A pleasant walk takes us to the pleasant village of Lindfield. You will notice the spacious common and the large ponds; the presence of so many makes up for the scanty riverage. It is the picture of a quiet Sussex village. There are some exquisite archæological bits in the neighbourhood. From Lindfield some delightful expeditions may be mapped out. You might go on to Horstead Keynes, rich in the literary associations of good Archbishop Leighton, who spent the last years of his life here, and the Rev. Giles Moore, who is the best of some half-dozen Sussex diarists, who have made up a quaint delicious literature of their own. Or you may go on to West Hoathley, where another and the quaintest of all the diarists lived. In any case, we go on past Pax Hill. I should here mention that there is a very interesting paper on Pax Hill and its neighbourhood in the eleventh volume of the *Sussex Archæological Collections*. Pax Hill, Mr. Sturdy's place, is now one of the most imposing houses in the country, and has received considerable additions since this paper was written. It marks a point in the history of Elizabethan household architecture, when, law and land being settled, the fortress character was abandoned, and the grand old Elizabethan mansion, with its vast hall and immense kitchens, became established. A great deal has been said about the fare of old days, romancists of the cheerful school representing the land as overflowing with milk and honey, while the archæologists

contend that our forefathers had no fresh meat for more than half the year, but were compelled to have their beef and mutton salted like our present pork and bacon. But the English country house of the old days, such as Pax Hill, had three great sources of feeding, which, at the present time, are almost disregarded, but which, as the resources of an increasing population become more severely taxed, might be advantageously revived. The country gentleman used to have his stews or fish-ponds. If he had not the fish of the deep sea to offer, he had tench, eels, and carp, which can be made into appetizing dishes. He had his warrens, which gave him an unlimited supply of rabbits; and at the present day I have met people who have made little fortunes out of rabbit-warrens. Then he had his dovecot, or *columbarium*, which in Sussex was looked on as a great supply of food of a most agreeable character. The dovecot at Lewes had no less than 2500 cells for pigeons. The first inhabitants of Pax Hill were the great Sussex family of the Wilsons, from which comes the family of Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, owning the delightful old country house of Old Charlton. The Wilson family were established in Yorkshire in the thirteenth century, and one of them, while still a layman, was made Dean of Durham. Pax Hill, I should say, is charmingly placed, and the noble interior has some of the finest carving in the county.

Our tourist will probably go on to Ardingley. In

this and several other Sussex villages he may see one of the most important social and educational organizations. This is the corporation of the schools and societies of St. Mary and St. Nicholas, Lancing. Amid the secluded leafiness of Ardingley there rises a mass of school-buildings known as St. Saviour's, which will shortly give accommodation to one thousand boys. It is intended for the sons of poor gentlemen, small farmers, mechanics, and others of small means. The charge is only fifteen guineas a year for board and education. At Lancing there is a public school which may successfully vie with most of the great public schools. At Hurstpierpoint, which we visited just now, but at some distance from the village, is St. John's School, with the appearance of an Oxford or Cambridge college. *Murray* wisely recommends the tourist to see St. John's. The chapel is magnificent; and the whole building of the Gothic of Edward III.'s time. It would be possible to mention some half-dozen institutions which are affiliated to the Lancing corporation. It is not too much to say that there is a regular network of these schools all over the county of Sussex. The education is precisely that of the great public schools, with that degree of religious earnestness thrown in which has marked Eton since the days of Bishop Selwyn. In these high-priced days of education, such instruction would be absolutely unattainable, unless very large sums had been raised for building and starting the schools. There are some sporadic schools of the kind

in other parts of the country, but Sussex is their home and peculiar domain.

Lastly, if one might take up another class of villages, I would mention the forest villages. Formerly Sussex was one huge forest, at least beneath the downs, and there are still large stretches of genuine forest, such as are not often to be seen in England. Continuing our journey from Ardingley, we turn aside to Rockhurst, where amid a perfect wilderness we meet with an extraordinary group of rocks—not two or three, as most guide-books say, but some thirty or forty altogether. It is well worth a journey from London to examine these vast rocks. The most curious stone of all is one called ‘Big upon Little,’ very like the Logan Rock in Cornwall, and not of inferior interest. The scenery of all this sandstone district is very well deserving of study. It is like the best part of the scenery around Tunbridge Wells. Worth Forest is part of that great Andreswood which once covered all Sussex north of the downs, the name most probably signifying ‘the uninhabited region.’ The tourist should make for Worth church, the centre of this fine woodland district, and on his way he had better get a glance at Sir Curtis Lawson’s fine place at Rowfant. The exquisitely sylvan appearance of Worth church, with myriad trees dotted over the broad country, many of them oaks of a thousand years, is very charming. But the ecclesiologist knows that he is at one of the most interesting spots in England. It is said to be the only perfect specimen

extant of the ground-plan of an Anglo-Saxon church—cruciform, with nave, transepts, chancel, and circular apse; the huge square-cut stones cemented with rubble, the stringcourse of stones carried all round the walls at half their height, bandings supposed to be imitated from the early wooden churches of the primeval forest. The church is perhaps the work of some Saxon earl, who, while hunting the forest for the ‘wild deer,’ also raised a house of prayer, where he and his huntsmen might worship God in the solitude of the woods.

Going eastward, we see the vast panorama of Ashdown Forest from the nobly-placed town of East Grinstead. Brambletye House—the station is Forest Row—is a place which is well known to the novel-readers of the last generation as being the title of Horace Smith’s novel, one of the many novels based on the adventures of Charles II. and his return to England. It is by no means a bad novel of its kind, but there is extremely little local colour about it, hardly as much as Mr. Harrison Ainsworth’s parallel story of *Ovingdean*. All that Horace Smith practically tells us is, ‘Brambletye House stands upon the extreme borders of Ashdown Forest, in the county of Sussex. It came into the possession of the Comptons towards the beginning of the seventeenth century; and from the arms of that family impaling those of Spencer still remaining over the principal entrance, with the date 1631 in a lozenge, it is conjectured that the old moated edifice which had hitherto formed the residence of the

proprietors was abandoned in the reign of James I. by Sir Henry Compton, who built the extensive and solid baronial mansion commonly known by the name of Brambletye House. This massive structure is now a mass of ivy-covered ruins, though two centuries have not elapsed since its first stone was laid; while the venerated moated house in the vicinity remains in probably little worse condition than when it was deserted by Sir Henry.' In Ashurst Forest there is a deep secluded dell, in which dwell some few dozen folks seven miles away from any church. Nothing in the course of this expedition pleased me so much as Sackville College, a foundation slenderly endowed, but a living memorial of past ages, and with all the quaint details faithfully preserved. The main modern feature is the chapel, a perfect little gem in its way, by Butterfield. The foundation maintains a warden, five brethren, and eleven sisters. I was informed that the brethren and sisters got only fourteen pounds a year, and the warden a double allowance both of rooms and money—two rooms and twenty-eight pounds. He, however, is supposed to have the use of the fine old rooms called the Dorset Lodgings. In chapel and dining-hall, in old device, you are implored to 'pray for the Lord Dorset, his ladie, and his posterity.' Mason Neale, writer and translator of hymns, gave the name of Sackville College a wide currency; and I was sorry not to find any memorial of him in the college which he served so faithfully and loved so much.

If we take the western forest villages, we cross to the other side of the London and Brighton Railway. Three Bridges is a well-known station. Once the river Mole was crossed here by three wooden bridges, which are now consolidated into a single strong bridge. The district called Tilgate Forest comes between Worth Forest and St. Leonards Forest. You should see Slaugham, where there are the ruins of a great house which once owned lands 'from Southwark to the sea.' We have here one of the biggest of the big Sussex ponds. St. Leonards Forest, extending over 11,000 acres, has still some considerable remains. Once it abounded in 'wild boar, deer, grouse, hares, and other venerie.' The great lords who farmed the woodless downs also claimed a share in the wooded weald. The two Sussex streams, the Arun and Adur, have their chief springs in the forest. Most of the timber was burned down for the ironworks; but there are some 15,000 trees in the avenue called Mike Miles' Race. The lagoons called 'hammer-ponds' belonged to the ironworks. The best way of getting at the forest is from Horsham, a very pleasant head-quarters for summer excursions.

I trust, benevolent reader, that I have given you some of my own enthusiasm for this gracious and beautiful county. I have in my time travelled hundreds of miles that have not at all been better worth investigating. And this scenery lies at the very door of the Londoner. It will, indeed, take him less time

to go from London to the heart of Sussex than from one part of London to another. London has its own pleasant breathing-spaces, rich with lawn and flowers and timber, and its environment of greater beauty than any other European capital can boast. Pleasant also it is to run down to one or other of the Sussex watering-places, such as Brighton and Hastings. But it is possible, at a brief notice and within a brief while, to attain a still more thorough and invigorating change. It may involve some honest trudge, and may involve simpler fare and earlier hours than is our wont. But such journeys as I have indicated will bring us back to the simplest, most primitive rural life, will deepen our acquaintance with Nature, with unaltered forms of down and forest; and in many a byway, many a cottage and stately home, serve to bring us back in a measure to the England of the Stuarts, the Tudors, and the Plantagenets.

WALKING PARTIES.

I SUPPOSE that at this time of day it is hardly necessary to discuss the abstract advantages of walking. Of course I do not mean the lunacy of a thousand miles in a thousand hours, but honest, wholesome, rational walking. It is the contemplative man's recreation even more than fishing itself. It is the more lasting and the healthiest and cheapest of all recreations. You may walk down gout and a multitude of ills that flesh is heir to. Some people follow the silly rule that you should never walk if you can ride. The true principle is that you should never ride if you can walk. I expect that in the long-run the pedestrians beat the equestrians and carriage people out and out. I am sure that this is the case so far as regards scenery and science. The pedestrians can climb and descend cliffs, pass over stiles, wander in woods, find his way to choice nooks where the equestrian cannot follow, and where the carriage is altogether out of the question. You follow the path over the rocks which is only accessible on Shanks's mare. Then again you have

all the advantages of leisure. Your stay is little or long, just as you choose, and you are unfettered by the time-table, that drawback to our boasted civilization. Many people who are solitary in their walks at one time of life become gregarious afterwards. I very much admire the way in which Professor Tyndal and various members of the Alpine Club have taken solitary walks up Mont Blanc or Monte Rosa. There was a time when I delighted in solitary walks, was a true disciple of Zimmermann, and endeavoured to realize the fine old saying that a man should never be less alone than when alone. But when once a man has made the deplorable discovery of what nervousness means, there is an end to the intense pleasure of the lonely walk, and he prefers to take his pedestrian excursions in company. A passage in Charles Kingsley's writings quite spoilt my pleasure in mountain excursions. If you happened, he argues, when speaking of some mount or fell, to fall or break your legs, here you might lie until you were covered by the snows, or had your eyes plucked out by the birds. I know from my own experience that going over the Westmoreland mountains in the dark, even in the company of a most trusty friend, and when your nerves and your wind are not so good as they once were, becomes a trying experience to the amateur mountaineer. Indeed it is absolutely necessary in some kind of mountain travel that there should be a certain number in order to minimize danger and equably distribute their strength. In a party of

this kind it is necessary jealously to scrutinize the capabilities of each member. The deplorable catastrophe on the Matterhorn seems to have been caused by one gentleman entirely over-estimating his strength and capabilities. In hazardous country you had better do your walking in company, and in any country a walking party has many peculiar claims to be voted a good thing.

Of course the *personnel* of such a party must be carefully considered. The parties may be as small as two or may extend to any number. These, however, are extreme instances. We will therefore deal with our extreme instances before proceeding with the level averages. I was lately talking with a lady, the wife of a very distinguished man, who told me that she and her husband took long walking tours. They took no other luggage than what they could carry in their pockets for days together, sending on their traps to some central point, from which they diverged in their excursions. Though they had been married for years, they still had so much love for Nature and for each other as to make them look forward to these holidays as the great charm of the Long Vacation. I have met enterprising young couples with alpen-stocks and travelling-bags beginning married life as a walking party. Within the last twelvemonth a lady has written a book to tell how she and her husband have gone round the world, and another to describe all the drives they have taken. The most simple and natural way

of going out walking 'two by two,' the common case of a great multitude taking a walk together, is more and more coming into prominence. We know several archæological and natural-history societies where the pedestrian party is the great principle of the institution. In the summer there is a field-day once every week. The country is carefully mapped out, all the points of interest within walking distance are noted; the list is gradually cleared off, and when cleared off recommenced from the beginning. The members of these walking clubs become veritable Uhlans from their knowledge of geography and their skill in pedestrian strategy. Of course the members of such societies have their grand days occasionally, when they invite ladies, and give them champagne luncheons. But when they take their walks into distant villages, the wholesome general rule is not to go beyond the limits of bread-and-cheese and beer. At the universities the practical professors, such as those of geology or botany, often lead their pupils as a body into the country, and give lectures on rocks and plants, to the great astonishment of the bucolic mind that does not comprehend the reason of things. At the meetings of our great societies walking parties have come very much to the front in recent years.

A great deal of character is often brought out in a walking tour. A young lady once told me that, considering the awfulness of the long matrimonial voyage, she thought that a short trial trip should be

permitted. I do not know what her mamma would think of such a proposition, but the trial trip of a walking excursion often gives one a remarkable insight into character. If the expedition be of a very prolonged kind, it may break down, as in the case of Burton and Speke in Equatorial Africa. Here is an apt illustration.

Lord Shaftesbury, in his *Miscellaneous Reflections*, has the following amusing story—Three or four merry gentlemen came to a country where they were told they should find the worst entertainment and roads imaginable. One said, ‘The best expedient for them in this extremity would be to keep themselves in high humour, and endeavour to commend everything the place afforded! They commended every tolerable bit of road or ordinary prospect, and found reasons for the odd taste and look of things presented to ’em at table; they ate and drank heartily, and took up with indifferent fare so well that it was apparent they had wrought upon themselves to believe they were tolerably served. Their servants kept their senses, and said their masters had lost theirs.’ Lord Shaftesbury has, as may well be supposed, his own political or philosophical meaning, but, taking the story as it stands, it really gives us very good advice. It inculcates the great duty of cheerfulness, of making the very best of things; when you have not got what you want, making the very best of things that you have.

I do not wish to contest that time-honoured aphorism, that two are company and three are not. But there

are great advantages in the odd man. You are enabled to gratify either the solitary instinct or the social instinct, as may happen. There is great art in mixing your party properly. One man ought to be well read in the archæology or natural science of a district. Another ought to have the mind of a poet or the eye of an artist for scenery. Another ought to be a good practical man, skilled in ordering dinners and rooms, and in slanging fellows who fall out of rank.

It is to be borne in mind that if the walking party is large, the commissariat will require some attention. If you diverge out of the beaten path—and this ought always to be an object—you come upon country hospices which are quite unprepared for the incursion of tourists. The sensible tourist will be quite satisfied with bread-and-cheese and beer ; but in remote country districts, *eredit experto*, bad beer, bad cheese, and even bad bread are sometimes only to be found, and then only enough for one. The practical man of the party must look after these details, and be visited with a vote of no confidence if he does not look after them well. On the beaten routes you are always safe for plenty of ‘prog.’ It is an error, however, to order a dinner by telegraph. The hotel-keeper will think you grand people, and will prepare you a grand dinner, and you will have to pay grandly in consequence. Though you may make pretty safe about the board, you are not equally safe for the lodging. The whole pedestrian party may have to turn into a stable-loft.

They may have to lie on straw and be covered with ferns. There will be no toilet requisites for the dandy. But young men are speedily equipped. A plunge in the stream or in the lasher will set them pretty well right. Mr. Pickwick ordered wine for the good of the landlord, and drank brandy-and-water for his own. In these days, however, it is a discarded superstition that you are obliged to call for anything which you do not really want. It is in the evenings when you have had an honest day's trudge and a cheerful meal that the great charm of the walking party becomes apparent. Some weak-minded weak-legged individual—weak legs and weak minds often go together—may fall asleep, but the full tide of talk sets in among good fellows. The great difficulty is to get to bed. Thence will arise the corresponding difficulty of getting up. But those are delightful hours in which we live over again the scenes of the day, and perhaps go back to other days and other scenes. The flood of anecdotic reminiscence after a regular day's talk is very interesting. If you happen to be staying in a country town, it is not at all a bad plan to go into the bar or smoking-room of the hotel. You will find that all the leading characters of the place drop in, and you may soon gather up the moral topography.

I remember a man telling a curious story of an adventure that befell him and a friend on a walking tour. They were travelling in a lonely part of a seaside country. It so happened that they had looked up an

old map, when they found the words: 'Here liveth Squire Brown, and exerciseth hospitality.' It came into their heads that if Squire Brown still was extant they would give him an opportunity of exercising his somewhat primitive and barbaric virtue. They accordingly called one morning, map in hand, and found a very courteous, ruddy-faced old gentleman, who greeted them very hospitably, and said that he should be most delighted to be privileged to offer them hospitality. He himself was just going off to a coursing match, but he would order dinner and beds for them, and hoped that in every respect they would consider themselves at home. An offer so good was not to be refused, especially as Squire Brown's hall was in the midst of very fine and somewhat inaccessible scenery. They spent a very pleasant day, and enjoyed themselves very much, but their host did not turn up, and kept the whole household waiting for him. About three in the morning he came home, with a fine jovial expression, but very decidedly the worse for liquor. I am sorry not to conclude this little anecdote happily, but strong waters are not in accordance with the improved genius of the age, and his guests left him early next morning.

In these walking tours one often picks up interesting stories about the neighbourhood. Our practical man enacts the part of Andrew Fairservice in pointing out the different places and telling their private history. That house shrouded in woods—there is something

weird and wild about them—has a very sorrowful story. The young lady of the house was to elope from it. But the ladder (whether of rope, silk, or wood, I know not) broke, and the poor girl—it was a terrible anticlimax—fractured one of her limbs, and died of the injury. There is a much pleasanter story about another big house in the same neighbourhood. The estate was to be sold by an erratic old gentleman who had spent all his money. He opportunely owned a lovely daughter. There came a young gentleman, gallant and gay, to inspect the house and lands, and of course he married the young lady. So the dreaded sale never took place, and the lands remained in the ancient line. Here, again, is a big house which is widely known to all the beggars round. I have sometimes fancied that I have myself detected a peculiar mark on the gateway, a kind of private signal to the begging confraternity, that they are sure to get something for the asking. There is a very queer story told about that house.

There lived in this house a pleasant fine-hearted gentleman, who had read political economy, and had made up his mind that he would never give anything to a beggar. He agreed with Archbishop Whately, who used to say that though he had done many things which he ought not to have done, and had left undone many things which he ought to have done, he could truly say that he had never given a sixpence to a beggar. To have made the good Archbishop's apothegm perfect—he himself was one of the largest givers—he

ought to have added, 'without inquiry.' I can testify from my own experience that beggars very occasionally tell true stories and deserve to be relieved. This gentleman was sitting outside his house one summer evening in an easy-chair, smoking his cigar and partaking of some agreeable iced fluid. 'To him,' as they say in the plays, came up the British tramp, a rascal who has always some relieving points in a love of Nature and ingenious lying. He is closely akin to the regular, or rather very irregular, gipsy, who makes professional depredation on stray poultry, and, indeed, does not draw a particularly fine line in whatever he does. In going about the country you will often fall in with tramp or gipsy, and despite Matthew Arnold's lovely poem of the *Scholar Gipsy*, and Professor Wilson's personal experiences among them, and also that eminent legal gentleman who married one of the lot and had great reason to repent, I am, nevertheless, deliberately of the opinion that a little of the society of tramp or gipsy goes a long way. The cigar-smoking gentleman of whom I was speaking was a kind-hearted man; but he did not love tramps, and he did not believe in relieving beggars. The tramp told him that he was ill and starving; but it was impossible to tell through the fellow's swarthy complexion whether he was either the one or the other. He refused to give the fellow anything; and only repeated his refusal still more peremptorily when the man persisted in his begging.

'But you'll give me a penny, your honour?'

‘Not a single farthing.’

‘Perhaps you’ll give me some bread?’

‘And you’ll fling it away before you turn the next corner. I know you fellows, and I have known that done before now. I won’t give you anything!’

‘Then I’ll just lie down and die.’

‘All right. Do so, by all means. You are quite welcome.’

The squire finished his cigar, and turned in, leaving the man lying on the grass before his house. It is not every squire who would have allowed a tramp to do so much.

But when the squire looked out of his window in the morning, there was the stark, rigid, dead body of the tramp lying at his gates.

He was not to be blamed. He was not unkind, as I have said; and no human being could have suggested that the wretched tramp had told an awful truth.

To the squire the occurrence was a most severe shock. He made a vow that never again would he ever turn his back on any poor man. Any tramp, however transparent an impostor he might be, was never allowed to go away without at least a penny or a crust. So the house was marked and known by tramps as a place where at least something might be got, and it was accordingly honoured by a great variety of callers in that path of life.

On a home walking tour we came in sight of a beautiful house in a fair park.

‘That belongs to Lady Garnham, Lottie Verschoyle that was.’

‘But who’s her husband? I don’t remember any man of the name of Garnham.’

‘No; she is a baroness in her own right. There is rather a pretty story about her and her title.’

‘What is that?’

‘There is no harm in telling it, as nearly everybody knows it. Lottie Verschoyle was—it is now ever so many years ago—one of the most daring and handsome young women in the country; a splendid horsewoman. She also had a large fortune. This large fortune of hers did her no good, and, as so often happens, had made an old maid of her. She was always haunted by the suspicion, as all heiresses are, that the wooer is making up to the fortune and not to the lady. In those days a royal prince was always hovering about her. He declared he would marry her, whether the monarch would permit him or not.’

‘But what about the Royal Marriage Act.’

‘I believe you will find that the Royal Marriage Act does not prevent a marriage, but requires that a twelvemonth’s notice should be given to Parliament of the intention. The royal duke was really very anxious to marry Lottie, and as there was very little chance of his ever coming to the throne it was not likely that any difficulty would ever be raised. His royal highness was perfectly infatuated about Lottie. But he was a man very much out-at-elbows. Both

his character and his fortune were in a dilapidated condition. In vain he swore to pretty Lottie that he loved her for herself alone. Lottie did not believe a word of it. She was worth two hundred thousand pounds, and believed that was all that H.R.H. cared for. At last the Prince made her a regular offer in due form, and pressed it with the uttermost eagerness. Then the lady gave him a most direct and unhesitating rejection, and she dropped some expression which gave him to understand that she did not believe in the reality of the attachment which he professed.

Years passed by, and, almost quite unexpectedly, H.R.H. became king. He was happily married. He had outgrown the scandals of his earlier days. The gay Lottie had grown a middle-aged woman, and had never been able to relieve herself of the incurable suspicion that men only liked her for her money. One day the king wrote to her and desired her to fix an interview. It was a strange interview. She had outlived her charms and audacity of speech, and he was now a monarch as wealthy as he was mighty. The king told her that a painful impression had always dwelt upon his mind relating to their old days, and that now, looking back calmly on the past, he wished to tell her on his honour that he had acted from no mercenary motives, but had truly loved her for herself alone. The lady was greatly affected. She must have been more than human not to have been moved by the thought that she might

have been Queen of England. Then the king said that as a memorial of old days he wished to make her a peeress in her own right, which was done. Then they parted, and met no more. She died an old maid. Indeed, it was not likely that, having been within an ace of being queen, she would ever care for a marriage at a time of life when a mercenary motive would be suspected more than ever.'

My little essay has been so far like the sermons of Bishop Latimer, who used to interrupt his disquisitions by saying, 'I'll tell you a story.' I now revert to the didactic. A few points of practical detail may be noted. A party of four or six, in the hands of a practical man, ought to be able to effect some savings. If you are not too proud, you may on various occasions be able to strike a bargain. If you come to an uninteresting country you had better drive, and the expense, when distributed, becomes moderate. In my own pedestrian expeditions, whenever we have come to the head of a lake or the side of a navigable river, the rule has always been to take a boat and row down it, often for many miles at a time, an agreeable change. It is very pleasant to have ladies in the party; but, while anxious to avoid anything that may sound at all ungallant, the blunt truth is always best. The character of the walking tour is essentially altered if we are favoured with those lovely encumbrances. They will cause an additional outlay of both time and money. Of course they will indignantly repudiate the idea.

They can go wherever men can go, and their expenses will be much less than the expenses in which men indulge themselves. But practically men are much too gallant to permit this. There must be a pony-carriage to take the light luggage or any lovely traveller when fatigued, and we must order a better dinner with a little champagne for the sake of the ladies. The presence of ladies is a great improvement, but it entirely changes the character of the excursion. That notion of a basket-carriage is not at all a bad one, even for pedestrian tourists, to carry one's effects and give an occasional lift. This, however, interferes with the exact idea of a walking tour. Only it must be borne in mind that our walkers have, perhaps, separate tastes which claim indulgence. One man may have a great idea of qualifying himself as scientific; he may be making observations and taking sketch-maps. Another is an etcher. A third is a poet. So there may be a good deal of lagging on the road, and an occasional off-day. This must be made up for by an occasional forced march if the programme is to be carried out and the skeleton tour accomplished.

If it is necessary to plan your companionship well, it is equally well, it is equally desirable, to have the general object, details, and route carefully mapped out. All pedestrians may be divided into two classes—those who walk for walking sake, and those who walk for an object. I know people who say that they cannot walk unless they have something to go for and

somewhere to go to. Now I believe, to use Aristotelian language, that walking is an end-in-itself. I think, however, that other ends may be combined with this general end. I am a great friend to what are called tours of observation. For instance, Mr. Evans walked through Bosnia and Herzegovina, and gave us a most useful book at a critical time; and Major Campion walked through Spain from sea to sea, and became most familiar with the people in their ways and homes. There have been times in our own country when a walk through mining and agricultural districts may possess a political interest and importance. For those who know our plants and flowers, or have an interest in archæology, nearly every mile of English ground has its interest. Still, selecting the best ground we can get, speaking from one's own predilections, I would especially recommend Wales and the Highlands, the Lake districts, and our western peninsula of Devonshire and Cornwall. Going farther, who would not desire the walking tour through continental forests or by Norwegian fiords, or amid Alps, Apennines, or Pyrenees? Here we get the combination of fine scenery, bracing air, and pleasant companionship. In my own point of view, the human interest ought to transcend every other. The finest minds have felt that there is no greater joy on earth than 'exquisite companionship.' Old Johnson liked the man 'who could put his mind fairly to yours.' In the free, unrestrained, leisurely converse of the march and of the bivouac, you taste

this social happiness to the full. The walking party becomes a talking party. You know your friends better; and what is also of importance, you come to know yourself better. The walking party is certainly the cheapest, and, if properly managed, may be the healthiest and most enjoyable of summer holiday excursions.

THE ARGUMENT IN FAVOUR OF GHOSTS.

I HAVE always been under the strong impression that the argument in favour of ghosts has failed to receive a sufficient amount of serious attention. The Spiritualists complained greatly that Faraday would not bestow any serious attention on the phenomena whose existence they alleged. For the rapping department of Spiritualism I have personally as much contempt as Faraday could have; but I think it a great pity that when a scientific issue was sought, the challenge was not seriously taken up. I think there is a much stronger argument in favour of the ghosts themselves than there is for their spirit-rapping. For instance, if Milton and Shakespeare, condescend, by an elaborate but clumsy process of knocks, to make some extremely commonplace observations, I must greatly regret that their mental calibre has so deeply degenerated since the days they were in the flesh. And, indeed, if their remarks were of a better quality, I should still prefer limiting myself to their human publications. I grieve to say that there are still some sonnets of

Shakespeare's about which my mind is not made up, and still some of the obscurer prose writings of Milton with which I am unacquainted. I should therefore venture to say to the rapping spirit—'Illustrious rapper, I shall be exceedingly obliged to you for your communications as soon as I have finished the works composed by you while in a former state of existence. As soon as I have mastered those, I shall be grateful for any further communications.' Milton, by the way, may not unfairly be claimed as a Spiritualist. We remember his words—

'Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth
Unseen, when both we sleep and when we wake.'

At Christmas time, whether we believe in ghosts or not, we talk over ghost stories—talk over them, telling story after story, giving tradition upon tradition; very bold while the logs are heaped high and the wassail cup is going round; but perhaps the boldest slightly shy as he creeps along the long shadowy corridors of a country house, and into big bed-rooms where everything is shrouded in deep gloom, out of which *anything* might come. A great deal of the conversation consists in ghost stories, more or less authenticated—generally, I am bound to say, *less* so—which each person has to relate. It is observable that every individual gives the story at secondhand. Nevertheless, I have met with one or two persons who have told a ghost story straight off. The remarkable ghost story relating to the late

Theodore Alois Buckley, chaplain of Christ Church, Oxford, the translator of a good many Greek and Latin works for Bohn's series, is familiar to very many. Similarly I knew a most admirable and homely clergyman who used to tell what I may call a domestic ghost story. An old gentleman of his acquaintance dropped in to smoke a pipe with him one afternoon, and gave him some excellent and seasonable advice. Two items were that he should never omit to have family prayers, and to say grace before dinner. The third item he always kept to himself. It transpired afterwards that his old friend had died at the very time when he entered the room and commenced the conversation. There is something like this in the ingenious story fabricated by De Foe of the apparition of Mrs. Veal, in order to get a circulation for *Drelincourt On Death*.

I observed that in all our argumentation there was a constant reference to the Good Book. Although some of our modern philosophers desire to improve it off the face of the earth, and think that we have reached a stage of civilization in which it may be safely laid aside, it somehow seems that every discussion of this kind is incomplete without it. Indeed our young people showed a creditable knowledge of chapter and verse. Of course we heard of the old lady at Endor raising the ghost, and of people fancying that there might be the angel of Peter. However, I do not enter into the theological argument. Nevertheless, it may

be fairly observed that scriptural authority is not to be alleged against the theory, but, on the contrary, so far as it goes, is in its favour.

The real argument is of a threefold character.

First, there is no *à priori* improbability against the theory. Rather, like the biblical argument, the probability is in its favour.

Secondly, there is an enormous amount of uniform tradition in its favour.

Thirdly, there are various cases sufficiently authenticated, according to the rules of evidence.

Now, without caring to be dogmatic, I venture to say that these considerations constitute an argument well worthy of attention in favour of the ghost theory.

I do not venture to expand the argument, familiar to very many, that in every material body there is a spiritual body intermingled; and that when the material body decays there is a spiritual body which is liberated from the thralldom of the flesh. I believe that Mr. Sergeant Cox is one of the most eloquent exponents of this theory. According to him, the disembodied spirit is in a sense embodied, although the embodiments are not recognizable by our senses. But this does not signify, as there are many more potent real things which we cannot see, such as currents of the air and electricity. It is allowable to suppose that for good and sufficient reasons these forms may at times be permitted to be visible. We may believe that the blessed spirits will have something else and better to

do than to take up that tangled skein of earthly affairs of which they must be heartily tired. Dean Ramsay tells a curious story of two old Scotchwomen, one of whom was dying—‘And if ye see our Jean in heaven, ye’ll just tell her we all be bidin’ well.’ ‘Hist, woman,’ returned the worthy saint, ‘I can’t go cleckin’ all over heaven after your Jean.’ *O sancta simplicitas!* Without being anthropomorphic, we may believe, on the one hand, that while the liberated spirits will not do our errands, on the other hand, there may be great crises and emergencies for humanity, or for their dear ones—‘*si quid mortalia tangunt*’—when they will have the will, if they have the desire, to manifest themselves. The first argument may be thus briefly summarized: Unless we are sheer atheists we believe that souls are immortal; then there is the probability that they have ethereal bodies capable of visibility, and the possibility that they may at times be visible to ourselves.

Of the vast mass of tradition existing on the subject it is unnecessary to speak. There is no century or country, no family, hardly any individual, where some traditions of the kind are not to be found. The most simple and rudimentary form of the supernatural appearance is the dream; ‘for the dream is from Jove.’ Every night of the year there are multitudes of us who see visions and dream dreams with a remarkable fidelity which no waking effort could achieve; all the old surroundings revive in marvellous detail; the form of him who, himself beloved, loved us, comes forth with

gracious voice and benignant aspect. Now no doubt these dreams are mainly reminiscences, the revival of old scenes photographed for ever upon the brain. But we need not suppose that this phantasmagoric procession that sweeps through the chambers of the mind is altogether purposeless and unreal. Have none of us found the rush of revived affections, the solemn influence of the revival of old impressions, the coming forth from hidden rooms of the mind of matters that had altogether escaped our recollection,—‘the burial places of memory give up their dead’? The *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus* of theologians especially applies to ghost stories. There is a universal *consensus* in their favour. The mass of tradition is simply overwhelming. To treat the general instinct and conviction of mankind with contempt is both unhistorical and unphilosophical. The spiritual machinery of our greatest dramatists, the most stirring legends, yes, and some chapters of authentic history, must disappear if we reject the unwavering tradition. If the old proverb is true that there is no smoke without fire, how are we to account for the uniform existence of the body of accepted tradition on the subject, without at least admitting the existence of a nucleus of truth? Many of our readers have read of Lord Lytton’s *Scin Læca*, and there are various corresponding traditions in Norse and Scandinavian literature. I believe that the *Strange Story* embodied some of Bulwer Lytton’s deepest convictions, not to say experiences. Talleyrand

used to say that there was something wiser than the wisest person, more eloquent than the eloquent, more far-sighted than the shrewdest, and that was prevailing sentiment and public opinion. It is to the detecting and reproducing of this floating public opinion that the *Times* has owed its marvellous success. I do not take the sentence as entirely true; for there have been times when the opinions of a Bacon, or a Shakespeare, or an Aristotle have been pretty well worth the thoughts of all other writers put together. But this universal feeling and constant abiding tradition has always been, with Lord Beaconsfield, 'on the side of the angels,' on the side of supernatural appearances.

Next, what is the amount of positive testimony, of evidence that will sustain cross-examination, that we have in favour of the popular theory? In our scientific day we can only proceed according to facts accurately stated and vigorously sifted. It is utterly unscientific to laugh the theory out of court, and to pooh-pooh all the witnesses. Science has only been able to make its sure advances by accepting facts, when shown to be facts, even of the most contrariant character, satisfied that they will be reconciled on a higher plane. If the evidence given on behalf of alleged supernatural occurrences cannot be received, there is an end of such things as evidence on the one side and conviction on the other. Many an important litigation has been settled on less conclusive testimony than supports many an instance of apparition or second sight. What

is especially remarkable is, that these ghost stories, as we may call them generically, instead of vanishing away in the increasing light of the nineteenth century, may almost be said to show an increasing frequency; at least there are increasing facilities in their becoming known. In the recent memoirs of Lady Georgiana Chatterton she mentions how, when she sat by the side of her dead mother, her soul was filled with a solemn gladness, and she was convinced that her mother's spirit was with her. She gives also some remarkable and authentic instances of second sight. I myself, within the range of my own personal knowledge, could give some remarkable instances of this kind. In recent cases, such as have happened within the last few years or months, there is generally an unconquerable and natural aversion on the part of the living to publishing details respecting their deceased relatives. Just to mention a few salient cases. No one can question either the good sense or good faith of John Wesley. He entertained the strongest belief in the supernatural, and his narrative of the weird occurrences at Epworth has always been accepted as authentic. I need only allude to the cycle of spiritualistic phenomena in connection with Swedenborg. There is a remarkable account of Richardson, in his northern voyages, finding the words written on a blank sheet of paper, 'Steer north;' and doing thus he saved a number of lives. There has been the dream about shipwrecked sailors which has led to a boat being pushed off next day to

neighbouring rocks, and there rescuing the sufferers just in time. Various cases of second sight stand upon indisputable authority. While residing at Cardiff I knew the case of a policeman stabbed by a butcher; the poor widow had seen the whole thing in a dream the night before. The remarkable instance of a gentleman in Cornwall seeing by second sight the assassination of Mr. Perceval in the lobby of the House of Commons is firmly established. But finally, to return to our friends the ghosts; and, indeed, I call them our friends, for, to quote pious old Ruddle (to whom a 'visible and suppliant ghost' foretold the Plague of London six months before), 'what pleasures and improvements do such deny themselves who scorn and avoid all opportunity of intercourse with souls separate, and the spirits glad and sorrowful, which inhabit the unseen world!' Take the historical ghost of 'the bad' Lord Lyttelton. This story has been lately told by two authors with great carefulness—the Rev. F. G. Lee and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; and the late Lord Lyttelton, than whom a more honourable and able man never existed, devoted great pains to its thorough investigation. The pith of the story is that, three days before his death, he saw in his house, in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, a fluttering bird, and afterwards a woman appeared to him in white apparel, and said to him, 'Prepare to die; you will not exist three days.' The remarkable thing about this story is the number and variety of independent witnesses to the

truth of the occurrence. The extraordinary story of the apparition of a member of the Hell-fire Club of one of the colleges at Oxford—in imitation of Wilkes's Club at Medmenham Abbey—was related to the writer when an undergraduate at Oxford, and since then the evidence has been sifted and arranged. The figure of an undergraduate was seen scaling the college at the very moment when the man had fallen down in the midst of a drunken orgy. Of course many supernatural stories admit of a perfectly naturalistic interpretation. For instance, in that charming story of *Marmorne* (is it possible that it can have been written by the present Lord Lytton?) there is a man playing the ghost, who receives a bullet in his shoulder, which leads to the discovery of a murderous conspiracy. Moreover, a very serious chapter might be written on cases of insanity or death caused by foolish people simulating the honours of ghostdom.

At all events we, sitting cozily over our Christmas hearth, and telling our mutual ghost stories, fully indorse the expression that 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy;' and are resolved that we will not speak unsympathizingly or carelessly of the doctrine of apparitions.

THE EDUCATION OF THE STREETS.

I THINK it was the late Sir Robert Peel who, in the the course of an education debate in the House of Commons, spoke of the education of the streets. The great statesman used the expression in a very simple and elementary way. Those were the days before School boards, and he only meant that besides schooling there were other ways in which children picked up education. They could look at pictures in the shops ; they could spell out the big letters on the posters ; they could take count of all they saw and heard ; through a hundred avenues information and ideas would be flowing in upon them. In these days we think it a great thing to take children out of the streets and send them to school. The education grant used to be a mere item ; but now it is one of the heaviest portions of our expenditure, and, we may trust, in the long-run the most remunerative. But still there is an education of the streets incessantly going on, not limited to childhood or debarred from age ; an education moral, intellectual, dramatic, and social. The ladies are the keenest and

most deserving scholars in this special education. Few men care to 'go out shopping' with them. We wretched men have a mysterious instinct, akin to that of the lower animals, in the region of the breeches-pocket, and explain the feminine gazing at a shop-window by the theory of the organ of acquisitiveness. But this is by no means generally the case. The ladies' delicate and exact taste is busy with all the rare and radiant objects of the great London bazaar. To them the rich contents of the shops behind the long lines of plate glass are a veritable picture-gallery, a wondrous diorama. We speak of Great Exhibitions; but London has a Great Exhibition all the year round to those who, even through the shop-windows, will examine the products of all parts of the earth heaped together in the emporia of the City and the West-end. Wherever there is the appreciation of beauty or utility, the desire of novelty, the thirst for information, a process of education is constantly going on in the streets of a great city.

What an infinite amount of instruction, if your mind readily yields itself to the laws of association, can be derived from the London streets! To people who know English literature and history, all the stones of these streets are eloquent. A whole population of ghosts haunt the immemorial pavement. You may learn or remember something at every step. Why, the very tavern signboards have their story: the White Horse Cellar, the Golden Cross, the Cock, the Cheshire Cheese. Some commemorate great victories and great

commanders. The vans have names known in Parliament and all over the world: Chaplin & Horne, Bass and Allsopp, W. H. Smith & Son, and others which you pass in all the great thoroughfares. As you lately watched the people gather in front of the shops containing war maps, noticing how the tiny flags advance or recede, you thought how many had first thus formulated their geographical notions of the south-east of Europe. The passer-by may get a distinct lesson at each picture-shop and at each bookseller's. At some shop you see the neat packing-cases directed to some far-off address in India or Australia. As you go to the gun-shop you meet men discussing how they have followed the large game in Africa or the shore-shooting in Holland. At the mercer's you have all the associations of births, deaths, and marriages around you: the bride-elect and the expectant bridesmaids are selecting the white and colours, and contrasting with the gay sponsalia is all the dark luxury of grief. At the jeweller's the happy youngster is selecting the ring, or perhaps a mighty order for jewelry is being given for the young lady who is being married and leaving England for years. The very gold and gems are suggestive of far-off countries and remote histories. As you look through the barred windows of the money-changer's, you may get a lesson in coinage and currency. As you walk from Charing Cross to St. Paul's Churchyard you have specimens of all the nationalities. You meet the Chinese and the Japanese, the Turk, the negro, and may catch

a jabber of all European tongues. You pass the offices of the great newspapers, with their organized network of information all over the globe; the offices of great societies which are combating with moral evil wherever their operations can extend. Even the very notices that are officially posted up are interesting. An oratorio of Handel's is to be performed at Exeter Hall—of Handel, who for anxious disappointed years could win no attention for his heavenly notes. Here a great modern historian is stepping out of his study to lecture the world on the well-worn theme of the influence of climate upon the national characteristics. You pass by the 'Discussion' Forum which frightened Louis Napoleon with the idea of conspiracies. The London markets alone give practical education, not only to the sharp little street Arabs who sleep in the baskets, but to any one who makes a set expedition to investigate them. Covent Garden is best in the morning, with all the sweet scents and sights of the earliest flowers and fruits; Billingsgate gives you the edible fish of many seas, and Leadenhall Market the furred and feathered game of many lands. These last are best visited at opportune times, when you may bring home a heavy bag, furnished as if by the best of sportsmen. It is quite a lesson in natural history to count up the birds and fishes.

But the streets give us more than the education of fact and information. Indeed, we all ought to know that education is something different from instruction. Instruction means putting something in, and education

means drawing something out. Now the education of the streets, beyond the knowledge of facts observed, elicits and sharpens the powers of observation and comparison. It teaches people to be careful, accurate, and civil. Napoleon, in his conversations in St. Helena, would never admit that he had ever done any harm by the bloodshed of his wars. He said that war was a very good thing. 'It made people sharp.' Now there is a kind of guerilla warfare going on in the London streets which has a tendency to make people sharp. Indeed, every year there are enough accidents in these London streets to make up a tolerably sanguinary engagement. A man certainly learns the practical use of his eyes and ears, and how to take heed literally that his footsteps slip not. It is all very well for lawyers and judges to say that the road as well as the pavement is the property of the public, and that drivers of vehicles have no right to inconvenience those who want to cross the street. This is a very poor consolation when a man finds himself knocked over by a hansom or a fast-driven cart. Until manslaughter of this kind is punished, there will be several thousand persons killed or maimed annually in the London streets. So the streets may teach us quietude, directness, caution, and tact. It is quite as well, though, that there are policemen stationed in the middle of the roads to help incautious people to pass the crossings. Now there is something at times which is very noticeable and interesting in the passing of a crossing. I have seen a delicately-nurtured lady step

back and take a blind man by the arm and convoy him across the road. Pleasant, too, to see little children taken by the hand or lifted in the arms to make the passage safe and easy to them. I have heard one case which accidentally led to a marriage through kindly help given in the crossing of a street. In fact, there is a great deal of character to be seen in the way in which people walk. There is the quiet, courteous, graceful walk, and a blustering assertive walk. An old story illustrates the difference—‘I don’t give the wall to every snob,’ said one of the last kind. ‘But I do,’ was the quiet and cutting rejoinder, if the fellow had only the sense to see it.

As a rule, people in London move quickly and silently. There is an ever-shifting diorama, a moving picture-gallery. As men pass on about their business, they seem entirely intent on that and that alone. Men glide by often with serpentine sinuosity of movement. Mr. Tennyson must have acutely watched the streets when he makes his City clerk say—

‘My eyes

Pursued him down the street, and far away,
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee.’

The fact is that, amid all the constant moving to and fro, the passers-by are all along thoroughly observant and keenly critical. Anything unusual in man or woman would be instantaneously noticed. There is, indeed, a lore of the human countenance and the human heart. Sometimes we see faces that revolt us at once; all the

grace and music of life appear utterly blotted out. We see evil faces that might belong to lost angels. Sometimes, on the other hand, we see faces of singular spiritual beauty.

This idea of the streets being a picture-gallery was a very familiar one to that great painter, Leonardo da Vinci. We are told that 'through long days he would follow up and down the streets of Florence or Milan beautiful unknown faces, learning them by heart, interpreting their changes of expression, reading the thoughts through the features.' 'These,' says Mr. Symonds (*Renaissance in Italy*), 'he afterwards committed to paper. We possess many such sketches—a series of ideal portraits, containing each an unsolved riddle that the master read; a procession of shadows, cast by reality, that, entering the *camera lucida* of the artist's brain, gained new and spiritual quality. In some of them his fancy seems to be imprisoned in labyrinths of hair; in others, the eyes deep with feeling, or hands with gem-like brilliancy, have caught it, or the lips that tell and hide so much, or the nostrils quivering with momentary emotion.' The keen-eyed of the London streets, according to the measure of their experience, will repeat the experience of Da Vinci.

The streets in the busy hours of day have much to excite our curiosity and wonder. For some, the silent hours of night are equally instructive. Not long since, a distinguished statesman told how his thoughts had been deepened and his purposes strength-

ened by riding through London in a cab at two o'clock in the morning. 'A flash of inspiration' it was called at the time; and though some may consider that the fact of three million human beings uttering simultaneous snores is an incident which scarcely rises above the prosaic, yet even these unemotional critics will acknowledge that the deserted streets have suggestive hints to offer.

But it is the crowded streets that we want to speak of, and their busy scenes of activity. Of all the curious phenomena of metropolitan life, a London crowd is the strangest. Whether it be assembled round the lions of Trafalgar-square, to debate the expediency of materially modifying the Constitution of the realm; or has been gathered together at the corner of the street, to learn from some public instructor in what way sixpence and a wedding-ring folded in a piece of paper may be sold for a penny, and a reasonable profit realized: whatever may be the purpose for which it has met, it will always possess certain characteristics to show its family likeness to other crowds. Both sexes will be represented, all ages will be present; and the weakest both in age and sex, hysterical ladies and helpless babies, are sure to muster the strongest where the danger of being crushed is the greatest. It will probably be observed, too, that about half the crowd will have a very vague idea of the purpose for which it has assembled. We have all heard of that humorous individual who stood still in the Strand, with his eyes fixed upon the horizontal tail of the lion on Northumberland House, until a huge crowd

gathered round him and likewise stared at the harmless effigy ; and it requires very little observation to assure us that the experiment would probably meet with equal success if it were again attempted. You have but to stop at any street crowd and inquire what it is that is exciting so much attention, and you will probably be told by the person to whom you apply for information that he is ‘ trying to find out ’—he thinks there must be some unusual cause to make so many men stand still, and does not consider for a moment how many there are who are ‘ trying to find out ’ for what purpose they are waiting.

It is interesting to see how those acute observers, the novelists, take these things. They, we may believe, have eyes for the crowded streets, their picture-gallery, and their drama. This is what Mrs. Gaskell says in that first and powerful story of hers, *Mary Barton*—‘ It is a pretty sight to walk through a street with lighted shops ; the gas is so brilliant, the display of goods so much more vividly shown than by day ; and of all shops a druggist’s looks the most like the tales of our childhood, from Aladdin’s garden of enchanted fruits to the charming Rosamond with her purple jar. . . You cannot read the lot of those who daily pass by you in the street. How do you know the wild romances of their lives ; the trials, the temptations they are even now enduring, resisting, sinking under ? You may be elbowed one instant by the girl desperate in her abandonment, laughing in mad merriment, with her outward gesture, while her soul is longing for the rest of the dead, and

bringing itself to think of the cold flowing river as the only mercy of God remaining to her here. You may pass the criminal, meditating crimes at which you will to-morrow shudder with horror as you read them. You may push against one, humble and unnoticed, the last upon earth, who in Heaven will for ever be in the immediate light of God's countenance. Errands of mercy—errands of sin—did you ever think where all the thousands of people you daily meet are bound? I see, too, that Dr. MacDonald, in his last story, *The Marquis of Lossie*, has something to say about the streets. He says of his hero, the grave marquis—‘He took to scrutinizing the faces that passed him, trying to understand them. To his surprise he found that almost every one reminded him of somebody he had known before, though he could not always identify the likeness.’ The experience of many will coincide with Dr. MacDonald. For a moment we seem to recognize a face. But it is not an individual face, but the type of the face, that we recognize. In fact, there are many people advanced in life who, hearing of some new-comer, will say at once, ‘Who is he like?’ Consciously or unconsciously, we all recognize the types and make our classifications.

In certain localities we look out for certain people. If some ladies are so charming that it is a liberal education to know them, so the sight of persons whose names are historic help us to realize the character of our times. People used to watch Macaulay rolling, in

Johnson's fashion, along the streets, and, as a *Times* critic said, muttering half aloud the sentences which were destined one day to astonish and delight the world. Sometimes there may be a reflected interest. 'I confess,' said a friend to the writer one day, 'I felt very proud when I walked down Parliament-street arm-in-arm with a Cabinet Minister.' The crowd always looks with keen interest on a Cabinet Minister. Who excited a livelier interest in his time than Lord Beaconsfield? It was quite part of a man's education to know him well by sight. In Parliament-street and Pall Mall, as well as in Rotten Row, you may see the celebrities of the day. And not only this, but I have a quaint fancy of my own in singling out different people in the streets, and thinking that they are just the sort of people who would realize the characters of fiction. As I pass by Somerset House I am sure that I see Jack Eames and Mr. Crosby coming out of those vast portals; and little Kate Nickleby is tripping along in the fresh morning air to get to Miss Knagg's; and there are Thackeray's old Eastern warriors pulling their moustaches in front of the bay-windows of the club; there also are plenty of the rogues of all professions—popular persons, humbugging doctors, and lawyers of the Quirk, Gammon, and Snap species. Who goes along Goswell-street without thinking of Mr. Pickwick, or into the old Inns of Court without thinking of Warrington and Pendennis? One day I was in the east of London, and a clergyman took me with him a little distance until we got into a

dingy street. With the utmost solemnity he pointed across it. 'There,' he said, 'Mr. Micawber used to live.' To him, Mr. Micawber, whether an airy creation of genius or simply a portraiture of Mr. Dickens's own father, was a far more real and substantial personage than any person who actually lived in the street.

But it is the leisurely kind of man who walks the streets deliberately who sees most of their by-play and reaps the largest harvest of impressions. I know a man who is always getting into adventures in the streets. In these days, when we are all shaken out of the conventional bag of society like so many smooth marbles, it is something to get hold of an adventure. My friend loves the Strand and Fleet-street and the sweet shady side of Pall Mall. He regularly takes his walks abroad with the intention of contemplating human nature as it appears in the London streets. He takes his time about it. He knows hundreds of people by sight; he can describe their avocations, read off their characters, and tell how they progress or retrocede as the years go on. I think he must have the most affable of countenances. Ladies go up to him and ask him the way if they have missed it. One day a young man walked up to him in the street and begged his advice. It was about his sister, a young lady who wished to get a judicial separation from her husband, who treated her cruelly. One day an old lady asked him to take her ticket for her to a railway-station in the country, as she had lost her purse. It turned out to be a very lucky railway-ticket for him. This is not an unusual application in the London

streets, but my friend's rule is to make an appointment at the railway-station five minutes before the train starts. As a rule the appointment is not kept. He is as skilful as a Parisian *chiffonnier* in picking up even a scrap of paper if it looks important, and that is a fortunate wretch whose purse or parcel has fallen within his ken. Like Cuvier constructing a whole body from a bird, from snatches of conversation he can put together a whole story. He knows by sight each artist and journalist and every man of mark about town. He is a bit of a Bohemian in his nature; and when Bohemian meets Bohemian then comes the tug, not of war, but of friendship, with an adjournment to club or bar-parlour. He picks up the last rumour, the latest news, the current criticism, the tone and feeling of the day, and will, in fact, confess that he gets the best of his daily education in the streets.

One comes to understand the fascination of the London streets, of that tide of life which Elia loved, and which, as Johnson said, 'is highest at Charing Cross.' I can understand the feeling of the Londoner who was obliged to live in the country, and had the flagging of a pavement laid down, and street-lamps put up, and people to run up and down in front of his house. Any one who has really experienced the joy and excitement of the London streets will never be satisfied to forego them for once and all. And especially there is that highest moral teaching with which the streets are eloquent, that symbolism which they afford of the very highest truths. Do they not teach us much of justice and fair deal-

ing and honest effort and great industrial triumphs? Do they not teach us much of catholicity and toleration and thankfulness and pity? They exhibit to us the infinite temptations to which life is liable, all the infinite play of human motive and movement. Our palaces of State tell us of law and order and politics; the portals stand open for the highest exhibitions of human genius in lyric, dramatic, artistic ranges; the proud Exchange collects the industries of the world, and thus reminds us that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; and the solemn doors are open of abbey and cathedral, that silence or music may soothe us in the turmoil, and welcome us to meditation, repentance, and sacred resolve.

The streets have instruction for all. Their associations mould the characters of all. We have referred to the change which London life causes in the thoughts and disposition of the traditional country-man—a brood not extinct—who visits the metropolis; but though the influence is less marked, it is not less real on those who have been trained from infancy within the sound of Bow bells. We Londoners boast of our prudence, our cunning, our knowledge of men; and we say that for all this good sense we are indebted to experience. Which, as far as it goes, is quite true; but we cannot tell when and where we obtained the experience. We know that the observation of years has accumulated for us a store of knowledge, and has developed in our minds a tone of thought no less than a method of expression, yet we cannot trace the source whence it all sprang, the influence that called it into being. And so, for a

great deal, we have to content ourselves with vague definitions, and attribute it to 'the man in the streets,' who has been continually educating us though we did not know it. To summarize his teaching is not very easy, for it is often contradictory though it has its salient features. Sometimes it is suggestive of kindly impulses and generous deeds; but ordinarily it eschews sentiment. It is very practical; and if the survival of the fittest is not always insured by it, it at least favours that law of natural selection which ordains that the weakest shall go to the wall and the strongest come forth to the front.

All this is a very necessary kind of instruction. The battle of life has to be fought, and stern necessity will require that we should at least understand the conditions of the conflict. The street comes like the Sibyl, and offers us leaves of precious instruction. Many have denounced it. De Quincey calls Oxford-street 'a stony-hearted step-mother'; and Tennyson's hero speaks of the 'long unlovely street,' and sings also—

'I hate the squares and streets
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me.'

But their teaching, though severe, is kindly. The streets of London are not, indeed, paved with gold; although there are many City sites of which it is literally true, that if covered with gold this would not realize their value. But to many a one who has learned aright their sharp lessons, they have proved a high-road to fortune, and their sterile repellent tracts have not failed to yield some portion of fruits and flowers.

NOBLEMEN IN BUSINESS.

ENGLISH people have frequently betrayed a good deal of sensitiveness at Napoleon's celebrated criticism that we are a 'nation of shopkeepers' It all depends on the definition—in what we consider the shopkeeping to consist. The old Greeks had a prejudice against retailing—*καπηλευειν* was one of their contemptuous words—because they associated it with a petty retailing spirit. But it is not at all true that littleness of mind must necessarily accompany littleness of transactions. There is a famous sentence of Hebrew writ—'The cities whose merchants were princes, and their traffickers the honourable of the earth.' The merchants of Venice were statesmen and princes; they are for ever recognizable by their pictures and palaces. All through our mediæval cities we have the combination of business and nobility. Nor are our London merchants, in their honest broadcloth, inferior to those who once wore the Tyrian dye or the Venetian velvet. The spirit of commerce now runs like a fibre through all orders of the community, binding together class with class and interest with

interest. The present age witnesses the somewhat curious phenomenon of 'noblemen in business.' There was a time when it was thought a great thing for a trader to be raised to the peerage ; at present the peers seem busily rushing into the ranks of trade. Every one now can give a list of titled people with connections in business. There is a current rumour to the effect that a great peer is a sleeping partner in one of the largest retail businesses in the West-end. It is well known that the brothers-in-law of a princess are engaged in commerce. The sons of the Duke of Argyll are pretty well content to lay aside their titles when engaged in business transactions. It has also transpired that Royalty itself—George IV., at least when Prince of Wales—had a business share in one of the London morning papers. Business has sent its fibres throughout all the country, and no class of the community have greater commercial interests than our aristocracy.

The English are emphatically a commercial people ; but it is not less true that we are essentially an aristocratic people, and that amongst all classes of the community there is an unmistakable feeling of regard for those who occupy exalted stations. The subscription-list which has a noble lord at its head is likely to be filled far quicker, and with much more respectable sums, than one which lacks this adornment ; while we all know the attraction which a title has on the prospectus of a speculative company. The fact is, a respect for aristocratic associations is so deeply woven into our

thoughts and habits, that it has become a second nature to us. This characteristic national feeling has of course its commercial phase. Many scions of noble houses have earned lots of guineas by fees as directors, or still greater remuneration as promoters. It is not too much to say, however, that litigation in the law-courts must almost have put a stop to the business of the promoter. Coutts's bank may be taken as a conspicuous instance of the alliance between business and nobility. The daughter of the head of the firm, Miss Marjoribanks, was lately married to the Earl of Aberdeen; and one of the partners is Mr. Dudley Ryder, a son of the Earl of Harrowby. At the time of great commercial crises the aristocratic element has been singularly and sadly revealed. Such a crisis was that of the South Sea Bubble Company, in which an immense number of noble families were involved. The same may be said of events of a very recent date—the bubble companies of 1825, the railway year of 1845, and the disastrous financial years of 1857 and 1866. In fact, our noble houses have never felt any repentance or compunction for being concerned in commerce. It was perhaps something different with the old *noblesse* in France. Sterne has a pretty story in his *Sentimental Journey* of a baron or count who, intending to go into business, laid up his sword in the public archives until such time that he should make his fortune in trade and reclaim it. He reclaims it at last, and drops upon it one of those happy tears which Sterne always had at

his disposal. At the present day no nobleman would think sword or escutcheon dimmed by contact with gold earned in commerce. Indeed, as the estates of many of our great nobles have developed in value and become connected with industrial pursuits, the nobleman who wishes thoroughly to understand his own possessions must have certain business and commercial qualities. Some nobles spend the best part of their lives in a business office, and work steadily, with a brief interlude for biscuit and sherry, from ten till four. They have to keep ledgers and day-books; have stewards and secretaries; be bothered with lawyers and architects; and, on the whole, have rather a hard time of it. Some of them like it, and think that life would be very tolerable 'if it were not for its amusements;' but, upon the whole, the incessant contemplation even of one's intense solvency must be monotonous. A man's life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions.

It would be impossible in a short space to attempt anything like an exhaustive review of the many families which have obtained their wealth through business, and have since been ennobled by the favour of the sovereign. It is surprising how many there are which owe their position entirely to successful trade. And this, indeed, is the strength of the peerage this it is which harmonizes it with our other institutions—that it is not a distinct caste, but a distinguished body of the people raised from among the others, chosen in the main for intrinsic worth as those whom the king delighteth to honour. It is this

which makes it an inseparable part of our social and political systems, and causes it to stand firm and secure amidst the shocks of revolutions, which in other countries have overwhelmed kings and nobles with calamity and ruin. The old *noblesse* of France had nothing like it. The instances are numerous where the foundation of the peerage has been laid by commerce, and the commerce only thrown aside when the dignity was already won, and in some cases has not been thrown aside at all. The most prominent is perhaps that of the Baring family. Francis Baring, a Lutheran minister, came to England about a century ago, and his grandsons established themselves in business in London. The younger brother, Francis, had the chief management of the concern, and so successful was he that Lord Shelburne, who called him the 'prince of merchants,' recommended him for a baronetcy. Sir Francis left the business to his sons, and it ultimately centred in the second one, Alexander, whose financial influence over the continental cabinets was so potent that the Duc de Richelieu called him one of the 'great powers of Europe,' while at home he received the familiar title of 'Alexander the Great.' While still at the head of his house of business he was created Lord Ashburton, and became famous as the British representative at Washington in 1842, when the treaty was negotiated which bears his name. Nor was this the only title that the family gained; for the third baronet was created Baron Northbrook in 1866, and his son, the late Viceroy of

India, has recently been raised to the dignity of an earldom. So that the titles of Ashburton and Northbrook have both been derived directly from the mercantile success of the great house of Barings.

Other similar instances might be mentioned even at the time when the prejudice against associating the peerage with commerce was the strongest. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall tells us in his *Memoirs*, that ‘Throughout his whole reign George III. adopted as a fixed principle that no individual engaged in trade, however ample might be his nominal fortune, should be created a British peer;’ yet he mentions that this rule was not without an illustrious exception; for Lord Carington, whose family was brought so prominently before public notice in Buckinghamshire elections, was elevated to the peerage ‘when George III. was king,’ and owed the dignity to the mercantile success of his father, a Nottingham banker, who bore the plebeian name of Smith. A facetious friend once wrote on his front door—

‘Bobby Smith lives here;
Billy Pitt made him a peer,
And took the pen from behind his ear.’

The well-known story about the late Lord Tenterden shows the greatness and true nobility of the man, when he pointed out to his son a little shed opposite Canterbury Cathedral, and said—‘Charles, you see this little shop; I have brought you here on purpose to show it you. In that shop your grandfather used to shave for

a penny ; that is the proudest reflection of my life.' The present Lord Tenterden made a pilgrimage to Canterbury to see the little shop, but found it improved off the face of the earth.

It is in the great industrial development of modern days that our peerage has made its largest commercial gains. With geographical limits inexorably fixed, and without the possibilities of indefinite extension, as in Russia and America, our great land-owners will have a lucky tendency to become richer and richer ; in Johnsonian phrase, 'potentialities of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.' Some amongst the most wealthy and illustrious are still engaged in occupations of a very remunerative nature. There is a whole class of noblemen who are traders on the largest scale. Conspicuous amongst them we find the Earl of Dudley, whose coal and limestone mines, besides his extensive ironworks, have been a source of enormous profit. The coal and iron trades have recently passed through great and disastrous variations ; but it was only a few years ago that they were both at the height of prosperity, and, if rumour in the Black Country is to be trusted, Lord Dudley in those days made from them a very considerable revenue. The country of black diamonds ought to be seen by night. By days its chief characteristic is an accumulation of cinder-heaps and innumerable chimneys, from which proceed the blackest and foulest smoke ; it is like the place where Satan and his rebellious followers first rested—a 'dismal situation

waste and wild ;' but by night it is far more picturesque, and bears out Milton's further description of those nether regions, which

' On all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed ; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness, visible.'

From the tall chimneys the bright flames shoot up into the air, and cast on every surrounding object a strange lurid glare. A very uninviting spot this would seem for the æsthetic development of the toiling masses, so little is there of Nature's beauty to be found ; yet we ought not to forget that Dudley has one quiet retreat, one sequestered spot where Nature is still lovely ; for the spacious grounds surrounding the ruined castle, with all their winding paths and secluded avenues, are open to the free use of the grimy colliers. The coal and iron trades have found employment for the capital of other peers, whose names are familiar, amongst which we might mention that of Earl Granville, the courteous leader of her Majesty's Opposition, who has extensive ironworks near Etruria in Staffordshire, and whose workmen, we understand, have taken a great interest in returning their chosen member for Stoke-on-Trent. There is also Earl Fitzwilliam, whose coal-mines afford the means of subsistence to so many families in the neighbourhood of Rotherham, near Sheffield. Some time ago he caused all his mines to be closed, on account of a strike which he considered unreasonable, and for a long while he persisted in his refusal to reopen them.

There is one trade which we believe has been more prosperous than ever during the recent period of depression, which is very largely in the hands of a peer of the realm. We refer to the quarrying of slate and the extensive works of Lord Penrhyn, near Bangor. A slate-quarry must be seen to be understood. The whole of the mountain-side is cut into ledges, upon which the observer from below can see only a number of small figures moving about, very much resembling animated dolls. The slate is first loosened by blasting, and is then removed by manual power. So extensive are these works near Bangor that upwards of three thousand men and boys are employed, and a flourishing little town has been formed, called Bethesda, which is dependent solely upon them for support. From Bethesda the slate is taken to Port Penrhyn, about six miles distant, to be shipped to its ultimate destination; and it is estimated that, taking into consideration those who are employed at the port and in transit, Lord Penrhyn, directly and indirectly, furnishes means of subsistence to as many as 10,000 people. The highest praise, we ought to add, is due to Lord Penrhyn for his constant anxiety and solicitude for the moral and material welfare of those who are dependent upon him. Bethesda, in addition to any amount of public-houses, possesses some valuable institutions, such as schools, church, and hospital, for which it is indebted to the generosity of the Pennant family, who do not subscribe to the vile heresy of treating their employés as so many

hands, but set an example which might well be imitated by large employers of labour.

There is often a great advantage to a town, as well as to the individual nobleman, when the capital of a peer is invested in some great commercial undertaking, or takes the direction of improving and developing the town itself. The Duke of Devonshire, the very model of a business man, has been doing a great work in the two towns, where he is a large land-owner, of Buxton and Eastbourne. Cardiff is a typical instance. It was once an insignificant place, whither coal was brought down on the backs of mules to a tiny wharf of a little creek belonging to the port of Bristol. It was known chiefly to the traveller as a place situated near to the cathedral village of Llandaff. Now the relative importance of the two places is entirely altered; Cardiff is a busy town and thriving port, while Llandaff is its suburb, as Clifton is a suburb to Bristol. The late Marquis of Bute, to whose enterprising spirit the rise of this town is entirely due, possessed, in addition to some 25,000 acres of the Glamorganshire hills, rich with mineral treasures, a large tract of moorland, desolate and bare, in front of the small town of Cardiff. Several schemes were suggested to him for utilizing this land, and he at last determined on supplying the town with docks. In this great enterprise the Marquis is popularly reported, as was also said of that great commercial nobleman the Duke of Bridgwater, to have hazarded almost his last penny; but in the issue the docks have

been successful—far more successful than the canals. The present Marquis was only an infant when he came into the title. The trustees carried out all the plans of his father, and Lord Bute, we believe, instead of appropriating the vast income derived from the docks, devotes it to the further expansion of the port. The Marquis is the owner of large fields of that smokeless coal which is now preferred by all the navies of the world. Lord Bute inherits the genius of his family in being an immense builder; and as his house in his Scottish isle has been recently burnt down, he will have a further opportunity for exercising his capacity this way. About one-half of the great town of Cardiff belongs to him, of course including the castle, which, reconstructed once, is receiving another reconstruction. The east end, which is practically the ‘west end,’ of Cardiff belongs to Lord Tredegar, and is called after him Tredegarville. His land adjoins Lord Bute’s, and he may possibly have a port to compete with Lord Bute’s. A curious point has, however, been raised to the effect that the Crown is the owner of the beach from low-water to high-water mark, and may on occasion assert its rights. Many other instances might be given of the vast commercial interests of the nobility. The great ironworks which are the property of the Duke of Cleveland might be mentioned. The Duke of Westminster is, we believe, greatly engaged in building transactions. He is the landlord of the two Houses of Parliament. Within recent years his Westminster property has been

enormously developed, and will soon be entirely covered with sumptuous buildings. The Earl of Derby owns a great part of Liverpool; the Duke of Norfolk owns a great part of Sheffield; the Earl of Kimberley owns a good deal of Falmouth. Lord Macaulay said, according to Mr. Trevelyan's work, that he would not exchange his position for all the wealth which Lord Dudley had below the ground, or Lord Westminster above it. The town of Brighton affords several illustrations of our subject. The Earl of Chichester has a good deal of property in the east end, but being disappointed in an election he abjured the place, beyond presenting it with a cemetery as a solemn warning. He is now taking his part in the remarkable development of the place. In the west of Brighton there is a large estate, now being rapidly converted into a huge suburb, but which lay fruitless during a long minority. The estate was originally purchased for £40,000; a small bit of it was sold for £43,000; and now the building revenue is £40,000. The heiress is of course married to a scion of the nobility.

Something more may be said respecting such a commercial Colossus as the Duke of Westminster. Some reminiscences of the growth of the Grosvenor family are pointed out by Mr. J. C. Hare in a late work, *Walks in London*. Just behind Berkeley-square is Bourdain House, once a little manor-house in the country. Here lived one Mary Davies, a country heiress, who married one Sir Thomas Grosvenor, and

the enormous increase in the value of her paternal acres has made the Grosvenor family perhaps the richest in Europe. The neighbouring streets, Farm-street, Hill-street, Hay-hill, Hay-mews, recall 'the old manorial dwelling.' Among the possessions of the Davies family was a certain Ebury Farm in Pimlico. When Buckingham Palace became Crown property, George III. foresaw that the district would become fashionable, and he wished to purchase Ebury Farm. He had fifty acres of ground with the Palace. These are well-wooded grounds, with a lake of five acres and a pavilion adorned with scenes from *Comus* by Maclise, Eastlake, Dyce, Leslie, Stanfield, and others. In the northern part of these grounds there was once a place of popular entertainment, of which Evelyn says it was 'the only place of refreshment about town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at.' Goring House was afterwards built on this site, called Arlington House after its sale to Lord Arlington in the year of the Great Fire. This Lord Arlington was concerned in a memorable act of business. He bought in Holland for sixty shillings the first pound of tea ever introduced into England; and the first cup of tea was probably brewed in what are now the Buckingham Palace gardens. George III. wished to buy the fields at the back of his spacious gardens; but the price was twenty thousand pounds, and Lord Grenville, the Prime Minister, thought it was too much to give. The result was that a little more than a hundred years ago

Grosvenor-place was built overlooking the Palace grounds, and to some extent spoiling their seclusion. Behind Grosvenor-place were the 'Five Fields'—marshy ground which, according to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, had its name as a waiting place of robbers. Several noble-men wished to do a piece of business in buying these fields. Lord Cowper sent an agent to buy them; but the agent came back, in Greek phrase, ἀπρακτος. 'Really, my lord,' he said, 'I could not find it in my heart to give two hundred pounds more than they were worth.' Lord Grosvenor was more astute. He did the best bit of trade known among noble traders. He bought the fields for thirty thousand pounds. Cubitt afterwards offered an annual ground-rent of sixty thousand pounds. We may mention, from Mr. Hare, that the marsh was wrought into a firm basis by earth brought from the excavations of St. Katherine's Docks.

We may take another instance of wealth poured into wealthy families by prosperous commerce. Oxford-street does not derive its name from Oxford, the famous seat of the University of that name—albeit it is the road from Oxford—but from Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, the lord of the manor of Tyburn. Edward Harley married Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles whence we get Henrietta-street, Holles-street, and Cavendish-square. Later, William Bentinck, Duke of Portland, the names of whose country houses have given us Welbeck-street and Bolsover-street, married Margaret Cavendish Harley, and so joined the Bloomsbury and

Marylebone estates; and this junction finds its name in Bentinck-street, Holles-street, Vere-street, Margaret-street, Cavendish-street, Harley-street, Foley-place, Weymouth-street. It is very remarkable how often the fortunes of noble houses have been made or consolidated by lucky marriages. We have heard the lines addressed to the Hapsburgs applied by a Cabinet Minister to a well-known noble house—

‘Bella gerant alii : tu, felix Austria, nube :
Nam quæ Mars aliis dat tibi regna Venus.’

And unhappily, as the private history of some great houses shows, to bring a vast property within a ring-fence, or to pay off heavy mortgages, January and May have intermarried, and the transaction has essentially been a commercial one.

Of course we do not find noblemen actually engaged in the personal transaction of business, unless, indeed, in the service of the Crown. But the extent to which they are ‘sleeping partners’ in ‘going concerns’ is greater than might be imagined. Two illustrations might be given of this. Take, for instance, the vast shipping interest which our country, with the largest carrying trade in the world, is concerned. Each ship is divided as a rule into sixty-four shares, and the number of shares taken up by men of rank in this unusually profitable kind of investment is immense. Again, look at the Joint-Stock Banks. An immense number of shares, as may be seen by the printed lists, are held by

noblemen ; and, as in the case of the Overend & Gurney Bank, they have been severely mulcted at times. The greatest business of all in our days is that of money-making, and it makes it none the less because rank is also an element in the matter. In the dining-room of Tortworth Court there is the portrait of the worthy tradesman, one of the good Izaak Walton kind, who made the fortunes of the house of Ducie ; and no such honest ancestor should be ignored among the effigies of a house ennobled through commerce.

A very curious chapter might be written on another aspect of our subject. This would be occupied with the cases in which noblemen have voluntarily abandoned their titles and estates, have identified themselves with the proletariat class, and have not only become business men, but working men and labourers. The case of the late Earl of Aberdeen was something of the kind. There never was a more devout, amiable, lovable man—his character was thoroughly in accordance with the noble stock from which he sprang ; yet he became the mate of a mere trading-vessel, and that was his position when he was lost at sea. A still more remarkable case is that of a nobleman who became a working man, lived in a small row of houses, and married a woman of the order in which he enrolled himself. There is the *noblesse* order and the *ouvrière* order, each very good in its way, but totally different. Most workmen would like to be noblemen ; but there are also to be met philosophical people who have distinctly pre-

ferred the industrial order. Most noblemen, however, who take to business do so from the keen appreciation of the trader's profit, and the desire to secure the advantages that may be derived from the combination of the two systems. Nevertheless there have been noblemen who have shut up their vast houses in town and country, and have gone of set purpose among the industrial classes, and have found their homes and connections among them. Not only is there the far-famed Lord of Burleigh, but we have the romantic stories of a Byron and a Lovelace. We all know the wandering habits of Haroun Alraschid, who loved to wander forth in disguise; and some modern nobles who have played the *rôle* have found at times that their assertion of their Alraschidship has been disagreeably discredited. But there are noblemen who have effaced themselves, who have found their brides in cottages and behind counters, and who have left a quantity of trouble to their successors, or have left the question of successorship doubtful. The largest instance of the importation of noblemen into business was at the commencement of the Revolution in the case of the *émigré* nobility of France. On the sudden impoverishment of an ancient and illustrious order men rushed into every avenue of employment, from teaching French and the fiddle to every business where the highest faculties and education might be brought into play. Neither should the ladies be passed over. The *prima donna* of an opera is often a *marchesa*. Among foreign ladies who sometimes

condescend to be English governesses you have combined the *comtesse* and the *baronne*. They are often disappointed in the effect of their titles; for English ladies are naturally unwilling to engage as dependents those who would at the same time claim a social superiority.

The phenomenon of trading peers raised legal points of long duration and much complexity. As early as 1747 Lord Chancellor Hardwicke pronounced the dictum so often quoted in the discussion of this question, that 'though there may be some particular powers the Commissioners of Bankruptcy could not exercise against a peer, yet notwithstanding this he may be liable to a commission of bankruptcy if he will trade;' and shortly after an Act of Parliament was passed which removed any doubt that might exist as to the validity of this dictum. In 1849 the bankruptcy law was consolidated in one Act, and by this it was provided 'that if any trader having privilege of Parliament shall commit any act of bankruptcy, he may be dealt with under this Act in like manner as any other trader,' the exception still being made that the debtor was not to be liable to arrest. In 1861 a fresh Act was passed, for the purpose of making all debtors subject to the bankruptcy laws, whether engaged in trade or not. So stood the law, when in 1869 an application was made to Mr. Commissioner Winslow to declare the Duke of Newcastle bankrupt on the ground that his insolvency rendered him liable under the Act of 1861, though he was not

in any way engaged in trade. The Commissioner held that he was not liable under the Act, and an appeal was accordingly made to the Court of Chancery. Here the matter was elaborately argued, his grace being represented by no less able a person than the present Lord Selborne. The court, however, held that the application of the words in dispute must be as extensive as the application of the same words in the statute of 1849. A new Act, which came into operation in 1870, set the question at rest by declaring 'that if a person with privilege of Parliament commits an act of bankruptcy he may be dealt with under this Act in like manner as if he had not such privilege.' To this a willing assent had been given by both branches of the legislature, and the liability of a peer to be made a bankrupt was thus fully and finally acknowledged. The prospect that many peers might perhaps be anxious to avail themselves of their newly ascertained privilege seems to have caused some alarm to our hereditary legislators, and in the following year a fresh Act was passed, in which it was declared to be 'necessary for the preservation of the dignity and independence of Parliament that bankrupts should be disqualified from sitting or voting in the House of Lords;' and it was accordingly provided that 'every peer who becomes a bankrupt shall be disqualified from sitting or voting in the House of Lords or in any committee thereof; and further, if a peer of Scotland or Ireland, shall be disqualified from being elected to sit and vote in the House of Lords.'

The law of the land therefore has fully recognized the status of 'noblemen in business,' and has dealt with it in the spirit of absolute fairness and impartiality.

The application of the law is one of the rarest social phenomena of our days. That noblemen should be engaged in business is an absolute necessity of our time, when commerce extends indefinitely on every side. The peerage form our largest land-owners, and there is not a port, or a railway, or a town whose prosperity is not identified with that of the main owners of the soil. The high honour and straightforwardness of our nobility is itself a guarantee of the highest commercial value. The political value of this blending of classes is very great. It links together different interests and different orders, and imparts much of their solidity to our English institutions. The phenomenon of noblemen in business ought to have the effect not of bringing the pettiness of detail into the spirit of our nobility, but of bringing the chivalrous spirit of nobility into the operations of commerce.

HINTS TO TRAVELLERS.

ANY one who has had a large experience in travel can hardly fail to gather up various hints which may be useful to some travellers. It is quite possible to obtain a minimum of enjoyment out of an immense expenditure of money, and at the same time to obtain a maximum of enjoyment out of very little money. I have travelled both ways—*au grand seigneur*, perfectly indifferent to expense; and again considerably subject to anxiety whether a given number of francs would hold out for a given number of miles. I confess that of the two modes of travelling I entertain a natural prejudice in favour of the first; but at the same time, not even Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* contains a truer sartorial adage than that a man should cut his coat according to his cloth. It is pleasanter to go about with an unlimited credit than to manage Switzerland and back on ten pounds. But it is far better to go to Switzerland on ten pounds than not to go at all. I am not without hopes that I may be able to give some hints to all classes of travellers, for all like to avoid unnecessary expense, and to get money's worth

for their money. Putting aside a few specialties, some of my hints will apply to all classes. The first hint of all would be that they should start with clear definite ideas respecting the length of their journey and the length of their purse.

It is not necessary to enter into any hints respecting the choice of a locality, whether for a tour or a stay. The subject is too wide, and deals with all sorts of considerations. General hints would be of no avail; only it is a subject on which our holiday tourist should pick up all the hints he can before making a final determination. And when a choice has been made a piece of advice arises directly. Perhaps you are going to stay a few weeks at a watering-place. Perhaps you are going to work through a whole region of river, lake, and mountain. In either case, work up the country thoroughly. In the first place, get *Murray*. If you go to Scotland, get *Black*. If you go on the Continent anywhere, get the practical, economical, invaluable *Baedeker*; and if you happily read German, get the volumes you need of the new and admirable series of *Meyer's Reisebücher*. These latter are delightfully illustrated, and condense a wonderful mass of useful and pleasant information. Next, it is quite worth while to go to the British Museum Reading-room, and work up the subject for a few days. Get up the maps very thoroughly. In nothing have the Germans more distinguished themselves than in their maps, and I do not see that an English tourist need

be worse off in this respect than a Uhlan. You never know maps thoroughly and practically until you have tested them in the actual country. Then, in addition to maps, get any further knowledge you can. It is a law belonging to any kind of scenery, that you must bring to it as much as you take away from it; and so you must know not only the geography, but something of the history and science and associations specially identified with a locality.

I will suppose, then, that we are setting out on a journey. Calculate beforehand what your cab-fare will be, and give cabby sixpence over. As we are on a pleasure tour we will make things pleasant all round. If you come from outside the four-mile radius, strike a bargain beforehand, or you will have to pay at the rate of a shilling instead of sixpence a mile. Before you take a tourist's ticket calculate what the gain of doing so will be. The advantage may be very trifling, and you may find yourself hampered in being obliged to return by a certain time and a particular route. If you are simply going 'there and back again,' a tourist ticket may be best. See your luggage labelled, otherwise you may lose your remedy against the company in case of loss, and put as much as you conveniently can into the carriage. If you give a porter more trouble than is fairly his share—watching a lot of children and luggage, for instance—you may strain a point and give him a tip. In travelling, therefore, I own to a weakness for the first-class; I don't give in for a moment

to the pestilent heresy that the third-class is preferable—at least for any other reason than that it is cheaper. In all railway accidents people in the first-class compartment come off best. The first-class is safer as well as more comfortable. You may depend upon it that railway travelling takes a good deal out of a man's nervous system. We cannot gain so much in speed without losing something in some other way. The well-padded first-class carriage saves the spine and the nervous system. Still I would rather have a second-class carriage where you may find a sofa than a first-class where you are confined to an arm-chair. If you have elected to go third-class, with a convenient bag for your head, plenty of wraps, and wearing easy shoes, you can sleep away as comfortably as in a Pullman's car. Of course this is impossible if the earriage is full; but I seldom make a long journey in a third-class carriage without getting a pleasant slumber of thirty or forty miles. People vary; I can sleep or study almost better in a railway earriage than anywhere else. I don't believe in travelling by the night mail. It is much better to undress and go to bed in a regular Christian fashion.

And now to give one very important hint on the subject of going to bed. The great thing against which English people have to guard themselves is damp; one-eighth of the total mortality of this country is through diseases which may be brought about by damp. The great majority of hotels in this country may be

safely trusted in this respect, and most travellers are probably able to judge for themselves whether the sheeting and bedding are perfectly dry. No room must be left for any doubt on the matter. Diseases which arise from this cause are of a peculiarly aggravated and malignant kind: chronic rheumatism, rheumatic fever, bronchitis, consumption. Within my own personal knowledge diseases of this kind have arisen from the wicked thoughtlessness in these respects of innkeepers and lodging-house keepers or their servants. One day in spring I went to a sweet romantic place in North Devon. As I entered the pretty bedchamber, roses, elematis, and eglantine clambering about the easement, I fancied I detected damp, and inquired when the bed was last slept in. I was told, in the most innocent, matter-of-fact way, 'About seven months ago.' They might as well have put a man into his coffin. It was nearly midnight, and all one could do was to get some more blankets and wrap oneself up in them. In fact, if there is the least doubt, tear off the sheets and sleep in the blankets. Some men habitually travel with long flannel dressing-gowns drawn over the feet. It is better to be denounced as an old woman than to show want of caution in these most necessary matters. I should be glad to see heavy damages recovered against people who let damp bedrooms, or those who without warning to new inmates, let rooms where there have been cases of typhus or scarlatina or any other infectious disease.

The matter of luggage deserves very serious consideration. Both too much and too little are unfortunate extremes. Of course I do not enter on the high and mysterious subject of ladies' luggage. No logic or persuasions would induce them to do with a smaller number of boxes than they have made up their minds to take with them. So I limit my remarks to the unworthy sex, though I humbly hope that acute practical ladies may indorse my humble hints. I will mention my own plan, and every man naturally thinks his own plan a good one. I take with me a hand-bag, a portmanteau, and a box. In the box I stow away books, or painting and drawing materials, and all the superfluities of travel which one will only want on coming to anchor for a short time. A good deal of the usefulness and happiness of a holiday depends upon the box. The great danger ahead in all home expeditions is bad weather. The British tourist shut up in an hotel on a rainy day is a truly unhappy being. He subsides into yesterday's *Times* and a chronic state of sherry-and-seltzer. It is just the time for a good day's work—reading, writing, or calculating. You score a day's work to your holiday, which will entitle you by and by to a holiday in the midst of your work, an extra run to Brighton. Some of the contents of books and papers may be transferred, if need be, from box to portmanteau, from portmanteau to bag, or from bag to pocket. I never like to be without a book and writing materials. Then the portmanteau should

contain plenty of changes, different suits and boots. These should be sent round to places where you intend to stay. The little handbag is useful if you are making a walking tour to the place where you will meet your heavy luggage. If you are going over a hilly country, where you will sleep perhaps in some wayside inn, I deliberately give up the small bag also, which I send on with the luggage. There are a large class of people who cannot endure the knapsack, just as there are many who manage it very well. I just put up a sponge and a toothbrush, have a bath in the morning, and civilize myself entirely when I rejoin civilization. Of course you run the danger of getting wet through and having no change. It does not do you any harm while you are walking. Neither will it do you any harm to sit in wet clothes if you can wrap yourself warmly up with heavy coverings. The best plan, however, is to go to bed, and drink hot whisky-and-water with a slice of lemon in it, whilst your clothes are perfectly dried, which sometimes leads to a prolongation of bed and toddy. If your feet are wet—and you ought rigidly to inspect the state of your understandings whenever you have a chance—pour some gin into your boots. It is not a bad plan.

Get everything out of the region you are exploring that is worth the getting. If you go into a mountainous district—Scotland, Switzerland, North Wales, or the Lakes—remember that it really is essential that you should do some amount of climbing. The mountains

look very noble from river and lake, but still river and lake are seen at their best from the mountains. Even if your climbing days are over, it does not follow that you may not do some amount of climbing. You might get a little practice before you start, and a little more as soon as you arrive at your destination. It is not the highest mountains from which you always get the best views. A lady or an invalid might get to the top of Snowdon on a steady quadruped; but it is best to alternate some use of the human leg. The traveller really knows nothing of a mountain country unless he has attained to some of its heights. Any one who has tasted the freedom and joy of the boundless prospect, and the rushing breeze, will account these the most salutary blessings of his holidays. Only our tourist, who should be always careful, should be especially careful in this matter. He must not be too ambitious. He must avoid too much fatigue—any fatigue which will distress the larger organs. If you tire yourself too much, it is simply undoing the good of your holiday. Have in your pocket a small sixpenny compass, having learned how to use it; a reduced ordnance map; good field-glass; a flask of choice cognac, with a few biscuits; over your arm a light overcoat; and in your hand a stout umbrella, which will serve as a staff. It is generally wise to have a companion with you; perhaps your companion knows the country well, and will prove an excellent guide; if otherwise, and the country is really difficult, it is always cheapest and best to procure a

guide. Make a friend of him, and treat him handsomely. It is not pleasant or comfortable to lose your way on the hills in a mist, or even to be lost on hills on a clear day. It is pleasant enough to talk of it in the retrospect; but perhaps you will never come back to talk of it at all. On rivers, let not the uninitiated be too ready to take an oar unless an experienced oarsman is willing to entrust you with one. Akin to this is the caution against careless bathing. The number of accidents on the water is sadly large, especially when we consider that most of them are strictly preventible. Daring is all very well in its way, in a good cause and on a proper occasion, but the daring of mere bravado is altogether a mistake.

The question of hotels or lodgings raises some important questions. If you are only going to be at a place for a few days an hotel is obviously the most convenient place. At the same time there is a new movement among the lodging-house keepers which deserves some encouragement, whereby individuals or families are taken in even for a few nights. I think hotel expenses are open to some reasonable criticisms and seasonable hints. No one grudges hotel-keepers the reasonable profits of their trade. This should especially be the case when the season lasts only a brief while. For three months there is a dead loss, for six months the hotel hardly pays expenses, and all the profits must be made in three months. A season hotel is different from the Langham, which

may have a lucrative business all the year round and pay twenty per cent. It may be that you are one of the happy people who delight to have large balances, and write heavy cheques against them. I am dealing, however, with the ordinary run of travellers. Whenever you take a bottle of champagne at an inn you are paying a hundred per cent. more than the wine-merchant would charge you, and two hundred per cent. more than the wine-grower charges. This is all very well now and then; but if you take wine as an ordinary beverage, as is common enough in these days of the gouty diathesis, the famine prices tell on the finances. Besides, the wine may not suit you. Many people carry their own wines with them, and a charge is made of one or two shillings a cork, which is fair enough. If the wine tariff is practically prohibitive, as a rule try b.-and-s. or whisky and potass-water or gin and Polly.¹

¹ Our versatile contributor, who has 'boxed the compass' as a tourist over Europe, here evidently alludes to the popular and wholesome *Apollinaris Water*, a beverage which well deserves the reputation it has won. As a 'travelling drink' it is both useful and pleasant. And this reminds us to jot down some hints of a famous surgeon about eating and drinking on one's travels. Here are the remarks of Mr. Erasmus Wilson, in his pleasant chatty *Scamper through the Spas of Germany and Belgium*. After eulogizing the merits of that *potage* for which the French have a genius, and the special advantages of a cup of warm wholesome gravy-soup to the worn and fainting traveller in the midst of a dark night, he says—'I have discovered there is no better way of killing time, when you are hungry, than eating and drinking; once on my travels, as I shall perhaps tell in its place, this inoffensive occupation saved me from extreme *ennui*. And I

A *table d'hôte* is generally cheap at the price, and indeed needs some brisk consumption of high-priced wines to make it remunerative to the proprietary. The telegraph is a very useful instrument to enable you to order dinner or rooms; but if you telegraph they always seem to charge you afterwards on the most expensive scale. Then I think the charges for tea are too high. A father, mother, and five children having dined, call for tea afterwards. The charge is half a guinea, which at home would find them all in tea for a fortnight. It is to be observed, however, that in every hotel in England a cup of tea is procurable for sixpence. Then the question of payment at hotels for attendance is a difficult one. It bears unfairly upon the traveller, who is practically expected to pay the servants twice over. He is charged eighteenpence a day for attendance at least, and the most insignificant inn thinks itself as much entitled to charge this as the very best. But the servants will volunteer the information that this money goes to the landlord, and not to themselves. Any servant with whom we may have been brought especially in contact might receive

may as well, now I am in the mind, put another observation on record here, namely, that in travelling it is advisable to eat frequently—not much at a time, but often—and to avoid alcohol; thus soup, coffee, tea, cutlets, fruit, soda or seltzer water, should form the staple of our travelling diet. Travelling naturally induces a little heat and feverishness of system, which a cooling diet tends to allay, but which a heating diet might aggravate to an inconvenient degree.—ED.

some little recompense ; but they have been fully paid for their services in the bill. Still a difficulty of this kind is not pleasant, and has a tendency to withdraw customers from the hotels and send them into lodgings.

One reason why I like going into lodgings is that for the time being you are cut off from the mob of chance visitors, and belong to the regular population. If there are ladies of the party, there is never a time when they do not enjoy a little shopping. If the gentleman tourist attempts housekeeping on his own account, there will be a most beneficial result in revealing to him his incompetency, and reducing him to his native insignificance. I would strongly recommend the visitor to attend the local markets ; you will thus get the local manners and the local colouring. You will often be surprised to see how cheaply at these markets you can often procure fish, poultry, game, and vegetables. There are often libraries and reading-rooms, which are thrown open to visitors. Then if our gentleman tourist be a man of tact and resource, if he find out the private bar of the best inn, he will find that it is for an hour or so the club of the place, in which he may skilfully pick up all the local *ana* and *memorabilia*. The landlord may probably drink himself to death for the good of his customers, which accounts for the number of buxom widows as landladies which may be found all over the country ; but the customers themselves generally avoid that error. The visitor will perhaps be surprised at the moderation of

the glasses and the sagacity of the conversations. I never miss an opportunity of attending a farmers' ordinary on a tour. These farmers are often a very jolly sort of people, and will ask you to their places for a day's shooting or fishing. Then, if you have the opportunity, get local letters of introduction. I know there are people who say that there is no use in such letters, for as soon as you come to know each other you are off. An acquaintanceship for a few days or weeks is not worth having. This reasoning is, however, a mistake. The acquaintance is pleasant, though brief; and the acquaintance, though dropped for a time, may be resumed hereafter. It is pleasant to go out to dinner, or to have a man to dine with you. Besides, you are put up to a lot of 'wrinkles,' and are told what are the best things to see and the best way of seeing them. A friend will offer to drive you across country, or you may go with a carriageful of pleasant people. Above all, be determined to see the country which you have come out to see. I have known men smoking and drinking beer in the cabin of a Rhine steamer while they have been passing through the noblest scenery of the river. I have known men go all the way to North Wales, and there, *porci de grege Epicuri*, they have only feasted on the good things of the hotels. I should also advise you strongly, if on the sea-coast, to make friends with the fishermen. In some country districts this is the only way to make quite sure of plenty of fish, which otherwise are all

packed off for the great markets. I confess I don't care, as some enthusiastic friends of mine have done, to go out for a whole night's fishing many miles off shore, and be able to say for themselves, 'A night and a day have I been on the deep.' But I have very pleasantly spent some hours in a fishing-smack, not many furlongs from harbour, pulling up whiting; and as for mackerel and pilchards in Cornwall, you may take them to any extent. Then you will be initiated into the mystery of lobster-pots. Also you will make a closer acquaintance than would otherwise be the case with coves and cliffs and caverns. I take it for granted that those who have some love for natural science will be tapping the rocks with the hammer and finding the natural aquaria at low water. It is in the holiday that we get the open-air study and laboratory. I need hardly say that every man has his hobby of an intellectual or social kind, and home and foreign travel is exactly that which gives him an opportunity of extending his opportunities and verifying his conclusions.

Then I will give some further hints of a generic kind. While you keep to your programme, do not observe it slavishly, but be ready to take advantage of any new opening that may suddenly present itself. You may often find some interesting matter which you may have missed in the guide-book, or which the writer of the guide-book may have missed himself. In that case, drop him a line and set him right. Be courteous to all. Never lose your temper. Never lose your

train. If you are losing it, don't excite yourself; don't run; take things quietly. Never despise a hint. Never despise a chance acquaintance. Have plenty of small stray silver, and don't grudge paying for little services. Never grudge a trap when it saves time, boot-leather, and promotes what the philosophers call 'the conservation of energy.' Inspect your hotel-bills critically; and if you are wrongly charged, don't be shy, but have any error rectified. Remember that this is not only a help to yourself, but others, who may not be able to fight their own battles. Do not belong to that stupid *nil admirari* school, but, at the same time, learn what it is to be cool and critical. Keep a diary; if you do not keep a diary, write letters of a diary kind to some one who will be glad enough to receive them. A great deal of the pleasure of travel depends upon the *retrospect*, and you ought to have summed up your travels in letters or diary.

One further word of caution and advice which may be given. There are many persons who in travel suffer from a kind of *bouleversement* in mind. In an autobiography of a very remarkable man, I met a curious passage in which he spoke of a certain unhingement of mind when travelling. Most of the ordinary conditions of life are altered, and there is a point of departure presented from old habits and principles. Many people justify such a departure by the adage that we must do as the Romans do, without nicely considering whether the Romans act nicely. My own

advice would be to depart as little as possible from that ordered programme of life and thought on which you have found by experience you may most carefully and happily construct your day. I have not said anything as yet on the point of travelling alone or in companionship. The nicest thing of all is 'to lead about a wife or a sister.' But, failing this, let it be those whose companionship would really help and elevate you, prove a mutual assistance and safeguard. The holiday is often the hinge of the year, and settles the moral and physical health of many days to come. It ought also to serve the ethical uses of making a man more patient, tolerant, good-tempered, and obliging. In the holiday many a half-formed intention will be settled, many a thought and experience tested; and few men will look back on a long holiday without seeing that it is not only a pastime, but also a most potent instrument for culture and development.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF WEDDINGS.

I SUPPOSE that parish parsons have experience of weddings more than any other class of men that can be named. The clerks of the parish are probably of opinion that their services are at least equally essential, but, like the Pelagians, they do vainly talk. The parson's connection with weddings, indeed, often commences at a much earlier date than might ordinarily be supposed. There is often a kind of unconscious directorate, or confessional, for restless people in these matters. An anxious parent may come to the clergyman to know his estimate of a suitor's character; and I know a case where the anxious maiden comes to ask if she is bound by an old promise which she now regrets. A clergyman who bears an active part in the organization of a parish, with his classes, and choir-meetings, and social festivities, is able to take a comprehensive view of what is going on before his eyes, and, indeed, is not able to divest himself of a very serious sense of responsibility, as matters come within his knowledge and observation unknown to persons

greatly interested. Moreover, all the gossip of a parish naturally floats in his direction, and unless he resolutely seals his lips at tea-parties, he might unwittingly promote a great deal of scandal. He gets the first authentic tidings of a marriage when a message comes to him to put up the banns, or, if he is a surrogate, when the future bridegroom comes over to purchase the license. Occasionally he feels very much inclined to tell the young people to go away and not to be so foolish. For the most part, however, the cleric is very human indeed. He feels a natural sympathy on the side of marriage, and considers it his function to rejoice with those who rejoice, especially on the occasion of a marriage festivity. He has the happiness to crown the work. The friends and the lawyers have settled all the details, possibly not without a measure of acrimonious controversy, but with him rests the pleasant work of simply giving his benison, signing the registry, and sending the allied people away to make the best of their bargain. He may, nevertheless, be permitted to have occasional doubts of the reality of the blessing, when May is wedded to December, or gilded youth mates the girl of the period. For instance, he knows that Benedict, when a suitor, did his wooing something in this fashion—‘O yes, I last met you at the Eton and Harrow match. And talking about matches, suppose that you and I make a match? I mean get married.’ The young lady replies, ‘By all means let us do so; it will be such a jolly lark.’ Such a marriage is not

done 'soberly, seriously, and advisedly,' as Mother Church charitably supposes to be the case. As a rule there is no want of seriousness with the elder people to whom the gay couple belong. They entirely fail to see the matter in the light of a joke. The parson, who knows the chart of life, who sees the long highway with all its avenues ahead, does a little bit of private moralizing, to which he has no right to give public expression. Sometimes he even feels like the Vicar of Wakefield, who, when the young people giggle so much, is afraid that we shall not be married at all this morning.

It is very remarkable, considering how weddings in the Church of England are conducted, according to set forms and formularies, that there is, nevertheless, so much room for variety in the conduct of this momentous ceremony. Practically it is found that all over the country there are variations in ritual, and no one service is exactly like another service. The simplest type of marriage is the bucolic, where a party of four persons present themselves, just enough to fill the fly hired for the occasion, consisting of the bride and bridegroom, the man who is to give the bride away, and the young woman who is in attendance on the bride. I recollect a case in which there was a carriage full without the bride, and it was not until the party had been waiting in the church for a long time that it was recollected that that young person was essential for the ceremony, when the fly was sent back for her, and she was discovered in a state of combined splendour and perplexity.

The two extra persons are wanted to sign as witnesses. The father of the bride does not usually present himself, probably through the want of new clothes, and the bride's mother stays at home cooking the wedding dinner. It is not too much to say that the great bulk of marriages in this country are of this humble type. There is something still lowlier, when the parish clerk gives away the bride, and the sextoness joins him in signing the register, and cheering up the poor girl's spirits. On the simple basis of the old-fashioned ceremony we proceed to one stage after another of social grandeur and ecclesiastical ornament. Unless by special license, all marriages were bound to come off before the hour of noon. According to the special licenses, for which a large sum was charged, a marriage might be celebrated at any hour or any place. The law is now changed, and the marriage may be celebrated at any time; but the popular mind responds very slowly to any change, and the knowledge which people at large possess of any change wrought by Act of Parliament is very limited. The time will long continue some hour before noon, increasingly approaching noon itself. In cases where the marriage has been in the afternoon, a high tea has been prosperously substituted for the wedding breakfast. From the simple office to the grandeur of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, there are transitions of every intermediate stage of comparative or superlative pomp, the variations exhibiting a curious history of contemporary manners.

A clergyman is never surprised to see any variety in the arrangements of the brides and their maids. Eight bridesmaids were the grand customary number, but now there is a run upon the number three. Sometimes there is a principal bridesmaid, who is in advance of the attendant nymphs; and there is a great idea at the present time, when children are unnaturally developed on every side, to thrust them into a place of honour as bridesmaids. If our parson be a secularly-minded man, he may devote much interest and observation to the bridesmaids' apparel, which is at times almost a uniform, with identical lockets or bracelets, the gifts of the groom. There is a great distinction in the services, which may be very plain or decidedly ritualistic. Sometimes the ceremony takes place in the body of the church, where the marriage-party is grouped with much scenic effect; but more generally they proceed to the front of the 'communion-rails,' which is more popularly known as 'the altar,' although, as a matter of fact, that term is nowhere to be found in the service for the occasion. In a very large proportion of marriages beyond the working class, the clergyman of the parish frequently does not officiate, unless he is a very old friend of the family's. The bride or bridegroom wishes that the marriage should be performed by some near relation or intimate friend. The matter rests with the clergyman of the parish, and his consent has always to be asked. It would be thought extremely churlish for any incumbent to refuse such a request. Of course

the fees always go to the vicar. In most marriages above a certain social level the offering made generally much exceeds the legal fee. On the happy occasion of a marriage the stiffest purse-strings are relaxed, and a good deal of money is flying about. There are a great many people, both in the church and outside, who have 'to be remembered.'

A clergyman one day happening to lose his train in one of our Midland towns, walked about the place, and seeing a handsome old church open, entered to inspect it. It so happened that a marriage was just finishing, which he witnessed with considerable sympathy and approval. Presently a gaily-apparelled gentleman approached him, and, taking him affectionately by the hand, said, 'My dear sir, my dear sir!' and pressed into his palm several sovereigns. The clergyman gently extricated himself, and explained that he was a total stranger in the town, and had only entered the church by accident.

'My dear sir, my dear sir,' said the gentleman, 'I am surely right in taking you for a clergyman of the Church of England!'

'Certainly I am.'

'Then, my dear sir, do not on this joyful occasion be so harsh as to refuse our little offering.'

With characteristic amiability the unknown clergyman eventually assented to accept the sovereigns. All fees given in the church are the belongings of the incumbent. It sometimes seems hard upon a curate,

when he has received a heavy fee from a bridegroom, which would make him all the easier and happier, to be obliged to refund it to the incumbent. A little consideration will show that no real hardship is involved. A considerable part of the income of the living is made up of fees, and, in any case, when the incumbent took the living and when the curate took the curacy, there was a full understanding that the incumbent was, and the curate was not, to take the fees. A special case of hardship may sometimes be involved when the officiating clergyman has come a great way, and it has really been the intention that he, and not the incumbent, should be the recipient of the offering. Bridegrooms should understand that everything given in the church goes to the incumbent, and if they wish their gift to go to their friend, they should settle the legal dues in the vestry and send their gift privately. Even clergymen themselves do not altogether understand this custom until they gain a little experience. There was a curate who, to his great delight, received some very solid offerings during his vicar's absence from town, and was considerably chagrined when he was called upon to account for them. Parson A. tells me that in early days he was called upon by a kinsman to make a long, expensive journey to officiate at the marriage of a daughter. To his considerable dismay he saw a settlement effected with the clerk, and he himself was apparently left out in the cold. The layman was better acquainted with church law

than he was, and in a few days' time sent him a substantial cheque—an example which officiating clergymen will consider to be eminently deserving of encouragement. Parsons, as much as gamekeepers, ought to 'touch paper' on suitable occasions. Still, there are many cases in which even the low fee of seven-and-sixpence acts as a bar to matrimony. According to any principles of political economy, a man who cannot afford a fee cannot afford to have a wife. The mass of the labouring population, however advanced in the doctrines of rights and strikes, are not familiar with the teachings of political economy. Those cases are numerous in which the parson remits the fee, that the woman may obtain her legal rights and a respectable name.

In nineteen cases out of twenty the marriages take place by banns, for which sixpence each time of asking is the customary fee. This is thought the true 'churchy' method. The original idea of banns was to give every publicity to an intended marriage. At the present day, banns form a better method of concealing than of publishing. Most of the clandestine marriages that come to pass are managed through the agency of banns. In a large parish a great many names have to be given out, constituting, indeed, an integral portion of the services. Sometimes the names are not very distinctly written; oftener they are not very distinctly read. It is often very hard to discriminate and to identify a name. One of the sons of George I. was married by

banns, under the unassuming name of Guelph, one of the proceedings which led up to the Marriage Act. Still, young ladies of High Church proclivities give a decided preference to banns. The servant-maids are often shy, and will not go to church when their banns are read, while their young mistresses, under similar circumstances, listen with much composure. We have known young curates read out their own banns with great emphasis and unction. Singularly enough, the clergy often make a great mistake in reading out banns, which sometimes has occasioned ludicrous results, and for which there is no excuse. Some clergymen have got into the inveterate habit of saying, 'If any of you know of any cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, ye are *now* to declare it.' The word '*now*' is an interpolation. It does not occur in the Ordinal. The result has been that people have been known to get up in church at the very moment, and forbid the banns. The proper thing is for the objectors to go into the vestry after service and state their reasons. In nearly every case the reason alleged is the fact of one or both of the parties being minors, or in a few instances it may be a case of prohibited degrees. In the case of a minority the objection is very generally withdrawn, or the young people put up their banns in one church after another until the event can come off without detection. In marriages by ordinary license, one of the parties must have resided for fourteen days in the

parish where the marriage is to be celebrated. No evidence is tendered of this fact. The statement is at once accepted. We are informed by a registrar that there have been a great many falsehoods told in these matters of residence, which is not the happiest way of commencing married life. Deliberate false statements are rare, but they are not unknown, as all readers of the newspapers are aware, serving frequently to invalidate the marriage rite, and subjecting the offenders to severe penalties.

There is a total dearth of violent scenes at marriages at the present day. The mind of Shakespeare seems to have been familiar with them. He makes Petruchio upset both the priest and his book, and Claudio renounces Hero at the altar in a manner beyond any modern parallel. I have read in the newspapers of a man being arrested on the way to the church, and of a bride eloping directly afterwards. In the church itself there is a decorous solemnity. How well Charles Dickens has described the marriages in *Dombey*, in *David Copperfield*, and in *Great Expectations*! Sometimes, however, there is a *contretemps*, or an approach to it. We grieve to say that sometimes the clergyman himself is the cause. In some large parishes, it has frequently happened there is quite a mob of people to be married. The whole rail is thronged with them. There is a liability for the brides and bridegrooms to get considerably 'mixed.' It is at a time like this that the services of a parish clerk are seen to be very useful,

but if that important functionary is absent, or if there is an inexperienced clergyman, the fact has been known that the wrong people have got married. This is not the only kind of clerical blunder that may be stated; in many churches there is a pew known as 'the churching pew,' and careless curates have been known to church straight off any lady who may have wandered into this pew undesignedly. This sort of accident is not so uncommon; I have known it happen within my own experience. I remember the case of a clergyman, who, by taking a case of ecclesiastical law into his own hands, laid himself open to a tremendous retort. When he asked the name of a child in baptism, the godmother gave some extremely fine name—'Letitia Adelina Angelina,' or some such group of names. 'Mary,' calmly said the parson, and so baptized her. The father followed the parson into the vestry. 'I hope you will not mind the alteration I have made,' said the vicar. 'I think it will prove very useful to the child in after life—so many names are a mistake.' 'All I have got to say,' said the parent, 'is that you have made my child a liar whenever she repeats her Catechism.' 'How so?' 'Why, she will have to say that her name was given her by her godfather and godmothers, when it was nothing of the sort, and was only given her by the parson.'

When the wrong people have got married—an event which is reported to have happened more than once, though I have never known an authentic case—it is

said that a considerable bewilderment subsequently arose as to what had best be done. The parson is said to have advised them 'to settle it among yourselves.' Some very literal people might consider themselves bound by the lot so strangely apportioned to them, but the doctrine of 'intention' would settle the matter by allowing correct entries in the church books. As we are speaking both of the oddities of the chief actors and the irregularities of the parson, some further notes may be made. It is not necessary to go back to the times of the famous or infamous Fleet marriages. There was a clergyman who married a couple, and at the wedding breakfast one of the bridesmaids expressed a wish to see that mystic document a wedding license, which she had never beheld in her lifetime. The request occasioned a fearful discovery. The clergyman had quite forgotten to ask for the license; the bridegroom had left it to his 'best man' to procure it, and this the 'best man' had forgotten to do. Of course, the marriage was no legal marriage at all. The wedding-party broke up in dismay, and the ceremony was performed again next day. The poor clergyman, however, never got over the effects of his blunder. On another occasion a clergyman got himself into considerable trouble: he was of the type known as Ritualistic, and persuaded a worthy couple who had been married at a Nonconformist chapel that they had not been ecclesiastically married at all, and that it was necessary that they should be married over again at the parish

church. This was very much resented by the Nonconformist interest, and the clergyman was put upon his trial at the Oxford assizes. The judge took a very lenient view, and said that as the parties had already been legally married, any further service was illusory and mere child's-play, and that 'he might just as well have read *Cherry Chase* over them.' In one of his novels, Mr. Charles Reade makes his hero, a clergyman, wonder whether he might not legally marry himself to the heroine, especially as they were both cast upon a desolate island. It may be as well that novelist and novel-readers should be aware that for a clergyman to officiate at his own marriage is utterly illegal. One day an elderly clergyman met a young one. 'I have had a hard day's work,' said the young Levite. 'I began at seven o'clock this morning by marrying a young couple.' 'Allow me to inform you,' said his senior, 'that a marriage at that time of the day is no marriage at all. Moreover, to the best of my belief, you have made yourself liable to seven years' penal servitude. You had better go back as soon as you can and marry them over again.'

Generally speaking, marriages pass off very smoothly, and frequently with very pretty effects. The brides are credited with a careful study and perusal of the service for many days beforehand. Sometimes there has been a rehearsal. I have known brides, when the grooms have failed to make the proper responses, prompt them immediately and with the greatest facility.

The most common mistake of the bride is to take off only one of her gloves, whereas both hands are brought into requisition in the service. As for the men, they commit all kinds of blunders and bunglings. I have known a man, at that very nervous and trying moment, follow a clergyman within the communion-rails, and prepare to take a place opposite him. I have known a man, when a minister stretched out his hand to unite those of the couple, take it vigorously in his own and give it a hearty shake. Sometimes more serious difficulties occur. Some ladies have had an almost unconquerable reluctance to use the word 'obey'; one or two, if their own statements are to be accepted, have ingeniously constructed the word 'nobey.' The word, however, has still to be formally admitted into the language. There was one girl, who was being married by a very kindly old clergyman, who absolutely refused to utter the word 'obey.' The minister suggested that, if she were unwilling to utter the word aloud, she should whisper it to him; but the young lady refused to accept even this kind of compromise. Further, however, than this the clergyman refused to accommodate her; but when he was forced to dismiss them all without proceeding any further, the recalcitrant young person consented to 'obey.'

The difficulty, however, is not always made on the side of the lady. On one occasion the bridegroom wished to deliver a little oration qualifying his vow, and describing in what sense and to what extent he

was using the words of the formula. He was, of course, given to understand that nothing of this kind could be permitted. There was one man who accompanied the formula with *sotto voce* remarks, which must have been exceedingly disagreeable to the officiating minister. He interpolated remarks after the fashion of Burchell's 'Fudge!' 'With this ring I thee wed; that's superstition.' 'With my body I thee worship; that's idolatry.' 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow; that's a lie.' It is a wonder that such a being was not conducted out of church by the beadle. This puts one in mind of an anecdote that is told of a man who in his time was a Cabinet Minister. There was a great discussion on the question whether a man can marry on three hundred a year. 'All I can say,' said the great man, 'is, that when I said, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," so far from having three hundred pounds, I question whether, when all my debts were paid, I had three hundred pence.' 'Yes, my love,' said his wife; 'but then you had your splendid intellect.' 'I didn't endow you with that, ma'am,' sharply retorted the right honourable husband.

In these days the clergy frequently occupy an important place at the wedding-breakfast. Not only are they there in the case of private friendship and acquaintance, but they are also frequently invited in their official capacity. At the present time there is a great demand upon the clergyman to propose the health of the married couple. He is perhaps accredited with a

greater command of euphonious language on such an occasion, as he certainly has a much greater experience. 'The bridesmaids' generally falls to the lot of some agreeable young gentleman who is on his promotion, and who is assumed to do it in a rattling and enlivening style. The more solemn and measured language of the principal toast very frequently devolves on the parson. When a parson goes to a wedding-breakfast, he is strongly of opinion that the hour ought not to be earlier than one, and might often be conveniently made later. The breakfast then comes in as the usual lunch or early dinner, without upsetting every one's digestive arrangements for the day. Indeed, knowing men will drive off direct to their clubs from the vestry, and not risk the hidden dangers of a heavy noontide meal. The parson may have a tendency to continue the service into the speech. I know the case of a worthy but somewhat low-spirited couple who spent their wedding-day in Kensal Green Cemetery, while their friends kept up a prolonged prayer-meeting. The parson, however, is like the Laureate; his

'Drooping memory will not shun
The foaming grape of eastern France.'

The lovely poem at the close of *In Memoriam*, in which Lord Tennyson celebrates the marriage of his sister to Edmund Law Lushington, lately Professor of Greek at Glasgow, is the most perfect gem in all the literature of weddings. When the bridegroom has returned thanks, after the parson's speech, in these days of

feminine oratory, there is sometimes a tendency on the part of the bride to make a little speech of her own. 'I call you all to witness,' said a bride within our hearing, 'that I have no intention of obeying.' 'Ah, madam,' replied Frederick Denison Maurice, who was present, 'you have yet to learn the blessedness of obedience.'

The signing of the register after the ceremony calls for a few remarks. The bridal party at once adjourn to the vestry, which is a scene of congratulations and caresses. At only too many weddings, 'Bill Stump, his X mark,' especially in the provinces, is a prevailing kind of signature. Under such circumstances a clergyman will generally say a kindly word of counsel, advising the wife to teach her husband, as no young man can expect to get on in these days without reading and writing; or he may perhaps have to advise the husband to teach the wife. It occasionally happens that both the contracting parties are unable to write, but in our age of education this is becoming extremely rare, and such crass ignorance will eventually disappear. The usual number of witnesses is two, but the legal number is not limited. A large number is very common; and I know of a case in which there were thirteen witnesses. It is hardly necessary to say that there are double registers, one of which is eventually deposited in Somerset House. There are some cases in which a sight of a marriage register is a matter of great curiosity to tourists and visitors. For instance, being at Haworth

Church, I looked at the signature of Charlotte Brontë in her marriage register. It is a favourite object of inspection to American travellers. The leaf was almost threatening to disappear, from repeated handlings. There is a whole mine of curiosities to be discovered in old parish registers, and it is a matter of regret that so very few of them go back to pre-Reformation times. The marriage register often figures in the lawsuit and in the pages of British fiction. It is the most valuable and trustworthy evidence of its kind. Unfortunately, there are bad men in all professions, and registers have been tampered with in most iniquitous ways. Some time ago a friend of the writer's offered a reward of five hundred pounds for the discovery of a marriage register of the highest importance in a suit which he had on hand. A wonderful story was sent to him of the discovery of the desired entry in an old register. A great snowstorm had broken through the vestry roof, and nearly spoiled the parish registers; it had become necessary to overhaul them to inspect damages, and the missing entry had been thus almost miraculously discovered. Fortunately, my friend was not a very credulous man, and he went to a great expense with lawyers and experts to test the value of the document before paying the five hundred pounds. It was then discovered that the registry was a skilful forgery on the part of the parson, who found it necessary to fly the country.

If there has been an occasional mistake through a

real parson, there has sometimes been still more serious peril through a false one. To go back to our old friend the Vicar of Wakefield, there may have been times when a false parson and a forged license have been used. Our marriage laws, with all their undoubted imperfections, have disappointed the machinations of the villain squire and his serving-man. Perhaps the nearest approach to this kind of wrong has been perpetrated at the registrar's office. This public office gives even still greater facilities to clandestine marriages than the system of banns. There is really extremely little publicity or public oversight in respect to them. There is an old ill-natured proverb that a sailor has a wife in every port. There really appears to be an element of truth in the saying, for a clergyman in a large seaport town has told me that some cruel cases have come within his knowledge of sailors marrying at registrars' offices, furnishing a room or two, and then sailing away, never to see their brides again. There are a certain number of cases in which swindlers and adventurers have falsely assumed the character of clergymen, and have officiated in church. Every marriage performed under such circumstances is absolutely nugatory and void. It not unfrequently happens that some swell-mobsmen or person of that kind assumes clerical attire for the purposes of larceny or felony. Some years ago a man was convicted of forging letters of orders, having stolen the original orders of the

well-known 'Brother Ignatius' ; but the conviction was quashed, as the judges held that such a document was not a deed in any legal sense. This did not prevent the man from undergoing a justly-earned penalty for obtaining goods under false pretences. Cases of a much more serious nature have been known, in which for years together a man has done duty as a clergyman, being nothing of the kind. The following case was related to me by a bishop of the Church of England. There was a man who had officiated as a clergyman in a large town for about fifteen years. At the lapse of that time it was accidentally discovered that he was an impostor. A new bishop came, or the man went into a new diocese ; anyhow, the request came that he would produce his letters of orders. Letters of orders are rather precious and remarkable documents ; if once they are lost they cannot be replaced. The pseudo-clergyman replied, expressing his great regret that, in the course of a removal, the letters had been hopelessly mislaid, but hoped that the length of time during which he had served in the diocese would be considered a sufficient voucher. The bishop wrote back to say that he regretted the loss of the letters of orders, and that it would be quite sufficient if he gave exact dates, which would enable him to refer to the diocesan registry. The imposture then became known. It was a matter of great anxiety to settle what had best be done under such circumstances. Of course a very large

number of marriages had been performed during these fifteen years, not one of which was legal. The first suggestion was that an Act should be passed making these marriages legal. There were objections to this course. It was considered that an immense deal of pain would be caused by the publication of the invalidity of these marriages, and that peculiar hardship would be done in the case of children, where one or both of the parents had died in the mean time. On a certain evening there was a solemn discussion between the bishop of the diocese and the Home Secretary, the result of which was a communication to the villainous false clergyman that, if he left England immediately and for ever, proceedings would not be taken, but that otherwise he would be prosecuted.

Marriage, then, should be celebrated with every circumstance of publicity and rejoicing. This, at least, is the popular instinct, and it appears to me to be correct. The growing heresy of private marriages, unless under very exceptional circumstances, ought to be repressed. In the fourth book of the *Ethics* Aristotle lays it down that such a matter as a marriage, which only happens once in a way in human life, ought to be celebrated magnificently. The wise old heathen was right in this as in so many things. There are many who will record a still higher example of that marriage miracle—the first of miracles—when, in spite of the Essenes, who corresponded to the Good Templars and

Blue Ribbons, much wine was evidently consumed. We have brought together a certain number of wedding incidents; but in many a parson's cosy study throughout the country some additions might be made from floating traditions and manifold experiences.

THE END.

